



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



PERIODICAL COLLECTION

MANCHESTER :
PRINTED BY BRADSHAW AND BLACKLOCK, BROWN-STREET

PREFACE.

In this, as in all other periodical publications, the Preface belies its name, and exhibits the equivocal property of double-facedness without its odium, for although placed at the commencement of the volume before the reader, it really looks back from the last page, and glancing over the contents of the whole, compares them with the introductory "Address," which stands just behind, awaiting the verdict, and inquires how far its promises have been fulfilled, and its anticipations realised.

After taking this review, faithfully and impartially,—after diligent inquiry from our publishers—and after the perusal of numerous unsolicited approving testimonies of our readers from all parts of Great Britain, and the favourable notices of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press, our Preface takes its station at the van, with the gratifying assurance that our labours have been so far successful, as to warrant the conviction that we have only steadily to pursue the objects with which we set out, and to develop more fully our original design, to place the JOURNAL in the most honourable rank among its numerous competitors.

Against a large class of these we have declared our decided hostility, convinced that they are only calculated to demoralise and degrade, by pandering to the lowest passions of an uneducated population, and that they have already diffused the most pernicious influences through the masses of the community. It affords one of the most pleasing rewards of our exertions to know, that, to a considerable extent, we have succeeded in superseding this disreputable and injurious class of cheap periodicals; nor shall we incur the charge of inordinate vanity, in reference to the others who occupy similar grounds with ourselves, if we assert that few excel it in the variety, utility, and interest of its pages, whilst, in the beauty and execution of the illustrations, and the unprecedented low price at which it is published, it presents claims to public patronage, wholly peculiar to itself.

The enlarged circulation which the JOURNAL has attained during the last six months, does not more imperatively call for the expression of our warmest thanks than for our renewed efforts to render it still more worthy of general acceptance; and with the increased appliances which our comparatively short experience has suggested, and the numerous offers we have received of aid, both in the literary

and artistical departments—we feel no hesitation in sending out this second half-yearly volume, as the unqualified pledge of progressive improvement and enhanced value in its successors.

To our contributors, both in poetry and prose, we tender our grateful acknowledgments, and, assured of their continued co-operation, we shall cheerfully enter upon the labours of another volume, encouraged by the persuasion that we are engaged in promoting the healthy and elevating occupation of the leisure hours of a wide circle of our fellow subjects, with whom it will be our constant and unremitting study to maintain the most amicable relations.

Manchester, April 1842.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Aburdities—Chapter I.	324	Deserter, the—a Tale	328, 340
Chapter II.	345	Dishonoured Bill, the—a Sketch from Life	81
Address to our Readers	1	Dudley, Lord, French Estimate of the Character of	269, 281
Admirals, British	386, 403	Eaton Hall, Cheshire. <i>Illustrated</i>	289
Alchymy	8	Electricity applied to Clocks	202
Alligators, "Yalla Gaiters" versus	238	on Railroads	257
Almanac, the Comic	155	Calico Printing by	337
Almanacs	190	England, Slavery in	196
Anchorets	101	Ernesta—a Tale	228, 244
Annals, the, for 1842—The Forget-me-Not	53	Feejee Islands, the	332
The Juvenile Scrap Book	102	Ferry Boats, a Chapter on	41
The Comic Annual	126	Fisherman, the, of Port Rouge	53
Autographs	126	Fragments of Life—a Tale. By J. B. Rogerson	25
Back Parlour, the—a Tale. By Mrs. Copley	269, 278, 299, 307	French Estimate of the Characters of Romilly, Wilberforce, and Lord Dudley	269, 281
Bacon, Lord.	339	French Revolution, a Passage in the	292
Baillie, Robert, of Jerviswood, Memoir of	58	Ghuznee, Storming of	184
Barry, Charles, Esq., Memoir of	234	Globes, Terrestrial and Celestial	169, 181
Bewick, Visit to the Birth Place and Tomb of	187	Greenwich Hospital. <i>Illustrated</i>	129, 145
Bill-men	200	Hampton Court. <i>Illustrated</i>	33, 49
Bills, Mode of passing, in the House of Commons	154	Handbills, a Chapter on	177
British Admirals. <i>Illustrated</i>	386, 403	Handfuls of Trash	330
Burns, Cenotaph of. <i>Illustrated</i>	321	History of Playing Cards	304
Buttons, a Dissertation on	209	Hobbardehays	347
Calico Printing by Electricity	337	Hospital Miseries—a Sketch	130
Calvin and the Battle of Jarnac	214	House of Commons, Mode of Passing Bills in the	164
Card Manufactory, Visit to De La Rue's	369	Improved Papier Mâché	28, 48
Cards, Playing, History of	364	Incendiary, the—a Tale	234, 250
Carnarvon Castle, North Wales. <i>Illustrated</i>	265	Italy, Pleasures of a Tour in	86
Caves of Mitchelstown	13	Jarnac, Calvin and the Battle of	214
Celestial and Terrestrial Globes	169, 181	Jedediah Jones—a Sketch	315
Cenotaph of Burns. <i>Illustrated</i>	321	Jerviswood, Memoir of Robert Baillie of	58
Chain Rule, the	218	Johnson, Delights of a Dictionary, or Joys of	149
Chantrey, Sir Francis, Notice of	91, 137, 151	Kyrle, John, the Man of Ross	346
Charles the First, Trial of	395	Lindley Murray, Memoir of	22
Chatsworth, Derbyshire. <i>Illustrated</i>	97, 115	London Reminiscences:	
Chemistry	92	An Exploration near the East End	217
Chimney Sweeping	157	My Father and the Beggars	357, 392
Clocks, Electricity applied to	202	The Sorrows of Childhood	239
Coffee Drinking, Curiosities of	65, 73	London, Tower of. <i>Illustrated</i>	65, 86
Commons, Mode of passing Bills in the House of	154	Lucubrations on Love	401
Conway Castle, North Wales. <i>Illustrated</i>	353	Luigia Sanfelice—a Sketch	74
Crabbe, Memoir of	355		
Curiosities of Coffee Drinking	56, 73		
David's (Saint) Day	285		
De La Rue's Card Manufactory, Visit to	369		
Delights of a Dictionary; or Joys of Johnson	149		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Windsor Castle	2
Hampton Court	33
The Tower of London	65
Chatsworth, Derbyshire	97
Greenwich Hospital	129
Menai Bridge, North Wales	161
The New Houses of Parliament	193
Grey Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne	225
The Eagle Tower, Carnarvon Castle, North Wales	265
Eaton Hall, Chester	289
The Cenotaph of Burns at Alloway	321
Conway Castle, North Wales	353
British Admirals:—Nelson—Duncan—Howe—St. Vincent	385



BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 1.]

SATURDAY, 6TH NOVEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

IN commencing our new undertaking we at once abandon the hacknied practice of entering upon a voyage of discovery for grounds unoccupied or desiderata unsupplied, to offer as an apology for introducing this Miscellany to the reading public. Did we not believe that they would gladly hail an additional means of pleasantly and profitably employing their leisure hours, the attempt to provide it would never have been made. Nor would we, by insinuating any real or pretended deficiency in other periodical publications, willingly depreciate or endeavour injuriously to outrival the efforts so judiciously put forth by many able predecessors and contemporaries to supply suitable mental aliment for the constantly increasing requirements which the spread of intelligence has excited among all classes of the community. On the contrary, it is our firm conviction that the circulation of every truly valuable work creates a keener relish and more extensive demand for others of a similar character; and as the moral and intellectual tone of the national mind is either elevated or lowered in the degree in which a healthy or sickly literature permeates its countless ramifications, so every additional contribution of sound and useful information, or of cheerful but improving lighter reading, diminishes the influence of what is hurtful, and gives potency to what is wholesome, for the body politic.

Without arrogating any lofty or exclusive

pretensions, we ground our claims for public patronage on an ardent and sincere wish to please that we may profit all. Having entered into arrangements for securing the assistance of writers of acknowledged talent, our Journal will present a varied series of popular descriptions of remarkable persons, events, objects, inventions, and manufactures, enlivened by occasional tales—original and selected poetry—notices of and extracts from the leading publications of the day—observations on the ever-changing phases of society in all its grades—facts in natural history and philosophy—fireside amusements for winter and excursions for summer—hints on education, domestic economy, the causes and remedies of social evils, and such other general topics of common interest as may render the Journal a welcome visitor to every family, and an agreeable companion to that numerous class of hapless wights, who, though undoomed to celibacy, have not yet arrived at the blissful shores of matrimony. Those who remember they once were young, will not object to our devoting an occasional chapter to the more juvenile portion of our readers—to whom a careful reference will always be made in the selection of subjects for their perusal, calculated to excite in them the pursuit of knowledge and the love of virtue for their intrinsic value.

The adaptation of the human mind intuitively to appreciate and delight in the endless and ever varying forms of beauty, spread out by

gateway, known as king Henry the Eighth's, we find ourselves in the lower ward of the Castle, and our attention is at once arrested by the chapel of St. George, a structure unrivalled in Europe as a perfect specimen of richly ornamented Gothic architecture.

Immediately to the east, stands Cardinal Wolsey's tomb house, now the dormitory of the Royal Family; at the west end of the ward or area are the houses of the military knights of the lower foundation, and opposite the Chapel, those appropriated for the residence of decayed military officers, styled the Poor Knights of Windsor, the outer walls and windows of which are shown in the engraving. At the easterly end of the lower ward, we pass into the middle ward, a circular area, the road round which is bounded by a low battlemented wall, enclosing a deep dry moat, which for centuries has been cultivated as garden ground. From the centre of this depth, the Great Tower rises in stern grandeur, surmounted by the royal standard of England. "The tout ensemble of this magnificent tower," says the venerable Bowles, "whether its banner floats in the breeze or sleeps in the sunshine, amidst the intense blue of the summer sky, gives to its distant prospect an imposing and unequalled character of picturesque and architectural vastness, admirably harmonising with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed monarchs." Proceeding under a low portal, designated the Norman or Queen Elizabeth's Gate, where the gloomy portcullis still threatens to descend, we are conducted, through a postern gate on the east side of Winchester tower—already referred to as the residence of William of Wykeham—to the north terrace. This superb walk was formed by Queen Elizabeth, and commands a prospect which must be seen to be appreciated. It embraces the winding Thames, numerous villages, with their heavenward pointed spires and turrets, the distant hills, the neighbouring antique grandeur of Eton College, and the adjacent slopes, thus alluded to by Gray:—

— "From the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way."

Connected with this is the east terrace, which is only open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays. Passing along this delightful promenade, we arrive at the new garden which fronts the private apartments of the Sovereign, and extends along the whole of the east side of the Castle. This favoured spot is richly adorned with statuary and fountains, and here the military bands perform in the evenings. The

south terrace also commands a noble prospect, and leads to St. George's Gateway, shewn in the centre of the engraving; upon entering which, we find ourselves within the magnificent quadrangle of the upper ward, formed on the north by the state apartments, on the east and south by the rooms occupied by Her Majesty and the royal household, and on the west by the Round Tower, near the base of which is a bronze equestrian statue of Charles II., more remarkable for the beauty of the pedestal than of the horse or its rider.

From the quadrangle the interior of the Round Tower is approached by a covered flight of one hundred steps, which are commanded by a large piece of ordnance placed at the summit. From a court within, another flight of steps conducts to the battlements, which afford a most extensive view of the surrounding country, including, it is said, portions of no less than twelve counties, and embracing a succession of landscapes unsurpassed for their variety and beauty.

Amongst the interesting historical associations of the Castle already adverted to, those connected with the Round Tower, "proud Windsor's ancient keep," have attracted more than ordinary attention, from the place they occupy in the sketches of Washington Irving, whose exuberant fancy revelled without control around this huge grey Tower. After giving a description of James I. of Scotland, when a prisoner here, discovering the Lady Jane Beaufort in the garden of the Tower, and the feelings with which this circumstance inspired the captive monarch, chiefly extracted from his own poem of the "King's Quair," Mr. Irving thus concludes his enthusiastic sketch, without which any description of Windsor would be incomplete:—"It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times, and of the golden little poem which had its birth-place in this Tower, that made me visit the old pile with more than common interest. The suit of armour hanging up in the hall, richly gilt and embellished as if to figure in the tourney, brought the image of the gallant and romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem; I leaned upon the window, and endeavoured to persuade myself it was the very one where he had been visited by his vision; I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. It was the same genial and joyous month; the birds were vying with each other in strains of liquid melody; every thing was bursting into vegetation, and budding forth the tender promise of the year. Time, which delights to obliterate the sterner memorials of human pride, seemed

to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his destroying hand. Several centuries have gone by, yet the garden still flourishes at the foot of the Tower. It occupies what was once the moat of the keep; and though some parts have been separated by dividing walls, yet others have still their arbours and shaded walks, as in the days of James, and the whole is sheltered, blooming, and retired. There is a charm about the spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened rather than impaired by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breath round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

"Others may dwell on the illustrious deeds of James as a warrior and a legislator; but I have delighted to view him merely as the companion of his fellow-men, the benefactor of the human heart, stooping from his high estate to sow the sweet flowers of poetry and song in the paths of common life. He was the first to cultivate the vigorous and hardy plant of Scottish genius, which has since become so prolific of the most wholesome and highly-flavoured fruit. He carried with him into the sterner regions of the north all the fertilising arts of southern refinement. He did every thing in his power to win his countrymen to the gay, the elegant, and gentle arts, which soften and refine the character of a people, and wreath a grace round the loftiness of a proud and warlike spirit. He wrote many poems, which, unfortunately for the fulness of his fame, are lost to the world. One, which is still preserved, called 'Christ's Kirk of the Green,' shows how diligently he made himself acquainted with the rustic sports and pastimes which constitute such a source of kind and social feeling among the Scottish peasantry; and with what simple and happy humour he could enter into their enjoyments! He contributed greatly to improve the national music; and traces of his tender sentiment and elegant taste are said to exist in those witching airs still piped among the wild mountains and lonely glens of Scotland. He has thus connected his image with whatever is most gracious and endearing in the national character; he has embalmed his memory in song, and floated his name to after-ages in the rich streams of Scottish melody. The recollection of these things was kindling at my heart as I paced the silent scene of his imprisonment. I have visited Vaucuse with as much enthusiasm as a pilgrim would visit the

shrine at Loretto; but I have never felt more poetical devotion than when contemplating the old Tower and the little garden at Windsor, and musing over the romantic lives of the Lady Jane and the Royal Poet of Scotland."

Here, also, the young Earl of Surrey was imprisoned for eating flesh during Lent;—here, in the same apartments where the Muse had visited his illustrious predecessor, he poured forth some of the most plaintive and beautiful of his poetical musings.

"Here, noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,—
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
In the same notes of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now."

It is singular that James, who may be said to have been the founder of the literature of Scotland, and the Earl of Surrey, who certainly caused the revival of a taste for letters in this country, should have produced their brighter efforts under the same circumstances, and within the same walls. The former gives in his verses these interesting localities of his prison-house:—

"Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with leaves beset
Was all the place and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf [person] was none, walkyng there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight cpye."

King's Quair.

Of the fair Geraldine, Sir Walter Scott has pictured the following imaginary description:—

"Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her clear cheek; as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some strain, that seem'd her inmost soul to find:
That favour'd strain was Surrey's pensive line,
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine."

Many other prisoners have been confined, at different periods, in the Round Tower, and the last of them was Marshal Belleisle; but, with this exception, not much interest is attached either to their character or misfortunes.

On quitting the Tower, the State apartments next demand attention; but as their description, and that of the interior of St. George's Chapel, would exclude other topics essential to the variety we are anxious to impart to every Number of the Journal, we defer the continuation of this subject to our next, when we shall again avail ourselves of the valuable aid of Mr. Jesse, to whose interesting "Day at Windsor" we are indebted for many facts,—a book which we recommend to all who wish fully to enjoy a visit to this ancient royal residence.

THE MENDICANT.

[Translated for Bradshaw's Journal from *La Renovateur*.]

Some time ago there was observed, at the principal door of a church in Paris, an old beggar, who punctually every day took his seat at the threshold of the sacred edifice. His manners, his tone, his language, indicated an education superior to that which generally accompanies poverty; and under his rags,—carried with a certain degree of dignity—shone a lively remembrance of a more elevated condition. Among the poor of the parish, this mendicant enjoyed great authority. Jacques was his name. His kindness, his impartiality in the sharing of alms, his zeal in appeasing quarrels, had gained for him a well-merited reputation. Notwithstanding, to his most intimate companions, as well as to those who had lived long in the parish, his life and misfortunes were a mystery. Every morning, for the last twenty-five years, he had regularly seated himself in the same place; so accustomed were they to see him, that he seemed almost to form a part of the ornament of the door, like the stone statues placed at the entrance to Gothic Cathedrals; but none of his companions could relate the least particular of his life. One thing only was known: Jacques, though a Catholic, never put his foot inside the church; during the religious ceremonies,—when the chanting of the pious resounded through the sacred dome, the mendicant felt himself constrained to mingle his prayers with those of the church; with an eager and satisfied eye, he contemplated, from without, the picture which represents the death of Christ. The sparkling reflection of the light across the Gothic windows,—the dark shadow of the massive pillars,—the profound charm attached to the sombre aspect of the church,—all struck the mendicant with an involuntary admiration. At times a tear would trickle down his face—great misfortune, or great remorse, seemed to agitate his soul. In the earlier times of the Church, he would probably have been looked upon as some criminal, condemned to exile himself from its assemblies, and to pass, like a silent shadow, through the midst of the living.

An ecclesiastic went every day to this church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the most ancient French families, and possessed of an immense fortune, it was his great happiness liberally to distribute alms to the needy. The old beggar had become the object of a kind of affection to the Abbé Paulin de St. C——, who, with compassionate words, accompanied his gift, which the mendicant now regarded as a daily allowance.

One day Jacques did not appear at the accustomed time; the Abbé Paulin, jealous of losing an opportunity of bestowing his alms, sought the mendicant's domicile, where he found the old man sick and stretched upon a narrow bed. The ecclesiastic was surprised at the splendour and poverty which appeared in the furniture of this afflicted and singular being: a magnificent gold watch was suspended above a miserable bolster,—two pictures in rich frames, covered with crape, hung upon the lime-washed walls,—a crucifix in ivory, of exquisite workmanship, lay at the feet of the sick man,—and among some waste books was a missal, with silver clasps; the remainder of the furniture betrayed the most frightful destitution.

The presence of the Abbé re-animated the old man, who with the accents of gratitude exclaimed, as he recognised him, "Monsieur l'Abbé, you deign then to remember an unhappy man!"

"My friend," replied Monsieur Paulin, "a preacher forgets none but the happy. I come to know whether you require any assistance."

"I need nothing," replied the beggar; "my death is near—my conscience alone disturbs me."

"Your conscience! have you some great fault to expiate?"

"A crime, an enormous crime," exclaimed the dying man,—“a crime for which my whole life has been a painful but useless expiation!—a crime without a pardon!”

"A crime without pardon there exists not; the Divine mercy is infinitely greater than all the sins of men."

"But a criminal polluted with the most horrid deed, what has he to hope for?—Pardon! there is none for me," sighed the mendicant.

"There is!" exclaimed the preacher, whilst his eyes beamed with Christian philanthropy; "to doubt it, would be a blasphemy more heinous than the crime itself. Divine compassion stretches out its arms to the penitent. Jacques, if your repentance is sincere, implore the mercy of your Redeemer, it will not abandon you—make your confession." The preacher uncovered his head; and after pronouncing the sublime words which declare the doors of heaven open to the penitent, he listened to the beggar's confession:—

"The son of a poor farmer, honoured with the affection of a family of high nobility, under whom my father cultivated a small piece of ground, I was taken from my infancy to the house of my masters. Destined to be valet-de-chambre to one of the sons, the education which they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the kindness of my employers, changed

my condition—I was raised to the rank of secretary. I had just attained my twenty-fifth year when the Revolution broke out—my mind was easily seduced by reading the journals of that period; my ambition sickened me of the servile employment I followed—I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the asylum of my youth. Had I yielded to this first impulse, I had been spared the crime of ingratitude. The fury of the revolutionists spread through the provinces—fearful of being arrested even in their own houses, my masters discharged all their domestics and broke up their household—some ready money was secured in the hurry, and carrying away of their moveable property only a few articles which were precious to the memory of the family, they fled to Paris, seeking shelter in the crowd, and repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. Brought up in their house from infancy, I followed them—terror reigned in its might, and none but myself knew the secret of the retreat of my benefactors. Inscribed upon the list of emigrants, their property was quickly confiscated—that was of little importance,—they were united, happy, unknown. Animated with a lively faith in Providence, they calmly awaited happier times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal the place of their abode, and bear them from their asylum, had the baseness to betray them. I was that betrayer! The father, the mother, four daughters—angels in purity and beauty—and a young boy ten years old, were thrown into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Every thing was got ready for their trial. The most futile pretexts then sufficed to take away the life of the innocent; the public prosecutor, however, could scarcely find a reason for proceeding against this noble family. A man was found, admitted into all the secrets of the family circle, in whose breast were deposited the hidden thoughts of the household;—he criminated the most trifling circumstances of their life, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. I was that calumniator—I was that false witness!

"The fatal arrêt was pronounced,—the sentence of death was passed upon the whole family;—the son alone was spared. Unhappy orphan! destined to bewail his parents' fate, and to curse their murderer!

"Resigned to their doom, and consoled by their consciousness of rectitude, and by the hopes of a blissful re-union, this unfortunate family remained in prison, awaiting their death. An oversight occurred in the order for execution; the appointed day had already passed,—and if no one had been concerned to seize them as a prey, they had escaped the scaffold. On the eve of the new thermidor, a man, impatient

to enrich himself with the price of blood, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal to apprise them of their error; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of citizenship—the order for execution was immediately given, and the same night the frightful guillotine performed its office. I was that eager wretch!

"At the decline of day, by the light of torches, the fatal cart bore them to the place of death. The father, with a countenance expressive of the most intense anguish, sheltered his two young daughters under his arms—the mother, frantic with grief, pressed her two eldest to her bosom; and all, mingling their remembrances, their tears, their hopes, repeated the prayers of the departing. Never did the name of their murderer escape their lips.

"As it was late, the executioner, tired of his work, entrusted this task to an assistant. Little accustomed to this horrid occupation, the servant on his way begged the help of a passenger, who willingly engaged to aid him in his ignoble ministry. I was that person!

"The price of so many crimes was the sum of 3,000 francs in gold; and the valuable objects around me are the unanswerable witnesses of my guilt.

"After this enormity I endeavoured to forget it in debauchery. The gold which had been the cause of my crimes was scarcely exhausted, when remorse seized me. No scheme, no enterprise, no efforts were successful—I became poor and infirm—charity gave me a privileged place at the church-door where I have passed so many years of my wretched life. The remembrance of my guilt was so strong, so poignant, that despairing of Divine mercy, I have never dared to implore the consolations of religion, nor even to enter the sanctuary. The objects of luxury which you observe in my chamber,—this watch, this cross, this book, these veiled portraits—were the property taken from my victims. Oh, my remorse has been long and profound, but it has been ineffectual! Monsieur Abbé, can I expect pardon from God?"

"My son," replied the Abbé, "your crime is frightful; in all its circumstances it is atrocious. The orphans, deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand best the grief which overpowered your victims; but Heaven be praised, you repent; full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I may still assure you of pardon."

The mendicant, as if animated with new life, sprang from his bed, and fell upon his knees. The Abbé was about to pronounce the solemn words prescribed by his church, which bind or absolve the sins of men, when the mendicant exclaimed, "Hold, Father! before

receiving my pardon, let me rid myself of the fruits of my crime—take these articles, sell them, and distribute the proceeds to the poor." In his hurried movements, the mendicant tore off the crape which covered the two portraits. "There," said he, "there is the image of my unoffending victims."

At the sight of these, Abbé Paulin convulsively exclaimed, "My father, my mother!" Immediately the remembrance of this horrible catastrophe, the presence of the murderer, the sight of these objects, overwhelmed the mind of the preacher; and yielding to an involuntary swoon, he threw himself upon a chair. Supporting his head between his hands, he shed a torrent of tears—a deep wound again began to bleed in his heart.

The mendicant, not daring to raise his eyes upon the son of his master, rolled himself up at his feet, watered them with his tears, and repeated in a voice of despair, "My master! my master!" The preacher, without regarding him, struggled to restrain his grief.

"Yes; I am a murder, a murderer!" cried the beggar, "dispose of my life; what can I do to avenge you?"

"Avenge me!" replied the preacher, recalled to himself by these words; "avenge me, unhappy wretch!"

"Had I not reason to say my crime was beyond pardon? I knew that mercy herself expelled me. Repentance is nothing for a criminal like me. No pardon, alas! there is no pardon for me!"

These words, pronounced with a soul-harrowing accent, recalled to the mind of the ecclesiastic his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions immediately ceased—human frailty for a moment claimed the tears of an afflicted son—religion sustained the Christian. He took the cross,—the paternal heritage which had fallen into the hands of this wretched man, and presenting it to the mendicant, said, in a strong and energetic voice, "Is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror? Jesus, who was sacrificed upon the cross, commands me to proclaim your pardon. Finish your confession."

Whilst the Abbé stood thus ministering consolation to the murderer of his family, the mendicant groaned, and fell with his face towards the ground, at the feet of the ecclesiastic. The latter stretched forth his hand to raise him—he was no more!

ALCHYMY.

Alchymy is the art of changing, by means of a secret chemical process, base metals into precious. Probably the ancient nations, in their first attempts to melt metals, observing that the composition of different metals produced masses of a colour unlike either,—for instance, that a mixture like gold resulted from the melting together of copper and zinc,—arrived at the conclusion, that one metal could be changed into another. At an early period, the desire of gold and silver grew strong, as luxury increased, and men indulged the hope of obtaining these rarer metals from the more common. At the same time, the love of life led to the idea of finding a remedy against all diseases, a means of lessening the infirmities of age, of renewing youth, and repelling death. The hope of realizing these ideas prompted the efforts of several men, who taught their doctrines through mystical images and symbols. To transmute metals, they thought it necessary to find a substance, which, containing the original principle of all matter, should possess the power of dissolving all into its elements.

This general solvent, or *menstruum universale*, as it was called, which, at the same time, was to possess the power of removing all the seeds of disease out of the human body, and renewing life, was called the *philosopher's stone*, *lapis philosophorum*, and its pretended possessors *adepts*. The more obscure the ideas which the alchymists themselves had of the appearances occurring in their experiments, the more they endeavoured to express themselves in symbolical language. Afterwards, they retained this phraseology, to conceal their secrets from the uninitiated.

The following is a specimen of their enigmatical writing:—"Hide and couple in a transparent denne, the eagle and the lion, shut the door close, so that their breath go not out, and strange ayre enter notin; the eagle at their meeting will tear in pieces and devour the lion, and then be taken with a long sleepe."

The interpretation; Put together in a glass vessel, quicksilver and gold, close its mouth accurately to prevent the vapour of the quicksilver from escaping, or air from entering; the quicksilver will combine with the gold, lose its fluidity, and form a soft amalgam.

There is another specimen, equally curious:—

"Take the most ravenous gray wolf, which by reason of his name is subject to valorous Mars; but which, by the genesis of his nativity, is the son of old Saturn. He is very hungry; cast unto him the king's body, that he may be nourished by it, and when he hath

devoured the king, make a great fire, into which cast the wolf, that he may be quite burned; then will the king be at liberty again."

"Take common antimony, which may be reduced to the metallic state by iron, but which is closely allied to lead; melt it with gold, and, upon the continuation of a strong fire, the antimony will be dissipated, and leave the gold in a pure state."

From these few examples it may be readily imagined, that alchymical books are very difficult to understand, and for the most part they are but an unprofitable study.

In Egypt, in the earliest times, Hermes, the son of Anubis, was ranked among the heroes, and many books of chemical, magical, and alchymical learning are said to have been left by him. These, however, are of a later date. For this reason, chemistry and alchemy received the name of the *Hermetic art*. It is certain that the ancient Egyptians possessed particular chemical and metallurgical knowledge, although the origin of alchemy cannot, with certainty, be attributed to them.

Several of the Grecians became acquainted with the writings of the Egyptians, and initiated in their chemical knowledge. The fondness for magic, and for alchemy more particularly, spread afterwards among the Romans also. When true science was persecuted under the Roman tyrants, superstition and false philosophy flourished the more. The prodigality of the Romans excited the desire for gold, and led them to pursue the art which promised it instantaneously and abundantly. Caligula made experiments with a view of obtaining gold from orpiment. On the other hand, Diocletian ordered all books to be burned that taught to manufacture gold and silver by alchemy.

At that time, many books on alchemy were written, and falsely inscribed with the names of renowned men of antiquity. Thus a number of writings were ascribed to Democritus, and more to Hermes, which were written by Egyptian monks and hermits, and which, as the *Fabula Smaragdina*, taught, in allegories, with mystical and symbolical figures, the way to discover the philosopher's stone. At a later period, chemistry and alchemy were cultivated among the Arabians.

In the eighth century, the first chemist, commonly called *Geber*, flourished among them, in whose works specific rules are given for preparing quicksilver and other metals. In the middle ages, the monks devoted themselves to alchemy, although they were afterwards prohibited from studying it by the Popes. But there was one, even among these, John XXII., who was fond of alchemy. Raymond Lully, or Lullius, was one of the most famous alchymists

in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A story is told of him, that, during his stay in London, he changed for king Edward I. a mass of 50,000 pounds of quicksilver into gold, of which the first rose-nobles were coined.

The study of alchemy was prohibited at Venice in 1488. Paracelsus, who was highly celebrated about 1525, belongs to the renowned alchymists, as do Roger Bacon, Basilius Valentiuius, and many others. When, however, more rational principles of chemistry and philosophy began to be diffused, and to shed light on chemical phenomena, the rage for alchemy gradually decreased, though many persons, including some nobles, still remained devoted to it.

Alchemy has, however, afforded some service to chemistry, and even medicine. Chemistry was first carefully studied by alchymists, to whose labour and patience we are indebted for several useful discoveries; *e. g.* various preparations of quicksilver, mineral kermes, and of porcelain.

Nothing can be asserted with any degree of certainty about the transmutation of metals. Modern chemistry, indeed, places metals in the class of elements, and denies the possibility of changing an inferior metal into gold. Most of the accounts of such transmutation rest on fraud or delusion, although some of them are accompanied by circumstances and testimony which render them probable. By means of the galvanic battery, even the the alkalies have been discovered to have a metallic base. The possibility of obtaining metal from other substances which contain the ingredients composing it, and of changing one metal into another, or rather of refining it, must, therefore, be left undecided. Nor are all alchymists to be considered impostors. Many have laboured, under the conviction of the possibility of obtaining their object, with indefatigable patience and purity of heart (which is earnestly recommended by sound alchymists as the principal requisite for the success of their labours). Designing men have often used alchemy as a mask for their covetousness, and as a means of defrauding silly people of their money. Many persons, even in our days, destitute of sound chemical knowledge, have been led by old books on alchemy, which they did not understand, into long, expensive, and fruitless labours.

Hitherto chemistry has not succeeded in unfolding the principles by which metals are formed, the laws of their production, their growth and refinement, and in aiding and imitating this process of nature; consequently the labour of alchymists, in searching after the philosopher's stone, is but groping in the dark.

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE.

The very name of Robespierre excites a variety of disagreeable sensations—wonder, rage, horror, and revenge, occupy the bosom in turns. Of his countrymen, some claim a murdered parent, others their mangled sons and daughters; the husband his bleeding wife; the wife her decollated husband. France, converted into a charnel-house under his administration, beheld more than an hundred thousand of her children proscribed, starved, expatriated, assassinated, and cut off, either with or without the forms of law! The patriot and the perfidious citizen—the republican and the royalist—the anarchist and the lover of order—all experienced his hatred, and perished by his deadly enmity. Never did liberty suffer more than by his hypocritical attachment; never did despotism receive so much consolation as arose from his cruelties. Tyranny brandished her whips, and shook her chains, from Moscow to Algiers, and boasted, with a perfidious triumph, her milder empire!

Maximilian Robespierre was born in 1759, within the walls of the city of Arras, the capital of the *ci-devant* province of Artois. The royalists, as if fiction had been necessary to render his memory more detestable, pretend that he was the nephew of that Damiens who assassinated Louis XV. It is but justice, on the contrary, to state, that his family was both ancient and respectable; for his progenitors had occupied some of the higher departments of the magistracy, and appertained to that class formerly termed, by way of eminence, *la noblesse de la robe*.

His father was an advocate of great knowledge and purity; but, as economy was not one among his virtues, his two sons and a daughter inherited nothing from him but his poverty. His unsullied reputation, however, proved serviceable to his family; for a relation undertook the maintenance of the female, and the two boys had the good fortune to be protected, or rather adopted, by the bishop of Arras.

Maximilian, the elder brother, was accordingly educated under the immediate inspection of his prelate, who, doubtless instilled excellent principles into his mind; but malice, always active and always uncharitable, has traced to this very source that consummate hypocrisy which distinguished his pupil through life, and which, it is pretended, he could only acquire under the tuition of a priest!

At a proper age, young Robespierre was sent to the college of Louis le Grand, a famous seminary, formerly under the direction of the Jesuits. There he distinguished himself by his

assiduity and talents, and bore away the annual prizes from all competitors of his own class.

This—and it must be allowed a very honourable one—was the only distinguishing characteristic of his youth; for it is allowed, that he did not develop even the germ of those passions which influenced his bosom in his more advanced years, and rendered him not only the scourge of his country, but of mankind. Paschal, amidst the silence of the prison, meditated on Euclid; and Voltaire chalked the first lines of his *Henriade* on the walls of his dungeon; but Robespierre did not discover his future destiny by anticipations; and it was the opinion of the professors, that his reputation would never extend beyond the walls of the college in which he had been educated.

At the age of seventeen, it was determined that he should be bred to the bar; and his friends, judging from his early success, already imagined that he would dispute the palm of eloquence with the first lawyers of France. He was accordingly committed to the care of M. Ferrieres, nephew to an advocate of the same name, who had distinguished himself by an excellent treatise on jurisprudence.

It is asserted, however, that notwithstanding the repeated admonitions of that gentleman, Maximilian could never be prevailed upon to pay any degree of attention to his professional studies. Incapable of application, disgusted with the slightest difficulties, he is said to have acquired an antipathy to knowledge, and to have sworn a deadly enmity both to learning and learned men!

It was at first determined, that he should practise before the parliament of Paris, but this scheme was never carried into execution; for he returned to his native province, and was admitted an advocate in the superior council of Artois.

We do not find that he distinguished himself there by his eloquence, and have every reason to suppose that he would never have risen above mediocrity, nor been noticed in the crowd of provincial pleaders, had not an uncommon occurrence of circumstances elevated him to a situation in which the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him. He, however, made himself known as an author, if not as an advocate; for he published two treatises about this time, in one of which he explained the principles of Electricity, and removed the vulgar prejudices that prevailed respecting conductors, the erection of which was avoided by the ignorant, under the pretence that they were impious, and better calculated to produce destruction than ensure safety.

The other was on Death, considered as a punishment. In this, all the modern govern-

ments were justly reproached for the sanguinary laws still prevalent in their criminal codes, and doubts were hinted as to the right claimed by society of cutting off the life of an individual.

No sooner had the letters of convocation to the states-general been issued, than Robespierre determined to become a candidate. He proved successful in his endeavours; and was, accordingly, nominated one of the representatives of his native province. He is said to have drawn up the *Cahiers*, or instructions, by means of which the electors were accustomed to regulate the conduct of their deputies.

In the National Assembly, he sat and voted with the *cote gauche*, or patriot side; and was sometimes confounded with the Orleanists, and sometimes with the Constitutionnels. The former wished to place Philip on the throne of Louis; the latter was zealous for the adoption of the English constitution. It is no less true than singular, however, that Robespierre remained in the greatest obscurity during the first legislature; and was considered as a passionate, hot-headed young man, whose chief merit consisted in his being warmly and sincerely attached to the cause of liberty. It was he who first brought the term *aristocrat* into common use. This occurred, November 20th, 1790; when a deputation from a corporation in the Cambresis, having complained at the bar of some abuses, the deputy of Arras ascended the tribune, and exclaimed, that the petitioners deserved no favour, being themselves (*un corps aristocratique*) an aristocratical body. The assembly burst into a fit of laughter on the mention of this word; it, however, soon produced far different sensations.

It was about this time that he became editor of a journal entitled, "*L'Union, ou Journal de la Liberté*." The loyalists, who accuse him of gross ignorance, enumerate, with exultation, the geographical, political, and even grammatical blunders, daily exhibited in this newspaper. It is allowed by every one, that it was conducted with extreme violence, and displayed but little taste or genius. Indeed, the exaggerating disposition of the editor had brought him into some degree of contempt; and it was at that time customary to remark, with a kind of satirical eulogium—that Mirabeau was the flambeau of Provence, and Robespierre the candle of Arras! This much is certain, that he never was elected into any committees, or honoured with the president's chair in the first assembly.

To the society of Jacobins, Robespierre is indebted for all his celebrity and all his powers. He became their chief; and it was the members of this body who first propagated the idea,

"that the assembly had ruined France, and Robespierre could alone save it!"

It is but candid here to confess, that his conduct in the legislative body was pure and unspotted; that he steadfastly opposed the interested revision of the constitution, and withstood every temptation arising from the corruption so prodigally administered by the court. Alas! this very circumstance, in the end, rendered him more dangerous to liberty, and his reputed incorruptibility enabled him to sacrifice all his real or supposed enemies to his vengeance.

Robespierre did not refuse to fill subordinate offices, as has been asserted; he, however, did not retain them any considerable time. He was first nominated President of the Tribunal of the district of Versailles; and was consequently empowered to decide both in civil and criminal affairs, as the juries had not then been organized. Having resigned his employment, he next obtained that of Accusateur Public of the Criminal Tribunal of the department of Paris, which he also held but for a short period. His conduct in the exercise of these functions stands unimpeached: no one instance of cruelty or injustice has been adduced by the bitterest of his enemies; and had the court but proved faithful to that constitution, from which it could not recede without the foulest perjury, Robespierre would never have been elevated to the dictatorship.

It was during the national convention that this man attained the summit of his ambition. In the first legislature he had joined the patriots; in the second he declared for the republicans; in both his party had proved victorious. It was in the third that he himself was doomed to triumph, not only over his rivals, but his country.

The *Commons* of Paris, the Jacobin society, and even the Assembly itself, were filled with his creatures, and became obedient to his commands. In short, the nation looked up to him as to a saviour.

No sooner, however, had he attained the giddy eminence of power, than his nature seems to have experienced a total change; and Robespierre, like many others, here affords a memorable instance of the effect of sudden elevation in debasing the human mind, by making it ferocious. Rendered cruel by habit and suspicion, both royalists and republicans equally experienced his vengeance; a number of the first were cruelly butchered in prison; and of the latter, Brissot, Vergniaux, Gensonne, Valaze, &c. &c. fell by the guillotine; while the ex minister Roland, and the celebrated ex-secretary Condorcet, were reduced to the melancholy condition of seeking safety

in suicide. In the Girondists, perished nearly all that was great and ambitious in France;—in Madame Roland fell the first female genius of her age; while, in the executions of Condorcet, Lavoisier, and Bailly, science received a mortal and irrecoverable stab.

The proscription of Sylla and Marius were once more renewed in the most polished country of modern Europe, and in an age, too, boastful of its studied refinements. Suspected persons, or, in other words, every one either dreaded or hated by those in power, were arrested; domiciliary visits awakened the sleeping victims of persecution to misery and destruction; while revolutionary tribunals condemned them by scores, unpitied and even unheard. The laws were no longer maintained; the idea of a constitution became intolerable; all power was concentrated, as among the eastern nations; the government degenerated into a Turkish divan: it was the Committee of public safety that regulated every thing, that absolved or tried, that spoiled or enriched, that murdered or saved; and this committee was entirely regulated by the will of Robespierre, who governed it by the means of his creatures, St. Just and Couthon.

He reserved for himself, however, the immediate superintendence of the revolutionary tribunals, and was accustomed, at night, to mark down the victims who were to perish before the setting of the morrow's sun.

The execution of four or five a day did not satiate his vengeance; the murder of thirty or forty was demanded and obtained; the streets became deluged with blood; canals were necessary to convey it to the Seine; and experiments were actually made at the Bicetre with an instrument for cutting off a score heads at a single motion.

At length the tyrant began to be dreaded even by his own accomplices; and all parties seem to have cordially united in the destruction of a man, during whose life they themselves were exposed to the most imminent danger. A circumstance, similar to what occurred to a famous despot of antiquity, is said to have accelerated his fate; for the committee of public safety, having found a long roll of proscriptions on one of his creatures, who had been arrested by mistake, they are reported to have discovered their own names inscribed in the bloody register.

The storm first burst in the convention. Billaud, Panis, Ferron, Cambon, Tallien, and Vadier, accused him of his crimes to his face; Barere and Collet overwhelmed him with reproaches; and the abashed traitor himself is said to have called out for death.

While the legislature was exercising a grand act of national justice, the municipality sounded the *tocsin*, and many members of the Jacobin club marched to the succour of their chief. By turns a prisoner and a leader, vanquished and triumphant, he was at length seized in an apartment of the town-house, and pierced with many wounds.

On the morning of the 10th Thermidor, (July 21st, 1794), he was led to execution, amidst the execrations of the people, with one eye hanging out of the socket, and the lower jaw attached to the upper by means of a handkerchief. It had been separated by a musket-ball.

Thus perished Maximilian Robespierre, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His character does not possess the least resemblance to any of the illustrious ruffians of antiquity, who have been rendered memorable either by their crimes or by their exploits. Sylla and Marius, bred up to arms, and inured to warfare, were both brave to excess. Julius, before he crossed the Rubicon, and became the tyrant of his country, had displayed uncommon personal courage on many occasions. Even the luxurious Antony, and the vile Augustus—the latter of whom it has been too long the fashion to praise—were at times capable of exhibiting instances of intrepidity. Cataline, in the very hour of his death, was terrible; for his mutilated corpse was surrounded by heaps that had perished by his own hand. But Robespierre was a base coward, who, on all occasions was solicitous for his own safety, and trembled like a woman at the very idea of danger. He was bold only in words and gestures.

On the 10th of August he hid himself as usual, and only came out of his lurking hole to claim the triumphs of that memorable day. Even on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of September, he is said to have been concealed, until he could safely reap all the advantages of the barbarous murders committed by his partizans. It was then he made his appearance; it was then he realized the horrid picture of Cicero:—(*Vultus ipsius plenus furoris, oculi sceleris, sermo arrogantiae*)—his countenance full of fury, his eyes full of malignity, and his speech teeming with arrogance.

The person of Robespierre was below the middle size; the temperament of his body was nervous and irritable; he had something hideous in his aspect, which was greatly increased by means of a pair of spectacles. This acquired him the appellation of the Dragon; that of the Basilisk would, perhaps, have been more appropriate.

He affected to be called a Sans-Culotte; but his clothes were always chosen with taste; and

his hair was constantly dressed and powdered, with a precision that bordered on foppery. He was an indifferent orator; for his person, voice, and provincial accent, militated against the grand characteristics of eloquence. He was generally deficient also in point of composition; his speech, however, on the trial of Louis XVI. is an exception. That on the recognition of the Supreme Being is said to have been written by a member of one of the ci-devant academies.

It was the idea of his virtue, and confidence in his principles, that procured him the unbounded esteem of a corrupt age. Until intoxicated with power, his conduct and morals must be allowed to have been unimpeachable. While a private man, he exhibited virtues that seemed to render him worthy of command; and it was not till he was vested with supreme authority, that, like the deified Cæsars of ancient times, he threw off the character of humanity, and became a demon. He was never a republican; for the idea of a commonwealth imposes a restraint on governors, as well as on the governed; and, if we are to believe the assertion of an illustrious woman (Madame Roland) who was basely murdered by him, he was accustomed to sneer on the mention of the term, and asked what it meant.

THE CAVES OF MITCHELSTOWN.

[The following description of an interesting natural wonder is given in the 11th and 12th parts of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "*Ireland, its Scenery and character*," and we preface it by the introductory legend, as illustrative of the graphic power by which the talented writers have thrown the charm of romance over a work abounding with the most truthful delineations of the living manners and spirit of genuine Irish character. The engravings are in every respect worthy of the book, and will entitle it to rank among the most distinguished standard works of the age.]

The caves of Mitchelstown are the most singular in the United Kingdom, and are situated near the extreme south of the county of Tipperary, where it borders Cork, on part of the estate of the Earl of Kingston.

"For centuries the neighbourhood has been famous for 'caves,' and a very remarkable one still exists that was for a long period an object of attraction and interest to the tourist. It is however very insignificant in comparison with the more recent discovery, and is now rarely visited. Of the 'ould cave' we heard the legend from the lips of one of our guides; and before we commence our descent into 'the bowels of the earth,' we may give it as nearly as we can in the words in which we received it.

"Is it how the caves war discovered, ye'r asking, ma'am?" replied a 'Tipperary boy' to our inquiry. 'Why then, it was quare; though, to be sure, the sheep was not a right sheep, as

any one might know that took a thought about it; for if she was right in herself—I mean nothing but a sheep to make mutton of, she could not have had the understanding of Christian language, as she surely had.'

"If ye'r going to tell the lady the story, tell it at once, and don't be riddling out your own ideas upon what you don't understand, Reddy," interrupted another guide.

"And don't you be taking me up, or maybe it's too heavy for you I'd be," replied Reddy. "Sure the ideas of a poor boy like myself are just like the wild flowers, which if transplanted into the garden would be called——"

"Tame flowers," interrupted the other, 'which you will never be, my poet of the mountains.' Now Reddy had the reputation of being exactly what he was called, a 'Mountain Poet;' there are few districts without, at least, one of the class. Nevertheless, he pretended to deny the imputation, and there were sundry exclamations of 'Whist, will ye!—have—done—do—don't be making a show of me before the quality. Oh! by the powers! I never put down a word of poetry, bating a bit out of innocence at election-time, or a verse to plaze a comrade, if he had a liking for a neighbour's daughter, and couldn't just make one word *strike music* to another.' At last he was prevailed upon to commence his tale.

"A poor man lived hard by there, a poor man entirely; trusting to his quarter* of potatoes for the bare food, and to God's marcy (like most of us) for every thing else; indeed, from all I ever heard, or can judge, he wasn't fond of troubling himself with overwork; and if it wasn't for his wife, who had some good blood in her veins, though born poor, he'd have been, maybe, worse off than he was, and that was bad enough. Well, he was wandering about just where we're standing now, thinking, maybe, of nothing but what weather might come to fill out the potatoes, when all of a sudden he heard the bleat of a sheep. Now there was no grazing at all about the place, and he stopped and listened; and sure enough the bleat came again, and he followed the sound, until at last in the bottom of a hole, what should he see but a sheep lying, and her leg broke. Well, he went down, and as he was lifting her up, he thought in all his life he had never seen anything so white, or touched anything so soft as her wool; the baste never cried a word while he was lifting her out; and when he laid her on the grass, she turned up her great violet-coloured eyes on him like a Christian."

"That's poethry, Reddy," muttered the

* Quarter of an acre.

rival guide. Reddy continued, not heeding the interruption—'And he felt so ashamed of the idea he had of taking her life, that he could not look her in the face; it was a lonely place in these times, and not much stir anywhere, except at Lord Kingston's Castle, which if it was fine then, is a thousand times handsomer now. And so avoiding the road near the castle, he carried the sheep home to his wife. 'You haven't stole it?' she says, watching his countenance. 'I have not,' he answers. 'Well, then,' she says again, 'if you have not, we'll strive and cure its leg in the face of day, and put no constraint on it to go or come, only I'll borrow a handful or two of its wool, to make you a pair of Sunday stockings,' she says, 'just in payment for the care you have taken of the poor craythur.' The man often thought how he'd like to kill the sheep; but somehow he didn't like to lose the good opinion of his wife; and he thought, too, of the comfort of the stockings. No one ever claimed the sheep: in a little time she got well, and would stand quite asy to be sheared; and the wool was so beautiful, that in less than no time the woman could get any price she liked for the stockings; nor was that all—the sheep brought them two or three lambs at a time, all with the same silky wool; and the wool was twenty times the value that the meat would have been; and the man and his wife grew rich, and had great grazing entirely. But the first sheep of the flock began to grow old, very old; and she'd lay down in the sun and sleep; and her wool grew thin, and she made up her mind to have no more children. Now if the man had any gratitude, he'd have remembered the goodness of the sheep, and done all in his power to honour her old days; but *the dacency wasn't in him*; and so he says to his wife, 'At the next shearing I'll make a feast, and we'll have lashins of whiskey, tobacco, and pipes at it, as well as plenty of fresh mate.' 'I think,' she says, 'pickled pork and salt beef might serve your turn, but as it's your fancy, I'll speak to my lord's butcher for whatever you like to order; our money's as good as another's; I never see one guinea that was ashamed to look another in the face.' 'I'll be my own butcher,' he says; 'I'll kill that ould first sheep: she's wasting away, and it will be a good deed to put her out of pain.' 'Oh! murder, murder!' shouts the woman; 'sure you would not be that unnatural; sure you would not *kill ye'r luck*, the quiet, innocent craythur that brought plenty and prosperity to your cabin, that's a house now with glass windows through her means. Oh ye' ould yerself!' she says, 'and ought to think of that!' But it was no use, the wickedness was in him;

and he declared the ould sheep should be killed the next morning! Well, the poor woman went out to the field to look for her old pet, and where would she find her but leaning under the window of the very room they had been talking in; and the woman kissed and cried over the sheep, and the sheep licked her hands. The next morning at break of day, the boy that tented the sheep woke his master with a great cry, and told him that the flock had moved off, headed by the first sheep, and that the last of them was nearly out of sight. This roused the ungrateful sleeper, and he set off after them without waiting to say his prayers; he travelled and travelled, and after much walking he saw his flock pass as if into the earth. When he arrived at the spot, the very last had gone in; and he followed—to get back no more—the sheep-boy saw him go in, and after calling some time at the mouth of the cave, returned for the neighbours, who entered with candles and discovered the cave, and heard the man's voice shouting to his sheep, and promising every indulgence to the first of the flock if she'd return; but it was too late: they do say he wanders there to this day,' added our informant, 'but I never heard him myself.'

"Such is the legend—founded in truth, perhaps,—of the old cave. The new was discovered on the 2nd of May, 1853, by a man while quarrying for stones. His crow-bar fell from his hands, and in the search for it, he found a cavity—the gateway to a magnificent palace of nature.

"The hill in which the cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley, which separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown chains of mountains—the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern boundary.

"Our first object was to engage the assistance of guides. We considered it desirable to procure several, in order that by distributing them in various parts of the caverns with lights, we might form a correct idea of their magnitude and magnificence. They took with them a large supply of candles and a box of lucifers, to guard against the danger of some sudden gust of wind leaving us in darkness. The use of torches is prohibited by the owner of the land; and very properly so, for we had ample proof of the injury they had already done in defacing the beauty of many crystalised roofs. A narrow passage, gradually sloping, about four feet in height and between thirty and forty in length, terminates in an almost vertical precipice, about fifteen feet deep, which is descended by a ladder. For a considerable space (nearly 250 feet,) afterwards, the visitor goes through a dull and

unpromising 'lane' of grey limestone; the guides push a little forward, and so arrange themselves that a sudden turn exhibits, in an instant, one of the most splendid of the caves in all its beauty and grandeur.

"But wonderful as the 'lower middle cave' is, it is surpassed by the 'upper middle cave,' at which the visitor arrives through a passage varying in height from five to ten, and in breadth from seven to fourteen feet, and sixty feet in length. 'The horizontal section of this natural excavation,' says Dr. Apjohn, 'may, neglecting its irregularities, be considered as a semi-ellipse, the axes of which are respectively 180 and 80 feet, the major pointing directly east and west. A vertical view or section, corresponding to the line connecting the northern extremity of the minor and eastern extremity of the major axis, shows the roof nearly horizontal, and raised twenty feet above the floor.' This is the most remarkable part of the entire cavern, for the magnitude, beauty, and varied and fantastic appearances of its sparry productions. Immediately upon entering the cave, on the right hand, and attached to the wall, is found the organ—a huge calcareous growth, which is conceived to bear some resemblance in shape to the musical instrument from which its name is borrowed. Nine great pillars of carbonate of lime occur in this same compartment, rising from the floor to the ceiling; of these the lower third is usually of great diameter, and very irregular in form, while the remaining, or upper portion, usually exhibits the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which is in the ceiling, while the vertex is in connexion with the lower portion of the pillar. In some instances the upper cone has not come in contact with the stalagmite below, though, should the calcareous deposition proceed as heretofore, there can be no doubt that such a junction will be finally achieved. The most remarkable pillars in this cave are those known among the guides under the names of 'Drum' and 'Pyramid,' the former of which occurs fifteen feet south of the organ; the latter at the eastern end of the chamber. The base of the former is not simple, but composed of stalks cemented together, and having leaved or foliated edges; some of these edges are of great extent and thinness, and when struck gently vibrate so as to produce an agreeable sound. The pyramid, a pillar fourteen feet in height, rests upon a base of great dimensions, and its shaft is distinguished by the circumstance of its tapering upwards towards the ceiling. The other pillars are of inferior size, but some of them possess a symmetry and beauty superior to those just described. In addition to the pillars, stalactites

and stalagmites everywhere abound; the former depending from the roof, the latter springing from the floor of the cavern.

"Soon after leaving this cave we were summoned by the guides to descend 'the chimney'—a work of some danger; for it is barely wide enough to allow a passage; its sides have very few projections upon which to place the feet; it descends to the depth of at least thirty yards, and a slip would be inevitably fatal. A guide, however, goes before the visitor, directing his 'steps,' and frequently giving the foot a resting-place upon his shoulder. At the bottom of the chimney is another cave, nearly equal in extent and grandeur to the one we have described; and from this several galleries branch, leading to objects only a degree less wonderful. These are new discoveries, to which additions are continually made, and consist of a number of minor caves, from which no access has as yet been obtained; although it is more than likely that the removal of partition 'walls' of limestone would exhibit each as but the part of a whole, and continue the line of caves in one uninterrupted succession. Our desire was to proceed as far as possible, and our guides, gratified by our ardour, rather than checked by the additional labour to which they were subjected, proceeded, after allowing us brief breathing-time, to usher us through a burrow, so narrow that we had actually to twist ourselves along it, after the fashion in which the screw makes its way into a cork. The task required physical strength, and no inconsiderable nerve; for the passage extended at least one hundred yards, the greater portion of which was necessarily traversed by crawling through a space, barely two feet square, sometimes so reduced as to render indispensable the kind of 'twist' we have referred to, and repeatedly suggesting the painful sensation that a fall of two or three inches, in any of the rocks above or around us, would enclose us prisoners beyond the possibility of rescue. Yet when we had reached the utmost limits to which the researches of the guides had yet attained, the reader will guess our astonishment when we found pencilled on one of the white curtains at the extremity, the names of two ladies, who a few days previously, had accomplished the whole of the difficult and dangerous task we have been describing. The course we had taken—burrow, caves, chimney, and all—we had to re-traverse; and upon our re-introduction to the daylight, we found we had been five hours under ground; as we were walking or creeping during four-fifths of the time, we estimate that we must have paced, on our progress and return, at least eight miles.

Poetry, Original and Selected.

THE SUMMER'S PAST.

The summer's past—the flowers decayed—
Its richest foliage, pale and sere;
Nature, in russet robes arrayed,
Proclaims th' approach of winter near—
My summer's past, my life's short bloom
Is o'er—I'm hast'ning to the tomb.

The summer's past—the vernal breeze
That gladdened Nature's wild domain,
And fanned the form of pale disease,
Must yield to winter's chilling reign:
My summer's past, and I no more
Am pleased with scenes that charmed before.

The summer's past, and wintery rains
May hush the music of the grove;
Yet spring will renovate the plains—
The woods shall hear the voice of love;
So when death's dreary winter's o'er,
Spring will the conqueror's spoils restore.

Summer's Seat, Liverpool, 1841.

P. M.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

BY THE LATE MRS. FLETCHER.

I saw him on the battle eve,
When like a king he bore him!
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's needs,—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;—
He looked around him, and his eyes
Defiance flashed to earth and sky!

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth,—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet:
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,—
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king?

I saw him next alone;—nor camp,
Nor chief his steps attended,
Nor banners' blaze, nor coursers' tramp
With war-cries proudly blended:—
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify.
He, who with heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave;
Behind, the foe,—before, the wave!

He stood,—fleet, army, treasure, gone,
Alone and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And XERXES in a single bark,
Where late a thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare;—
Thy glorious revenge was this,
Thy trophy, deathless Salamis!

Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Ratcliffe lived next door to each other, and were extremely intimate. Kneller had a very fine garden, and as the doctor was fond of flowers, he permitted him to have a door into it. Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent to inform him that he would nail up the door; to which Ratcliffe, in his rough manner, replied, "Tell him, he may do any thing but paint it."—"Well," replied Kneller, "he may say what he will; but tell him, I will take any thing from him,—physic, as a matter of course, being excepted."

THE RAMBLER.—When Dr. Johnson's "Rambler" was first published, the sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. It is remarkable, and a curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write; this was No. 91, which was said to have been written by Richardson.

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most extreme contraction. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter; "for, if you choose, I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

A messenger arrived one day, and informed Racine that he must on that day dine with his prince; to which the affectionate father replied, "I cannot have that honour. It is seven days since I have seen my children; they are rejoiced at my return; I must dine with them; they will break their hearts to lose me the moment I am returned. Pray be so kind as to mention my excuse to his highness."

Dr. Bentley, seeing his son reading a novel, said to him, "Why read a book which you cannot quote."

A HINT TO THE DOGMATICAL.—They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—*Bacon.*

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocumbe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DREY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 2.]

SATURDAY, 13TH NOVEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

WINDSOR CASTLE.

[Continued from No. I.]

Entering a door under a Gothic porch at the north-west angle of the upper ward, the visitor ascends a flight of stairs leading to the state apartments. At the top of the staircase is placed a portrait of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, the architect, to whose taste and talent Windsor Castle owes much of its present grandeur and magnificence. This portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, by command of George the Fourth.

The *Audience Chamber*, which we next enter, is decorated with Gobelin tapestry, representing part of the story of Esther. Over one of the doors is an interesting portrait of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose melancholy fate will ever remain a blot upon the age in which she lived, and will long endear her memory to the affection of her country. The ceiling, which was painted by Verrio in 1680, is embellished with a representation of Queen Catherine, personified as Britannia, sitting in a triumphal car, drawn by swans to the Temple of Virtue, and attended by Flora, Ceres, Pomona, and other goddesses. It is related by Lord Ormond, that while Verrio was employed at Windsor, he quarrelled with Mrs. Marriot, the housekeeper, and in order to gratify his resentment, "borrowed her ugly face for one of the Furies." Among the Demons of Faction he represented Lord Shaftesbury distributing libels.

The *Vandyke Gallery* is so named from its

consisting wholly of the works of that great master. This collection will ever excite the admiration of the lovers of the fine arts; all the productions of this celebrated painter are distinguished by clearness, warmth, and softness of colouring; his designs are well-conceived, and his attitudes easy and unaffected. At the side of the door by which the visitor enters, is a large picture, containing the portraits of Charles I., Henrietta his Queen, Prince Charles, and the Duke of York,—the whole forming a splendid family group. The King is seated in his robes beside the Queen; his left arm rests upon his chair, and his right on a covered table, on which are the crown and regalia of England. The young Prince Charles is standing by, leaning on his father's knee, and the Queen is holding the younger child in her arms.

At the opposite end of the room is the celebrated picture of Charles I. on a grey horse, passing under an arch, his left hand resting upon a truncheon. His demeanour is dignified and composed, and the foreshortening of the horse is admirable. This portrait is valued at £10,000.

Without attempting to enumerate all the pictures in this gallery, we must briefly notice some of the most striking. The Childrer of Charles the First is perhaps the finest in the collection; in the centre is Prince Charles resting his hand on the head of a large dog; on his left is Anne, and her brother Prince James, who is sitting half dressed upon a stool.

Over the fire-place is a painting of the face of Charles I. in three different positions,—a front face, profile, and three quarters.

The Duchess de St. Croix is represented ascending a step, with one hand holding the skirt of her dress, and with the other drawing aside a curtain.

Among others may be mentioned the Countess of Carlisle, admired for the sprightliness of her wit; the Countess of Dorset; Vandyke, by himself; Sir Kenelm Digby and his Lady; and the Duchess of Richmond, better known as Mary Villiers, of whose childhood the following anecdote is related:

One day she climbed a tree, to gather some fruit, in the king's garden. The king, seeing her amongst the branches, mistook her for a large bird, and sent Mr. Porter, a handsome young courtier, to kill it. On coming near the tree with his gun, he discovered the young countess, who, on being informed of what had been intended, laughed heartily, and said she would have a "merry game." She caused herself to be put into a large hamper, and then to be carried into the king's apartment. On arriving there, Porter told the king that he had taken the bird alive, which was so beautiful, that had he killed it, he should never have outlived it himself. His Majesty, eager to see it, opened the hamper, when the young countess, clasping her arms around his neck, furnished matter for a most agreeable surprise. She was spoken of in after life as extremely beautiful, and of a mien and presence noble and majestic.

Under these pictures of Lady Digby, is a portrait of Henrietta, the Queen of Charles I., in a three-quarter view; and on either side of the fire-place are portraits of this Queen, one of them in profile, and the other a front view. These portraits are exquisite productions of this great master, and are finished with the greatest care and delicacy. Nothing, to our feelings at least, can be more affecting than the sight of these portraits; two of them were painted when the Queen was in the height of her beauty, prosperity, and happiness; and the third (the full front) was painted when all these had vanished, and she was overwhelmed by misery and misfortune. How strongly these are depicted in this picture, the visitor may judge for himself. She there appears the very personification of sorrow.

The *Queen's Drawing Room* contains several paintings by Zuccarelli. The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca, the Finding of Moses, and Jacob watering the Flock, are very pleasing pictures. There are also several landscapes of Italian scenery in this apartment.

The *Queen's Closet* is a small room, the ceil-

ing of which is embellished with festoons of fruit and flowers; in the cove are medallions containing the words "Adelaide Regina, 1833," surmounted by the royal crown,—all delicately etched with gold. The three pictures of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the Duke of Norfolk, said to be by Holbein, are very inferior productions of this great master; it is at Hampton Court, however, that his best works are to be seen. The portrait of James Duke of Hamilton, Master of the Horse to Charles I., is a work of much merit; after the death of the King he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, from whence he was conveyed to Westminster Hall, and afterwards executed in Old Palace Yard. Titian and Aretino, a Senator, is a fine picture painted by Titian; the Bishop of Antwerp, by Rubens, is in the best style of that eminent artist. We may also particularize the Holy Family, Virgin and Child, the Nativity, the Infant Christ, St. John, and two landscapes by Claude.

The *King's Closet*, though a small room, contains a great number of paintings; amongst these is the celebrated picture of the Two Misers, by Quintin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp, in which old age, united with avarice, is so admirably delineated. Different accounts are given of the occasion of Matsys quitting the forge for the pencil; but whatever were the causes that awakened his genius, it is certain that he displayed great talent for the art of painting, in which he adopted a style of his own, not copied from any other master. He usually painted portraits and half figures in common life, but sometimes rose to great works, of which the Two Misers and the Descent from the Cross, in the cathedral of Antwerp, are the most remarkable.—The Emperor Charles V., by More, a man's head by Parmegiano, and the Woman at the Well, by Guercino, are all fine paintings.

The *King's Council Room*. The ceiling is enriched with the arms of Charles II. on a shield, with a garter and motto,—and the whole is encircled with wreathed palm, surrounded by tridents and sceptres springing out of foliage. Among the numerous paintings of this room may be selected Cleopatra, by Guido, which is full of expression; the viper appears eagerly to have fixed upon her breast, and with a languishing resignation she seems awaiting the last ebb of life. Jonah in the Sea, by Nicolo and Gasper Poussin, the latter of whom stands unrivalled in harsh and bold landscape painting, is a spirited and masterly production. The portrait of an aged lady, by Rembrandt, is generally considered to be that of the celebrated Countess of Desmond, who lived nearly one hundred and fifty years. Two land-

scapes, by Claude, and several by G. Poussin, are charming pictures.

The *Ruben's Gallery* is decorated with paintings by that celebrated master. Over the door is the painter himself, with his broad-brimmed hat, his black mantle, and gold chain. St. Martin sharing his cloak with a Poor Man, is a large and animated picture. Ruben's second wife is a fine portrait; she is dressed in a rich silk dress; her features are clear and blooming, her countenance dignified and amiable. The life and animation of Summer, and the cheerlessness of Winter, are admirably expressed in two landscapes which adorn this room; and the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands, on horseback, is a well-executed picture.

The *Vestibule* contains five paintings; by West: Edward III. embracing his son after the battle of Cressy, in 1346: Edward the Black Prince receiving John King of France, after the battle of Poitiers: Queen Philippa pleading for the lives of the citizens of Calais, who, with halters round their necks, had come to surrender their city: Edward III. entertaining his prisoners after the surrender of Calais: the Battle of Neville's Cross, where Queen Philippa, during her husband's absence, defeats and makes prisoner of David King of Scotland.

The *Throne Room* is greatly admired for its beautiful workmanship. In the centre of the ceiling are large circles formed of the collar of the order of the Garter, in which are displayed St. George, the rose, and other devices. The ceiling immediately over the throne is richly decorated. The paintings are, the Installation of the Knights of the Garter (West); George III. (Gainsborough); George IV. (Lawrence); and William IV. (Shee).

The *Waterloo Gallery* contains the portraits of the most eminent statesmen and soldiers who were connected with the memorable battle. On entering this apartment, it is impossible for the attention of the most unthinking not to be arrested, when they find themselves among departed and departing kings, soldiers, and statesmen, whose united wisdom and power ended in so successful an issue,—in so much glory and beggary, happiness and woe; for no history records so frightful a loss of blood and treasure, as that caused by the French Revolution, and the ruinous wars to which it gave rise. It was in this room that King William IV. gave his dinners in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo; and unquestionably a more appropriate place, or one better calculated to recal the memory of by-gone times, could not have been selected. The room is ninety-eight feet long, and forty-seven broad, built in

the Elizabethan style; it receives light by a lantern of ground glass, extending the entire length of the roof, and is divided into compartments by elegant arches terminating in pendants. The ceiling and part of the walls are of a light stone colour; the doors, panellings, chimney-pieces, and picture-frames are adorned with beautiful oak carvings by Gibbon, and the whole is equally remarkable for originality of design, fine proportion, and elaborate workmanship.

It would be needless to mention even the names of the illustrious heroes whose portraits are placed here,—but we cannot omit referring to that of Pius VII., which is considered the finest portrait ever painted by Lawrence. Cardinal Gonsalvi is another excellent portrait by the same painter. Among the most conspicuous are the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, and William IV.

From this apartment we enter the *Ball Room*, which is ninety feet long. The ornaments of this room are elaborately carved, and chased with gold. The ceiling is divided into five panels, ornamented with devices in high relief. Those parts of the room which are not occupied with paintings are ornamented with gilt scroll-work. A beautiful Gothic window forms almost the whole of the north end of the room, and opens upon an extensive prospect over the Parks and adjacent country. From the ceiling are suspended four splendid chandeliers; the walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. The Ball-room is the most magnificent apartment in the Castle, and does high credit to the taste of Sir Jeffry Wyattville, whether we regard the general disposition of the whole, its profusion and splendour, or its richness and elegance.

Saint George's Hall, which we next enter, is two hundred feet long. The ceiling is in the Gothic style, executed in plaster, painted in imitation of oak, and is divided into compartments by ribs springing from corbels on the wall; these compartments are further subdivided, and contain shields emblazoned with the armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the Order, by Edward III., down to the present time; and the names of the several knights are engraved on panels along the north side of the Hall, with numbers corresponding with those at the bottom of the shields on the ceiling. The south side of the room is occupied by long pointed windows, and on the opposite side are recesses containing full-length portraits of all the Sovereigns of England from James I. to George IV. Between the portraits, and also between the windows, are brass shields with the

cross of St. George, encircled by the garter and motto; and above the shields are placed steel helmets, with crossed spears. Altogether this room has an imposing and stately appearance.

From this apartment we are conducted to the *Guard Chamber*, the walls of which are of plaster, painted in imitation of stone. The ceiling is grained, and the mouldings rest on corbels supported by grotesque heads. The room is decorated with various military trophies, and specimens of ancient armour very ingeniously disposed. On brackets about nine or ten feet high, are six whole-length figures, clothed in armour. At the south end of the room is that part of the foremast of the Victory through which a cannon-ball passed at the battle of Trafalgar, surmounted by a bust of Lord Nelson, by Sir F. Chantry; and on each side of the mast are two beautiful pieces of ordnance taken at the storming of Seringapatam, one of which is richly inlaid with gold and silver.

In this room, in a line with that of Lord Nelson, are busts of the Duke of Wellington and Duke of Marlborough, with banners over them, the one being the standard of France, and the other the tri-colour. These flags are the tenure or service by which the noble Dukes hold the estates settled on them by Parliament, and which they present to the Sovereign on the anniversaries of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo.

The *Queen's Presence Chamber*, which we next visit, is the last of the State Apartments. The ceiling is painted by Verrio; Queen Catherine is represented under a canopy spread by Time, and supported by zephyrs, attended by Religion, Prudence, and the other Virtues. Justice is driving away Sedition, Discord, and Envy, and Fame is proclaiming the happiness of the country. The walls are decorated with fine Gobelin tapestry, representing part of the history of Esther, the remainder of which is in the Audience Chamber, by which we first enter.

Our brief notice of so splendid a suite of apartments, which we believe to be unequalled by any in Europe, must be necessarily imperfect and unsatisfactory. A full description would require a volume, and would then be dry and tedious from prolixity. Our object has not been to give a detailed account, but rather a general outline of these magnificent apartments, of which an adequate idea can only be formed by repeated visits.

After gazing at the "pomp and pageantry" of this Palace of Kings, it is the most appropriate and instructive course to bend our steps to the sacred fane which encloses their tombs, for, as a modern writer justly remarks, "the

object at Windsor which is most deserving the lingering gaze of the stranger, and which loses none of its charms after the lapse of years, is St. George's chapel. The exquisite proportions and the rich, yet solemn ornaments of the interior of this unrivalled edifice, leave an effect upon the mind which baffles description,—the broad glare of day displays the admirable finishing of its parts, elaborate as a cabinet, and yet harmonising in one massive and simple whole. The calm twilight does not abate its splendour, while it adds to its solemnity; as the 'storied windows' catch the last rays of the setting sun, and the cathedral chant steals over the senses, the genius of the place compels the coldest heart to devotion in a temple of such perfect beauty." The interior of the chapel is divided by a screen and organ gallery into two parts; the body of the chapel and the choir. The most striking object on first entering the former is the magnificent window at the west end. The ceiling is ornamented with a great variety of devices, including the arms of many of our early monarchs, and produces a highly imposing effect.

Unless divine service is being performed, the vergers usually conduct visitors through the screen to the choir, where a most magnificent interior is presented. Over the stalls on each side, hang the motionless banners of the Knights of the Garter; and beneath these again are the mantle, helmet, sword, and crest of their respective owners. In addition to this, may be mentioned the marble floor, the rich and minute carving of the stalls and ceiling, the airy lightness of the building itself, and the splendid furniture of the altar. We must remember, too, that we stand upon the very spot where the greatest warriors and statesmen have stood before us; that here every King of England, from Edward the Third, has offered up his adorations; that we tread upon the dust of Princes; and that thousands of the great and powerful, who once mingled here in the glittering pageant, are now mouldering beneath our feet. What an emblem have we before our eyes of the vanity of human ambition!—a warrior or a statesman dies, his banner is lowered from the walls, and before it is replaced by that of another, he has become unlamented, and perhaps forgotten.

The Sovereign's stall is immediately on the right as we enter the choir, and the Prince's on the left. The stalls of the other knights are ranged on each side under their respective banners, on the back of which are small brass plates on which their titles and arms are blazoned. These plates remain on the death of the Knights, "as a perpetual memorial to their honour." They are well worthy of being

examined, as amongst them may be traced the arms of some of the greatest men which this country has produced.

On the north side of the choir opposite the pulpit, and close to the altar, is the Queen's closet, where Her Majesty and suite sit during public worship. The altar is surmounted with richly stained glass windows, adorned with designs by West, and together with the massive gold communion plate, produce a very rich and effective termination to the view from the organ loft.

Immediately under the royal closet stands the tomb of Edward IV., a beautiful work of art in hammered steel, executed by Quintin Matsys. In 1789, more than three hundred years after its interment, the leaden coffin of Edward was discovered by some workmen employed in laying down a new pavement. The skeleton, which measured seven feet in length, was found immersed in a glutinous fluid, which was probably inserted for the preservation of the body, many portions of which were taken away by persons who flocked to the spectacle of its disinterment. Another coffin was also discovered in the same vault, which at first was supposed to contain the ashes of Elizabeth Widville; but these were subsequently found in another part of the chapel.

We are next shewn the tombs of Edward's rival, Henry VI., who was murdered in the tower, and whose remains were first interred at Chertsey, but afterwards removed by Richard III. to Windsor.

Henry VIII. and his Queen Jane Seymour are buried in a vault in the choir, near the eleventh stall on the Sovereign's side. In the same vault sleep the mortal remains of the unfortunate Charles I., respecting whose burial here, and the precise spot of his interment, so many doubts have existed as to render the subject one of considerable historical interest. Mr. Jesse furnishes a very elaborate and ample account written by his son, the talented author of the "Memoirs of the House of Stuart," the most interesting portion of which relates to the interment of the hapless monarch, whose lifeless body was reluctantly permitted to rest in the Palace where but a brief space before he had reigned the uncontrolled sovereign.

In consequence of the doubts adverted to, the vault was opened in 1813, and the coffin being found, an examination was made in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, and Sir Henry Hallford, when the fact was ascertained beyond dispute.

Passing over many other tombs of inferior note, both in St. George's chapel and Cardinal Wolsey's tomb house, where the departed

members of the present Royal family repose, we at once proceed to the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte in Urswick chapel, at the north-west angle of the chapel. Although both the design and execution of this structure have been severely criticised, we are free to acknowledge that to our minds it is one of the most interesting objects at Windsor; not so much perhaps owing to either of the above characteristics, as to the recollections and reflections it awakens, and which we are loath to disturb by any mere technical objections. These feelings will be participated by those who remember the universal grief which the death of this lamented Princess inspired in all classes of British society, occurring as it did at a period in her life's brief history, which possesses a permanent interest in every household, the birth of her first born. Even the satiric Lord Byron thus touchingly adverts to the melancholy event—

"Of sackcloth was her wedding garments made,
Her bridal's fruit was ashes: in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did intrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children would obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd."

The cenotaph represents a bier on which is stretched the lifeless body of the Princess, the outline of the figure being distinguished through a light drapery; at either end, weeping attendants bewail her loss; in the back ground an angel is seen bearing the immortal part of her newly born offspring to Paradise, whither another ministering spirit is conveying her own disembodied soul. The whole is surmounted by a gilded canopy, which, with the softened light thrown upon the whole by the stained glass windows, sheds a sacred radiance—such, as were the veil of flesh removed, might be seen filling "the chamber where the good man meets his fate, just on the verge of Heaven," and presenting the very embodiment of Montgomery's beautiful lines on the Royal Infant, with which we terminate this notice—

A throne on earth awaited thee;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

The Mother knew her offspring dead:
Oh! was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart?—The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by this natal star, she trod
The path to heaven:—the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

LINDLEY MURRAY,

THE GRAMMARIAN.

Born 1746—Died 1826.

Still turned to virtue were his books, his speech ;
And gladly would he learn, and meekly teach.

"That one author should have supplied so many works on education, each of which is so extensively circulated, and so highly approved, is, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of literature."—"It is a striking recommendation of these works, that they have had a considerable influence in promoting the correct and chaste education of young persons. The strain of piety and virtue, and the elegant taste, which pervade them, have had happy effects in forming the minds of young persons who have studied them; and in producing, or expanding a similar spirit, in the publications since introduced into seminaries."—"There is in them no expression or sentiment of an indelicate nature; nothing which tends to vitiate taste, or undermine principle; nothing that is vulgar or frivolous, eccentric or dubious; nor is there, on the other hand, any thing too nice, critical, or refined, for general use and acceptance."

Such is the character given, by his intimate friend and biographer,* of the publications of Lindley Murray—works that have been issued by millions in this country and in his native land; and the moral and religious influence of which, we trust, will extend to thousands yet unborn.

Lindley Murray, the oldest of twelve children, was a native of North America, having been born at Swetara in the State of Pennsylvania in the year 1745. He had a birth right in the Society of Friends, to whose doctrine and discipline he continued warmly attached to the time of his decease. Yet his works are perfectly unsectarian in character: and the reader would by no means discover from them either his religion or his native land. This imparts to them a peculiar value; and their extensive circulation here and in America, may tend in no small degree "to preserve the Anglo-American language from corruption, and to stop the progress of useless innovation."

At the repeated and urgent solicitations of the individual before alluded to, who "from motives of friendship to himself and his wife," resided under his roof upwards of twenty years, he was induced to become his own biographer. From this autobiography, which, with additions by the same person, was published after his death, we select the materials for this notice; having also access to a number of letters ad-

ressed to an intimate correspondent, for whose remarks and criticisms on several of his publications he expresses himself greatly indebted, as having contributed very much to that degree of correctness which his works are allowed to possess.

To some disconsolate mother, fondly pleased with the precocious intellect of her first born, but now sorrowing over the barren or undeveloped capacity of her younger child, blissfully ignorant of what some mothers have seen and felt, it may be consolatory to know that "the first months of the Author's life afforded no promise of bodily or mental vigour. Till about half a year old he was almost perpetually crying; and his countenance gave no indication of intelligence." He considers himself as having been a "mischievous" child; but like many others of the same *genus*, he was "protected from proper chastisement" by a fond grandmother. His biographer, however, concludes, "that his childhood and youth were lovely; and formed a natural and beautiful prelude to the wisdom, piety, and benevolence, which his advanced years exhibited."

When about ten years of age a very happy impression was made on his mind, by a piece which he had to write, on one of those ornamental sheets that are so pleasingly associated with our school-boy memories, referring to the visit of the angels to the Shepherds near Bethlehem; and he very pertinently remarks, "If parents and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them, under favourable and inviting points of view, it would probably be attended with the happiest effects."

In 1771, when on a visit to England, he very narrowly escaped the resentment of an elephant to which he had given some provocation, and who again recognised him after an absence of several weeks.

Speaking of a debating society into which he had entered, he says, "This institution enlarged my stock of knowledge, promoted the business of arranging my ideas, and probably produced a small degree of correctness and fluency of expression. These are some of the benefits which result from societies of this nature; but they frequently produce in young persons a spirit of disputation and loquacity; and, at least, an inclination to scepticism, even on subjects of great importance. By discovering how much may be plausibly advanced against established truths, and by exerting its ingenuity in support of error, the youthful mind, attracted by the gloss of novelty, and

* Elizabeth Frank.

* Fond; foolish, silly, indiscreet.—Johnson's Dictionary.

unaccustomed to distinguish between the solid and the superficial, may lose, or abate, its veneration for truth, virtue, and religion."

When about twenty years of age, and before entering into business, he "had the satisfaction of being united in the tender bonds of marriage;" and this near and dear union with his tenderly beloved wife he was permitted to enjoy for about sixty years. How few have such a privilege! "They had no children: but neither this circumstance, nor any other, diminished their mutual affection, or their happiness."—"He used to say pleasantly that his books were his children; that he hoped they were well settled, and doing good, in the world; and that they had occasioned him less trouble and anxiety than most children give to their parents." His first born was his most beloved.

Though not at all referring to himself, we here introduce, from his autobiography, some account of the mode of proceeding in relation to marriage, which he obtained on visiting with his wife one of the establishments of the United Brethren, at Bethlehem, about fifty miles from Philadelphia. It will amuse, perhaps instruct, some of our fair readers. "Among other observations, we took occasion to inquire, whether the practice of the elders and elderesses in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt, that this regulation produced more happy marriages than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect:—"When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders, and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view. I replied in the negative; and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken, to select for me a partner, who would be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and elderesses consulted together; and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman, whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favorable; we became mutually attached; and, in a short time, we were married. The event has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left

to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice.' He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions."

Having qualified himself for the legal profession, he commenced business in New York. He observes, that in the practice of the law pecuniary interest was not his only rule of action. He frequently recommended clients to make satisfaction or to submit to arbitration. "I do not recollect," says he, "that I ever encouraged a client to proceed at law, when I thought his cause was unjust or indefensible." *Tempora mutantur!* The practice, or the profession, is indeed changed!

He continued his legal practice till the troubles in America commenced, when he retired for some years into the country, partly on account of his health; but not finding the anticipated benefit, he was advised by his medical attendant to try the climate of Yorkshire in England; and in 1784, he left America, with an expectation, never realized, of speedily returning to his native land: but his health suffered him not, and he took up his permanent abode at Holdgate near York. He was attached to England: he admired her laws and constitution. He says, (and being an American, the sentiment should have the more weight,) "I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily protected; and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants, take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land, on which I could cast my eyes with so much pleasure; nor is there any, which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction, as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished."

His peculiar complaint, relaxation of the muscles, continued, and he was obliged to give up all bodily exertion. But his mental faculties were actively and cheerfully employed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, in compiling the works alluded to at the head of this article. He thought it better "to wear away than to rust away;" and he put his thoughts into execution.

For many of the latter years of his life he

was entirely confined to the house, and quite disabled from walking. Yet his general health continued tolerably good; and this blessing he attributed in no small degree to his abstinence from medicine. He lived on a plain diet, but was not very particular. He regulated the temperature of his room by a thermometer, which he kept at about 65°. He did not entirely refrain from the use of fermented liquors; but he was temperate in all things. He was grateful for the good things of this life, and thankful that he was grateful; quoting, as he used to do, the beautiful sentiment of the "devout Addison"—

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
And not the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy."

He carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both as to body and mind. And by these means he continued to enjoy a state of health which many would suppose, under the circumstances, to be scarcely retainable.

Thus continued the even tenor of his life till he attained his eighty-first year; when he died in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers. He was truly a good man. In the words of his biographer, we may say that he exhibited to the world a beautiful specimen of a Christian character. His endowments, both moral and intellectual, were of a superior order. Few men have left behind them a higher character for wisdom, piety, and benevolence.

He was eminently a man of peace. And, as characteristic of his peaceful life and peaceful death, we cannot refrain from quoting the happy language of "Knox's Christian Philosophy:"—"Thus he lives; at peace with himself, at peace with his neighbour, at peace with his God. Thus he lives; and, when he quits this earthly scene, (like a river, whose banks are flowery, and whose waters limpid and smooth,) he glides, unruffled, into the ocean of eternity."

We now give a list of his works, in the order of their publication, with the amount that he received for the copyright of each. They were all sold to Longman and Co., and as he had a competency of this world's goods, and was not desirous to accumulate riches, he appropriated no portion of the money to his own use.

Power of Religion on the Mind.....	£ —
Grammar.....	} 700
Exercises and Key.....	
Abridgment of Grammar.....	100
English Reader.....	350
Sequel to ditto.....	200
Introduction to ditto.....	200
Lecteur François.....	} 700
Introduction au Lecteur François.....	

Spelling Book.....	} £500
First Book.....	
Selections from Horne's Commentary on the Psalms.....	100
On the daily Perusal of the Holy Scriptures.....	—

Of the first and the last he presented the copyright to his publishers. Besides the above, he issued two small works relative to his own religious Society, and the Grammar, &c., in two volumes octavo.

The sale of his various publications has been immense. From a letter addressed to the correspondent before mentioned, and which now lies before us, dated "3rd of 2nd month 1826," we find that the fortieth English edition of the Grammar, then in the press, made the whole number of copies more than 310,000; of the Abridgment had been printed more than 950,000; Spelling Book 300,000; First Book 150,000; Exercises 260,000; Key 70,000; Introduction 160,000; Reader 125,000. And a bookseller in America informed him that more than 100,000 of the different books were printed annually in that country. These particulars were furnished at the special request of his correspondent; and we believe were not communicated to any other individual.

It is probable that not less than five or six millions of these various works have been issued, here and in the New World. And when we consider that in one and all the "end and aim" of their pious author was to make education subserve the cause of religion and virtue, we think it would not be very easy to over-estimate the value of his labours.

His biographer informs us that the demand for his grammatical works, and also for his spelling book, has been so great and regular, that, excepting the octavo edition of the Grammar, the types which compose them have long been kept standing; and that the editions, though numerous, have not been limited to a small number of copies. For many years each edition of the Grammar has consisted of ten thousand copies; Exercises, ten thousand; Key, six thousand; Abridgment, twelve thousand; Spelling Book and First Book, ten thousand; English Reader, and Introduction, each ten thousand; Sequel, six thousand; Lecteur François and Introduction, each three thousand.

His works are not perfect. This he knew; and with care and assiduity he devoted himself to their correction and improvement.* The labour thus devoted occupied no small portion of his time; and by the constant reprinting of

* The writer of this note has in his possession a copy of the first edition of the Grammar, published in 1796. How different from the last!

his books, he had opportunities for revision, which seldom fall to the lot of any author.

To conclude, Murray's works have been our delight from boyhood. Memory still clings to the feeling of youthful awe with which we contemplated Mirza's Bridge of Life, with its remnant of threescore and ten arches, as we imaged to ourselves one traveller after another stumbling on the trap-doors, and floating down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity—we still gaze with mental pleasure on the graphic picture of Antiparos—we remember the mingled feelings with which we learned, as a holiday task, the thrilling story of Parnell's Hermit; and the events of life have forced on us the conviction that such angel visits are not few nor far between—we feel afresh tempted, in our "wildly devious" "search after happiness," to discover, if it were but the precincts even of the deserted Theopolis—

"Sweet Auburn,* loveliest village of the plain."

—we wish never to forget the little Shrewsbury workhouse boy who took his "very little money, all that he had," to his sick and widowed mother—the sad and mournful exit of Altamont—the liquid fire of Vesuvius—the fearful Calabrian Rock, and the frightful Sicilian Whirlpool† rise before our view—and we again see the great Apostle of the Gentiles, as, standing with manacled limbs before the "expert" Agrippa, and the "noble" Festus; claiming the rights of a Roman citizen, and exercising the privilege of a *Christian Orator*, he utters, to the astonished, the almost persuaded king, these memorable words: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am—except these [chains]!"

It was through Murray that we first met with Akenside, caught the spirit of the author, soared with him into the regions of fancy, felt the unspeakable "pleasures of the imagination," as we have often witnessed with the eye and the mind what he so sweetly describes—

"Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends; but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasures, unreprieved."

But we must check our imaginings. Murray's works have been our friend and our father's friend; and though the condensations of Lennie—the gradations of Butter—the new

collections or the new collocations of the Dublin or the Sessional School, may be in some respects more suited to the wants, or at least to the taste, of the present age; yet we hope and trust that ourselves and our children, ay and our children's children, may ever value the works, and venerate the character, of LINDLEY MURRAY.

FRAGMENTS OF LIFE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

(*Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," &c.*)

"He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead."—J. MONTGOMERY.

It is winter—the snow is thick upon the earth, and feathery flakes are still falling fast. Those whose business has lain abroad are hastening home to their firesides with noiseless tread, as though they moved along with muffled feet. The cattle shiver in their shelters, the "owl, for all his feathers, is a-cold," and a universal stillness reigns around. It is a miserable night for the houseless wanderer, whilst the inmates of happy homes who are seated by their comfortable hearths draw their chairs closer to the fire and feel thankful for the blessings which have fallen to their lot. Let the reader accompany me into an elegantly furnished apartment, in a large and handsome mansion, situated at the outskirts of a populous town. A lady and gentleman are seated there, listening to the reading of a fine intelligent-looking boy of about fourteen years of age. The boy ceases to read, and closes his book; a conversation ensues—one of those beautiful and familiar interchanging of thoughts which are so delightful, when parties speak without fear or disguise, and feel confident that their sentiments will meet with a kindly response. The boy is an only child, one who has been ever fondly tended and cherished by his parents; and well has he repaid the care which has been bestowed upon him, by the manifestation of a pure and generous spirit, and an obedient devotedness to their wishes. The wind now begins to whistle loudly without, but it only makes the inmates of that dwelling nestle nearer to each other, and feel more deeply the joys of their home. The countenance of the lady is exceedingly beautiful, and she meets the tender gaze of her husband with a look of earnest affection. It is a scene of domestic bliss, over which one would imagine that angels, wandering from their sphere, might delight to hover.

* It is said that the site of the Deserted Village has eluded the search of each and every antiquary: Is it this rumour, or is it thyself, that is unfounded,

Thou sweet, Utopian Auburn of the plain,
That art not, wast not,—save in Goldsmith's brain!

† Scylla and Charybdis.

The scene is changed—the day is bright, and the sky is not obscured by a single cloud; but there is one dwelling into which the sun is forbidden to shine. Birds are rushing past the casement singing loudly and cheerfully; children are laughing near as they bound along in their happy sports; trees are waving in the scented breeze, their branches loaded with bursting fruit; flowers are looking up to Heaven in smiling purity—all, all around seems instinct with life and beauty, save that dwelling. There the blinds are down, menials move about with solemn countenances and soundless feet, and they speak in whispers. In one of the apartments sit two persons, a lady and her son, motionless as marble statues and as pale. Their mournful gaze is rivetted to a couch, on which reclines the dead form of a man struck down in the prime of existence—the husband of the one and the sire of the other.

The scene again changes—a year has gone by, and sounds of revelry and rejoicing issue from the same dwelling. That day a bride was led to the altar—a beauteous widow—the mistress of the mansion. And who is that dashing and fashionable man, at least ten years her junior?—that is the bridegroom. He has the appearance of one who has mingled much in scenes of gaiety, and an acute observer might detect in his manners something which seems as though he used them as a mask to disguise his real nature—like the artificial polish imparted to a mineral which is in itself worthless. The eyes of the bride are sparkling with joy—the table is thronged with hilarious wedding-guests, the boon companions of the bridegroom, and the jest—occasionally bordering upon coarseness—and peals of boisterous laughter, follow each other in rapid succession. There is only one moody countenance in the room—it is that of a youth of sixteen, who sits apart from the rest, and surveys the proceedings with a dejected and sorrowful aspect.

Once more the scene is changed. A little sickly child of two years of age is caressed by a female, who has evidently once been beautiful, but time, and perhaps remorse, have been busy with her. She lavishes her caresses on the infant, and looks with cold eyes on her son, by a former marriage—a young man who has just entered the room. Another person enters, somewhat inebriated, and from his flushed and blotched countenance, he is evidently addicted to frequent potations. The young man busies himself with a book, though his mind seems ill at ease, and he takes no interest in what he is reading. The elder one, addressing himself to him, uses words of mockery and

insult, and the cheek and brow of the young man burn with indignation. He starts up from his occupation, and turning to his tormentor, exclaims, "Father!—for so I am bound by the usage of the world to call you, though no blood of yours is running in my veins—I cannot, nor will I, longer brook the insults which you are pleased to heap upon me. I will submit to this state of contumely and dependence no longer—from this day I abjure the shelter of your roof for ever. I have health and strength to bear me up, and, thanks to the dead, a mind not altogether uncultivated; and doubt not, but that I shall be able to carve for myself a path through life. Mother,—I leave you in grief, not anger,—farewell!" He rushed to the door, his mother would have stayed his departure, but her husband interfered, and the young man was gone.

It was in a large provincial town, whose inhabitants were almost exclusively engaged in money-getting, that Gabriel Wilton first essayed to gain a livelihood. No person in the slightest degree acquainted with the world, will question the difficulties which beset a young man in a commercial district, who endeavours to obtain a situation where he is entirely unknown, and has no one to whom he can give a reference as to character and ability. Gabriel tried for some time to obtain the means of subsistence by replying both personally and by letter to the various advertisements with which the newspapers were weekly crowded. This was long a futile task, so many were there who were seeking for bread, whose characters were known, and who could produce ample testimonials as to ability. At length he managed to procure employment in an obscure attorney's office, where, for a miserable pittance, he contrived during several months to eke out a poor subsistence. Here, in this worse than spider's den, where disgusting chicanery was the staple commodity of the principal, where slight heart-burnings were fanned into undying flames of discord and enmity, between those who had once been sworn friends—where the poor were trampled on and oppressed—where missives went forth to drag wretched men from their wives and offsprings, and consign them to debtors' goals—where bloated and ale-stained bailiffs sucked in the means to enable them to live and carry on their fiend-like vocation—where the cries of the distressed and broken-hearted were met by laughter and mockery—in this loathsome place was the young wanderer, who had been brought up in luxury, compelled to pass his days, or starve. After many fruitless endeavours he obtained emancipation from

this pest-house, by procuring a minor situation in a mercantile house, one of the partners of which had been struck on his application with his appearance and ingenuous statement, and, fortunately for him, had possessed more of the milk of human kindness than usually falls to the lot of parties so situated. Here the superior intelligence and assiduity of Gabriel over his fellow-clerks were not long without their effects; and he gradually rose in the esteem of his employers, until his situation became one of trust and comfortable emolument. The human heart cannot long exist without sympathy, and Gabriel Wilton found a response to his own sentiments in the breast of the daughter of an old and confidential servant of his employers. He married, and was blest with children, and he considered them blessings; and when at night he returned from his duties, and his wife hailed his presence with a subdued and pleasant smile, and his dear children clustered about him and clung round his knee—his heart swelled with thankfulness, and he sighed not—only at long intervals when his thoughts recurred to his mother, or his memory wandered back to his departed father and the days of his youth.

Years rolled on—Gabriel's family had become numerous, and he found that it required great economy to enable him to appear in the world with that respectability which his situation required. Other matters began to press heavily on his mind—a season of commercial distress had arrived, and numbers of those who had previously stood high in the world were yielding to the pressure of the times, and falling from their lofty positions. Gabriel knew too well, from the trust which was necessarily reposed in him, that the firm in whose service he was employed was struggling with great and unexpected difficulties, and that the slightest turn of fortune's wheel might crush them. The dreaded event happened, and once more had Wilton to seek for the means of subsistence, with the addition of knowing, that unless they were speedily discovered, beloved voices would be supplicating in vain for food, and forms that were dearer to him than his own would soon become attenuated by want.

There is no situation which is more harrowing than that of a schoolmaster, one who has daily and hourly to submit to trials of temper and patience, which require the utmost equanimity of disposition and ease of mind to bear with fortitude. How many poor scholars, however, are obliged, or were formerly obliged, to betake themselves to this employment as the only resource of which they could avail

themselves; how many of those who commenced existence buoyant with hope and full of high aspirations have sunk down into mere pedagogues; how many who were brought up in affluence, and to whom books afforded recreation and delight, have spent the latter portions of their lives amid the din and tumult of unruly urchins, and have had their ears deafened, their brains confused, and their very hearts broken by the crabbed and vicious natures they have been endeavouring to humanize, until at last the books which were once a solace to them, have become hateful, as reminding them of their bitter duties. The day was cold and melancholy looking—it was the beginning of December—when a poor schoolmaster was sitting in a bleak room with whitened walls, surrounded by groups of children, whose aggravating noise and impish tricks, he had been vainly endeavouring to subdue. The schoolmaster was a man who might have numbered forty years. His face was pale and haggard, his frame spare and bent; and he was clad in a time-worn suit of black. The door of the school-room was opened, and an old pragmatistical looking gentleman entered. His face was covered with wrinkles, which seemed like so many lurking-places for chicanery and quibbles, and no one could look upon him and mistake him for anything but a degraded member of the legal profession. He advanced with bold and consequential steps towards the schoolmaster, and taking his hand, shook it warmly. "Ah, Mr. Gabriel Wilton, my old and respected clerk!" said he, "time has been at work with you since last we met, and had I seen you casually, I should not have recognised, in the worn and melancholy-looking tutor, the fine young fellow whom I once had the pleasure of having in my establishment. I have heard much of your distress and sufferings, Mr. Wilton; and whatever the world may say, sir, lawyers have hearts—yes, hearts that can bleed at times for the misery of a friend, as mine does at this moment. The fact of the case is, that I have been enabled by my exertions to accumulate more than sufficient for my own wants, and am now inclined to do you a service. In short, I offer you the loan of five hundred pounds, on condition that you give me your promissory note for seven hundred and fifty pounds, to be paid to me within six months after the fulfilment of the expectations which I am aware you are entitled to cherish." Gladly did Gabriel Wilton, who had long been steeped in poverty, accept the offer which was made to him. "In half an hour, then," said the lawyer, "I will again be with you with the necessary document, and on having obtained

your signature to it the money shall be handed over to you." The attorney took his departure, and Wilton had now the courage to break the seal of a letter which had reached him by that morning's post, and which he had previously dreaded to open, thinking that it was one of those dunning epistles to which he had been of late years too much accustomed. The letter was from a professional man, and informed him that his mother had departed this life, by which event he had become entitled to a good estate and an ample income. It is needless to say that Wilton now saw through the disinterested motives of his late visitor, whose mortification on his return, the reader can easily imagine.

The father of Gabriel Wilton had committed the unwise act of leaving the whole of his property to his wife during her life, without a proviso as to her second marriage. This act had entailed misery on both his wife and son; she had been made the prey and dupe of a designing adventurer, and the son had in consequence been destined to a life of toil and privation. Gabriel Wilton loved his wife with all that affection which her patience and devotedness to him, amidst many trying scenes, merited; but his first act was the making of a will, by which, whilst he did not forget the partner of his sorrows, proper provision was made for his children,—an example which we would recommend all others in similar circumstances to follow.

IMPROVED PAPIER-MACHE.

Mr. Bielefeld lately published a very interesting Memoir on the origin of Papier-Mâché, the causes of its improvement, and its recent re-introduction for the decoration of the interior and exterior of houses.

The application of steam-power, and the vast improvement, of recent date, in all branches of mechanical science, have enabled Mr. Bielefeld to produce a material similar, to name only, to the Papier-Mâché of the last century; its hard compactness, strength, imperishable nature, lightness, and tractability (if such an expression may be allowed), the facility and quickness with which it may be prepared, put together, and fixed up, and, finally, its cheapness,—are qualities which eminently distinguish it, but which cannot, perhaps, be fully appreciated, excepting by those who have had professional experience in its application. Among the latter, to the architect, builder, house-decorator, the most extensive opportunities are offered for the employment of Mr. Bielefeld's Papier-Mâché; inasmuch as not only all the forms of ornament

commonly in use may be executed with it, in every way superior to that with any other material, but its particular qualities are such as to extend the field of invention immeasurably beyond the limits to which it has been hitherto confined. To assert that whatever has been attempted in stucco may be accomplished with the greatest facility in Papier-Mâché, would be very inadequately expressing its capabilities. Whatever the genius of Grinlin Gibbons induced him to attempt in wood, may be effectively performed in Papier-Mâché, with no less sharpness, no less relief, no less lightness, and *much* less liability to injury; Papier-Mâché having this great advantage over wood, that, although as hard, it is tougher, and is wholly without the *grain* in wood, which gives it a bias or tendency to chip off in one direction; but with Papier-Mâché it is wholly different; no matter in what direction a blow falls, nothing but destructive violence will damage it.

In architecture and interior decoration, Papier-Mâché is advantageously used. Nothing can possibly be more to the purpose, in cases where an old, plain, plaster-ceiling, has to be rendered ornamental by the application of panels, pateras, &c.; without disturbing the ground of the ceiling, every kind of enrichment can thus be applied to the surface; and so trifling is the weight of these ornamental additions, that old laths and ceiling-joists can receive them with perfect safety. A new cornice, dry, and ready to colour, can thus be fixed up against an old ceiling, without the delay, rubbish, and dirt, attendant on running a plaster cornice; indeed, without the removal of a single article of furniture, an old ceiling can, in a very few hours, be made, if desired, to assume an entirely new aspect. By the same means, old plain stuccoed walls can be paneled, or otherwise enriched, with equal convenience and dispatch. When, from the lapse of time, or other cause, the enrichments on an old stuccoed or carved ceiling have fallen to pieces; or when, as is not unfrequently the case in works of even recent date, plaster ornaments have detached themselves from the ceiling by merely the operation of their own weight; the injury is repaired in Papier-Mâché with perfect success; ornaments of great boldness and projection being thus applied to the face of the old work without the least risk, and when, perhaps, the timbers are so slight as to make heavy plaster ornaments highly dangerous. In the completion and decoration of new buildings is a further unlimited range of ornamental purposes to which Papier-Mâché is applicable. Columns of every order and degree of enrichment, including not only the capitals and bases, but the entire shafts, whether fluted

in the classic style, or fretted over with arabesques, as in the Cinque-Cento and Elizabethan styles; caryatides, termini, and chimera; are all produced with great facility and but slight cost.

Ceilings, especially, are wholly within the mastery of the manufacturer; those at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, and Grocers' Hall, near the general Post-office, in London; the vice-regal state rooms of Dublin Castle, and others, which may be referred to, display, in some measure, what may be achieved in Papier-Mâché; yet these, superior as they are in general effect, are specimens of but trivial significance in comparison with the powers and capabilities of the material in the gorgeous details of the magnificent ceilings of the age of Louis Quatorze, which can be fully and permanently executed; and as there is established evidence of the durability of Papier-Mâché in the open air, it of course follows, that in all interior decorations its indestructible quality may be still more implicitly relied on.

[To be continued.]

SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE.

[We have recently met with reprints of standard American Literature, published by Messrs. Philips and Evans, of Bristol, in a cheap but very elegant form, which we opine are by no means so extensively known on this side the Atlantic as they deserve, whether we regard the high moral tone of the lighter compositions, or the lucid and original views of old truths, presented in those of a more serious character. From the former class we select "Sketches of Married Life," by Mrs. Follen, who has herself revised the Bristol edition, and, in a very interesting preface, states that the leading principle she wishes to illustrate and advocate, is that of perfect mutual unreserve between husband and wife; in the accomplishment of which she introduces us into the inmost recesses of American society, and from her own rich stores of observation and experience, unfolds the very spirit and manner of the age to our contemplation, with a life and vividness which no European traveller can be expected to attain whilst hurrying from State to State, and receiving all his information from innkeepers and the captains of steam-boats.

The principal Dramatis Personæ of the story are Mr. Weston, a wealthy merchant citizen and a widower, whose daughter Amy is the personification of female excellence, and withal the object of Edward Selmar's ardent but undeclared affection. The latter, however, is by the fault or misfortune of others, reduced to bankruptcy; and the reader is introduced to Mr. Weston's housekeeper, Mrs. Nelly, at the moment when Jerry, a dwarfish footman, brings a note from Mr. Selmar, declining to attend an evening party at Mr. Weston's, in consequence of his altered circumstances.

The interest of the narrative is highly wrought, and well sustained throughout; but in the superior characters, the difference between American and European life is less marked than in the subordinate personages, Nelly and Jerry; the former of whom is a thorough disciple of the Franklin school of republicans, and admirably illustrates the freedom of speech and comparative equality maintained by domestics in the "land of liberty."

Our space will only permit us to quote the first chapter but the subject shall be resumed in our next.]

"Walk in! La! was it only you, Jerry, that was knocking so loud?" said Ruth to a trim, brisk little man, as he entered the well-furnished kitchen in which she was employed at her customary work. "And so, Jerry, you have found out, at your house, that riches take to themselves wings, and fly away; and that a light purse is a heavy curse."

"And what if we have, Ruth? nobody knows whose turn may come next; and I should think you might ask a body to sit down, before you begin to twit him of his misfortunes, or, what is worse, of his friends'; for I call Mr. Selmar my friend, especially now he is poor."

"Well, well; do sit down, Jerry; I know it is hard for empty bags to stand upright."

Jerry did not much like the application of the proverb to himself, or his master's purse; but he loved his ease, and could not resist the offer of a chair from Ruth, who had a power over him which his philosophy had never enabled him to explain. So he seated himself, as he said, with a look of offended pride, "I did think, Ruth, that you were a more feeling person, and had better manners; but I have not eat a peck of salt with you yet."

"A peck of nonsense, Jerry; I don't mean any harm, you know; I am sorry enough for Mr. Selmar; but one must either laugh or cry at such things, and my notion is, it is best to laugh. I can tell you that I respect Mr. Selmar as much as I ever did, and more too, if he has behaved honourably."

"If he has behaved honourably!" repeated Jerry, indignantly; "a likely story, that Mr. Selmar could behave otherwise than honourably. Why, he is going to sell every thing he has; give up his elegant lodgings, sell his gig, and his horses, even Robinette, his beautiful saddle-horse; and, more than all, he means to wait upon himself; for he told me this morning I must look out for a place, because he could not afford to keep me. But come! I'm in a great hurry; do take this note to Miss Amy; I suppose there is no answer to it, and I can't stay, either."

"Poh! Jerry, you always say that. I can tell you that he that's in a hurry fishes in an empty pond. Here, John," she said to the footman, "carry up this billet to Miss Amy, and tell her that Jerry brought it, and that he is in no hurry at all, and will wait just as long as she pleases for an answer." "Well, now, if that isn't funny," drawled out Jerry, half vexed and half amused. "I never in all my life saw such a queer woman."

"Never mind, Jerry; crooked sticks make

even fires. But come, tell me all about Mr. Selmar; has he lost all?"

"All!" groaned out Jerry.

"Do folks say anything against him?"

"Not a word; every body knows that it was brought on by the failure of others who owed him money, and he has given up all he has, and he means to deny himself every thing. Why, I tell you, Ruth, he means even to part with me."

"May-be that's the gain of a loss, Jerry. But that's acting like a man; now I respect him, and if I have a chance, I shall befriend him, though he has done no more than he ought."

But only think, Ruth, what a hard case it is for him, an only child, and his father died when he was only three years old, and left him much a heap of money; and then he was all the world to his mother: he has never known what hardship is."

"Time he did," said Ruth; "I suppose he has been a sort of fatted calf."

"No such thing; his mother was a pious woman; she taught him to read his Bible, and she kept him out of bad company, and she made all his masters come to him for fear he should get any harm at school."

"The more's the pity. I dare say he thinks he is not made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of the world."

"O, but I tell you, Ruth, his mother used to tell him he was, and to teach him not to think too much of himself; I have heard her myself, when I was a boy, and used to go there to go errands."

"An ounce of practice is worth a pound of preaching, Jerry, depend upon it. But didn't you say that Mr. Selmar's saddle horse was for sale?"

"Yes, I did; and what's that to you, Ruth? but may-be Miss Amy wants him."

"Every may-be has a may-not-be, Jerry; but tell me, is he kind and well-broke?"

"I tell no lies, Ruth, not even when I sell a horse. Robinette is as steady as a parson, and he's a lump of good nature. But now do tell me if you don't want him for Miss Amy?"

"We two can keep a secret when one is away; all I tell you is, I engage the refusal of the horse."

To this, Jerry agreed. John returned to say there was no answer to the note, and Jerry again remembered that he was in a great hurry, and departed, saying, "Well, I must be back in less than no time."

"How shall I manage the business?" said Ruth to herself; "when there's a will there's always a way." She could not talk even to herself without a proverb. "Let me see; Miss

Amy is in the breakfast-room; I have not dusted the pictures yet." In another minute Ruth was apparently very busily employed dusting the pictures. As she stood behind the sofa, where Amy Weston was sitting with a book in her hand, she noticed that she held it upside down.

"I calculate," said Ruth to herself, "that she will not be much the wiser for what she reads this morning. She's only making believe read; well, the honestest folks are not always to be trusted. Do you expect a great many folks this evening, Miss Amy?"

"No, Ruth, scarcely any body."

"Then I suppose John can tend alone."

"Certainly, I want no further preparations made than those I have mentioned."

"Just as I thought," said Ruth to herself; "straws show which way the wind blows. She does not value the party now the worth of a pin, and before she got that note she seemed to think on nothing else. I'm sorry for her; there's no herb will cure love." Ruth sighed audibly, as if she had reference to her own experience. "I will," thought she, "try speaking to her about Robinette."

Amy was fully aware of Ruth's loquacity, and a sort of intuitive knowledge that she was about exercising it upon her at this time, when she was not disposed to indulge her. She rose from her seat with the intention of retiring to her own room; but Ruth was not so easily baffled in her plans.

"Didn't I hear you say, Miss Amy, that you wanted a saddle-horse?"

"Yes, I did say so, Ruth."

"Well, ma'am, I've had one offered to me to-day, that I guess will suit you exactly."

"It seems odd for you and me to be in treaty for a horse, Ruth; I fear we should make but poor jockeys; but who has offered you one?"

"Why, you know, ma'am, that poor Mr. Selmar has lost all his money, and he's going to sell off every thing he owns, even Robinette, his beautiful saddle-horse."

"Well, Ruth, and what of that?"

"Why you see, Miss Amy, that Jerry says that Robinette is as good as he is handsome, which isn't always the case; and you see, I've engaged the refusal of him, for I thought he would be just the thing for you."

"Surely, Ruth, you have not done such a thing."

"No harm done, Miss Amy; no one knows who I engaged him for; but I thought you would like Mr. Edward's horse better than any other."

"But I do not wish, Ruth, to bargain for Mr. Selmar's horse; it was very improper in you, Ruth; you must go directly and tell

Jerry that you did this without my knowledge, and that I do not want Robinette. How could you do such a thing?" Amy left the room as she said this.

"Well, if that isn't ridiculous!" said Ruth, as soon as she was alone. "I reckon she's put out with Mr. Edward for not coming this evening, and that makes her so set against his horse, and that's ridiculous in her; and I suppose he's mad because he failed, and so he spites himself by staying at home, and that's ridiculous in him; and here am I meddling with what's none of my business, and that's more ridiculous than all; and what's the worst of the whole, Jerry will get the laugh at me, if he finds it out. True enough one fool makes many. He made such a palaver, too, about the horse; I'll be bound he's not such a terrible good horse, after all. I mean to tell him as much when I see him.—I never saw Miss Amy so put out before. Somehow or other it makes one feel more ugly to see such a pretty-spoken person as Miss Amy out of sorts, than it does one of your real crabbed folks. The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar, as Aunt Polly used to say. Well, I must go to Mr. Selmar's, and tell Jerry I don't want his horse, good, bad, or indifferent."

Ruth was soon at Mr. Selmar's door.

"Well, Ruth, who'd have thought of seeing you again so soon!" exclaimed Jerry, as he opened it to her.

"Why, you see, Jerry, second thoughts are best; and I have come to the conclusion that I won't have anything to do with your horse: I guess there are enough others as good as he any day."

"So, Miss Amy won't take him," replied Jerry: "I can tell her that she'll not get many such horses as Robinette for love or money."

"Why, what had Miss Amy to do with it? I tell you, Jerry, that it is I don't want the horse: I went all on my own hook. But as for you thinking Robinette is such a wonder, you know, Jerry, that you always think your crows are white."

"But I can tell you, Ruth, that I don't half like being served so by you; you make me look very cheap to Mr. Selmar. I have just told him that I'd e'en a'most sold Robinette."

"E'en a'most and very nigh, save many a lie, Jerry. I don't want the horse, and that's the long and the short on't. Mr. Selmar is not at home, is he?"

"Yes, he is," said Mr. Selmar, who happened just then to be passing through the hall, and recognized her voice. Ruth brushed by Jerry, and greeted him with a most vehement shake of the hand.

"How are you, Ruth? and how is Miss

Amy?" he said, as he returned it with equal cordiality.

"None the better for you, Mr. Edward: why have you not been to see for yourself how she is?"

"You must have heard, Ruth, of my misfortunes: I have been too busy to visit."

"I should think you might have found a few minutes for old friends."

"You know, Ruth, that there is no place where I love so well to be as at your house; but I have not been good company for any body."

"Speak well, but do better. It's not doing as you would be done by, to stay away from old friends when you are in trouble. Stars shine in the night, Mr. Edward."

"Very true, Ruth; but tell me something of Miss Amy,—is she well?"

"Why, well enough, only rather dumpish for her. But did you not send a refusal to her party? I shouldn't wonder if she was affronted; for when I said something to her about buying your horse, which Jerry recommended, why, she looked as if I had advised her to buy a hornet's nest. And I know she'd be angry with me if she knew I had told you of this; but, somehow or other, I could not help it now, Mr. Edward."

"Thank you! thank you, Ruth! now is the time to find out one's true friends."

"Ruth is right," said Edward to himself, after she left him. "It is not doing as I would be done by. I have not acted with that simple-hearted trust which such a noble-minded being as Amy ought to inspire. Shall I suspect her of what I should despise myself for? I have not lost anything in my own eyes, why should I in hers?—But am I certain that she loves me? We have exchanged no vows, we have never uttered the word; but have we not understood each other? When together we drank in the sublime glories of Niagara, and felt that its everlasting flow was but a faint image of our own souls, that could be satisfied only with the Infinite; then did we not know that we loved each other? When our hearts have glowed with rapture at the thought of relieving the oppressed, and with indignation against tyranny; then did not our souls grow into each other's likeness? And is not this love? holy love?—and ought it not to cast out fear? What has kept me from her at this time? Pitiful pride, low-born fear. I will go to her; I must see Amy; but I must not ask her to marry a beggar. Her father! how I dread to see him! I am nothing now in his eyes; I could despise him, if he were not her father."

[To be continued.]

Original Poetry.

THE PAST.

The past, the past, how many things
 Lie gather'd in those little words—
 Hope's blighted flowers and sorrow's stings,
 Which still the darken'd heart records—
 Our childhood's well remember'd home;
 The sunny hours we spent in play;
 The fields and laues we us'd to roam,
 Our happy playmates—where are they?
 Those bright eyes that around us shone,
 What varied lot to each is cast,
 And some like wither'd leaves are strewn—
 The past, the past.

The past, the past, as we recall
 The tissues in the web of life—
 What changes daily come o'er all,
 What cares, anxiety, and strife.
 The friends whom we so oft have met,
 The fond, the valued, and the dear;
 Their faces haunt our memory yet,
 But we no more their voices hear—
 So time brings on eternity,
 Still, onward, onward, hurrying fast,
 A little while and we shall be—
 The past, the past.

D. W. ————x.

TO MARION.

BY THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

I often sigh in solitude,
 And wildly think of thee;
 And long to press thee to my heart,
 Where thou should'st ever be;
 But vain the thought, and vainer still
 The hope to make thee mine;
 For oh! alas, I feel too well
 I never can be thine.

I gaze upon thy loveliness—
 I revel in the sight;
 I dream of beauty, love, and thee—
 I dream of all that's bright.
 I see thee in the sun-lit sky,
 Thy lightness in the lake,
 Thy smile within the flow'et's eye,
 And kiss it for thy sake.

I hear thy voice in ev'ry breeze,
 Its softness in the stream;
 So nature wakes my soul to thee,
 And yet 'tis but a dream.
 For vain the thought, and vainer still
 The hope to make thee mine;
 Since oh! alas, I feel too well
 I never can be thine.

In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shopkeeper is scarcely awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bedchamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign

of Henry VIII., fashionable people breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.

The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of singularly congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year, he found a balance in his favour, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis, for her gratification. "What a beautiful cottage for a poor family might be built with that money," was the benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed that greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.

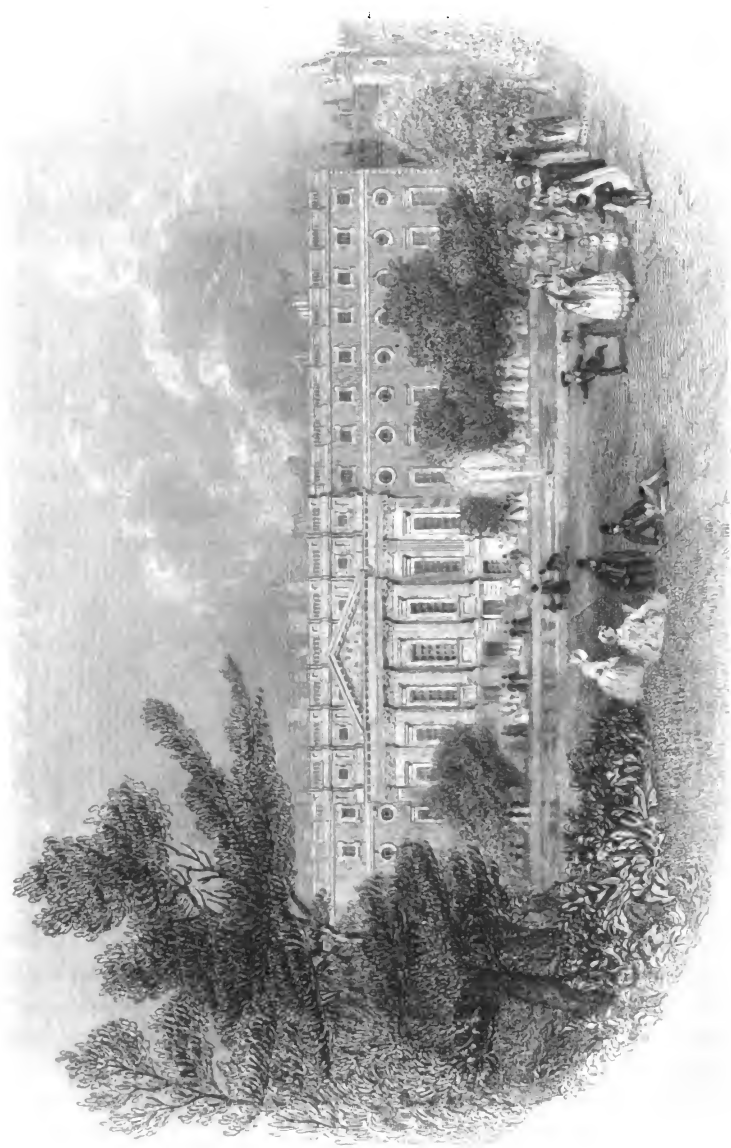
Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank all their healths, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

AFRICAN NOTIONS OF THE VALUE OF LIFE.—The Landers in Africa were dreadfully tormented by the rude curiosity of the natives, who almost suffocated them by crowding to and about their tents. On complaining of this nuisance to the chief of one place, he said, "Take your gun and kill a few; you have my leave to slaughter as many as you please. After you have cut off the heads of some of them, the rest will not molest you."

M. Lalande was seated one day at dinner between the celebrated beauty, Madame Recamier, and Madame de Stael, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!"—"Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Madame de Stael, "and without possessing either."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Engraved by J. G. Thompson

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 3.]

SATURDAY, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

HAMPTON COURT.

(With an Engraving.)

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nympha at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.—*Pope.*

The increasing interest which of late years has been felt in Hampton Court, has induced us to believe, that an account of this ancient royal residence would be acceptable to our readers. Nor can we allow this opportunity to pass, of expressing our belief, that the increasing number of visitors is a proof that a more refined taste is being cultivated among the working classes, and that they are beginning to delight in pleasures chaste and elevating. We wish that the managers of our other public institutions would imitate the example here set them, by removing all needless restrictions upon their exhibition, and thus provide a powerful means of improving the minds and feelings of the masses of society.

Hampton Court stands on the north bank of the Thames, about twelve miles from London, and is of modern date, compared with some of the other royal abodes. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the manor of Hampton was vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey became its

lessee; but as most of the historical associations of this place are connected with the name of Wolsey, we think it proper to devote a short space to a review of the history of that eminent man.

Cardinal Wolsey, was the son of a butcher, and was born at Ipswich in 1471. In order to mortify and degrade him on account of his parentage, a painting of a dog, gnawing a blade-bone of mutton, was placed in a window at Oxford; but his superior education, and excellent capacity, triumphed over the disadvantages of his birth; and being admitted into the Marquis of Dorset's family as tutor to that nobleman's children, he soon gained the friendship and countenance of his patron, and was ultimately advanced to the office of chaplain to Henry VII.

It was to Henry VIII., however, that he owed his rapid elevation and commanding distinction. He was admitted to Henry's parties of pleasure, where he promoted the frolic and joviality in which the young monarch indulged; and in these intervals of amusement he insinuated those maxims of conduct which he was desirous his master should adopt. It was not long before he became Henry's sole and absolute minister; having been appointed archbishop of York, he renewed the ancient controversy with the prelate of Canterbury, for honor, rank, and precedence. Besides holding the bishopricks of York and Durham and Winchester, and sharing part of the revenues of others, the Pope, in 1515, created him a Cardi-

nal, by which he was exalted above the highest degree of nobility. On this occasion, he betrayed his naturally proud and ostentatious spirit; no clergyman, under colour of exacting respect for religion, ever carried to a greater height, the state and dignity of his character. His train consisted of eight hundred servants, of whom many were knights and gentlemen; even some of the nobility placed their children under his care to receive their education, and in order to gain favour with their patron, allowed them to bear offices as his servants. The splendour of his equipage and furniture, the costly embroidery of his liveries, and the lustre of his apparel, were well fitted to dazzle the eyes of the giddy populace. He was the first clergyman in England who wore gold and silver, not only on his habit, but on the saddles and trappings of his horses.

In the following year, the Pope created him legate of England, by which he was placed at the head of the prelacy and clergy of his native land. On receiving this additional dignity, Wolsey made a new display of that state and parade in which he delighted; and so high did he carry his pretensions, that Warham, the primate, having written him a letter, in which he subscribed himself "*your loving brother*," the Cardinal complained of this as challenging an equality with him. When Warham was told what offence he had given, he made light of the matter;—"Know ye not," said he, "that this man is drunk with too much prosperity?"

Head of the Church and State, Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor of England, Legate, and Prime Minister,—Wolsey might now be considered the arbiter of Europe; all foreign powers were obsequious to the ministerial sovereign of England, and so general was this feeling, that on the day he entered Bruges, he was saluted by one of the mob with "Hail! king of thy king, and of his kingdom."

"By this rapid advancement and uncontrolled authority," says Hume, "the character and genius of Wolsey had full opportunity to display itself. Insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expenses,—of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise,—ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory,—insinuating, engaging, persuasive, and by turns lofty, elevated, commanding,—haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependents,—oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends;—more generous than grateful,—less moved by injuries than contempt,—he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of *nature* with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made every one

willing to recall the original inferiority, or rather meanness of his *fortune*."

But however ridiculous or offensive may have been the pride and ostentation which he exhibited, it was a merit, and of great national utility, that he had the judgment to select men of talent to fill official situations. "The consciousness of possessing ability," as Sharon Turner observes, "kept him from the dread of meeting it which exists in little minds; and as his preferment of informed intellect created a demand for it, every part of society that he touched, was raised into emulation to produce it, and thus multiplied the harvest of clever men, which Henry's literary taste, also, so powerfully excited, and which filled the age of Elizabeth with a copious stream of English genius."

Nor should it be forgotten, that amid the numerous defects of Wolsey's character, his pride or his natural feeling of equity directed him to repress the violences of the rich and great upon the poorer orders of the community; and to his lasting honour be it spoken, as a judge, he was impartial, sparing neither high nor low, but awarding to every estate according to its merits and deserts. It is also worthy of remark, that his contests for the Popedom were unsuccessful in a great measure from the apprehension that he would subject to severer discipline the licentiousness of the court of Rome. But especially his establishment of a college at Ipswich, and his foundations at Oxford, entitle him to be classed among the benefactors of his race—his great object, indeed, seems to have been to raise himself to the first rank of earthly state, and to exalt the power and influence of his country among the nations of Europe.

It was while in the meridian of his glory, that this eminent ecclesiastic and statesman formed the intention of erecting at Hampton a building which, for its extent and the splendour of its design, should vie with the palaces of Europe. The envy of the Court could no longer be curbed when they found themselves eclipsed by Wolsey. It was not long before Henry sought an occasion to question him as to his intentions in raising a building fitter for a monarch than for a subject; but Wolsey, than whom no one better knew the character and temper of the king, prudently replied, "that he was only trying to form a residence worthy of so great a monarch, and that Hampton Court Palace was the property of King Henry VIII." His majesty accepted the magnificent gift, and in return, presented Wolsey with the manor of Richmond, which had been the favourite residence of Henry in his earlier days; but it must have been a bitter necessity which could

have compelled Wolsey to surrender a place on which he had expended so much wealth, and to the general design and minute details of which he had devoted so much tedious care.

The ascendancy which the Cardinal had for so many years maintained over Henry, at length foundered upon the wayward caprice and impetuous passions of his royal master. Wolsey was employed to negociate with the Pope for the divorce of Katherine; but the captivity of Clement, and the derangement and complexity of continental politics, prevented him from effecting his object. Wolsey, who had long considered this measure as the forerunner of his ruin, was not to be held answerable for the unsuccessful issue of his mission; but he had sufficient experience of the extreme ardour and impatience of Henry's temper, to know that he would be made amenable for its results. The high opinion which Henry entertained of the Cardinal's abilities tended only to hasten the downfall of his minister, whose failure in the negotiations with the Pope he attributed to the malignity or infidelity of his intentions, and the ruin of the Cardinal was now more precipitate than his elevation. The great seal was taken from him; he was ordered to depart from York Place, which afterwards became the residence of the Kings of England by the name of Whitehall; his entire plate and furniture were taken from him, and he was subsequently commanded to retire to Esher, a country seat which he possessed near Hampton. The world, which had paid him abject court during his prosperity, deserted him in these fatal reverses of fortune. He was himself much disquieted with the change; and the vanity which had elated him in the days of his prosperity imparted a poignancy to his grief in the hour of his adversity. The reflections and sentiments of such a mind in such circumstances, are vividly and pathetically portrayed by our immortal Dramatist:—

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to—
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

Although now disgraced, and expelled the court, his enemies, in the zeal of their malignity, endeavoured, by plying the king with exaggerated accounts of his trivial offences, to preclude the possibility of a reconciliation. He was next indicted, and sentenced, in the Star Chamber; and Henry, not content with this severity, abandoned him to the rigour of the Parliament; the House of Lords voted a charge against Wolsey, and accompanied it with an application to the King for his punishment and his removal from all authority. After remaining some time at Esher, he removed to Richmond; but the courtiers, dreading his vicinity to the King, procured an order for him to remove to his see at York. The Cardinal, knowing that resistance was in vain, retired to his residence at Cawood in Yorkshire, where he maintained his hold on popular esteem by his affability and hospitality. His persecuting enemies, however, would not permit him to remain long unmolested in this retreat; without respect for his ecclesiastical character, he was arrested on a charge of high treason, and while on his way to London for trial, partly from the fatigue of the journey, and partly from the agitation of his anxious mind, he was seized with a dysentery, and with difficulty reaching Leicester, was conveyed to his bed, from which he never arose. A short time before his death, after addressing Sir William Kingston, who held him in custody, he concluded with these remarkable words:—"Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince." "Thus died," says Hume, "this famous Cardinal, whose character seems to have contained as singular a variety as the fortune to which he was exposed. The obstinacy and violence of the King's temper may alleviate much of the blame which some of his favourite's measures have undergone; and when we consider, that the subsequent part of Henry's reign was much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels, we shall be inclined to suspect those historians of partiality who have endeavoured to load the memory of this minister with such violent reproaches."

To resume the thread of our historical notice, Wolsey's disgrace and death happening before the completion of Hampton Court, the building was finished by direction of Henry. Here were held magnificent banquets and masques, and here the pageantries and gaieties of royalty were witnessed. In 1543, the nuptial ceremonies of Henry VIII.'s last wife, Lady Catherine

Parr, were celebrated at Hampton Court. The following circumstance in the history of this Queen may serve farther to illustrate the character of Henry:—Catherine, being favourable to the principles of the Reformers, ventured occasionally to dispute with Henry upon theological subjects, when, from his constant pain, he was highly irritable. On one occasion he was greatly exasperated. "A good hearing this" cried he, "when women become such clerks, and a thing much to my comfort to come in mine old age to be taught by my wife." The Queen's enemies, taking advantage of his state of mind, obtained orders to impeach her. Catherine, however, received timely warning, and adroitly managed, on the following evening, to intimate to his Majesty that he had much mistaken her meaning and her motive. True, it was, she had ventured to argue with his Grace, but it was only to amuse him, for she had seen in these discussions that he could forget his bodily pain. "Ah!" cried Henry, "is it so, sweetheart? then we are friends again. It doth me more good to hear these words of thine own mouth than had I heard that a hundred thousand pounds had fallen unto me." When the Chancellor, next morning, came with forty men of the guard, to take Catherine into custody, his Majesty called him "a knave—an arrant knave, a fool, and a beast," and so dismissed him.

Edward VI., who was born at Hampton Court, also resided there with the Protector Somerset. In consequence of the dissensions of the council, and an apprehension that they intended to deprive Somerset of his royal ward, the inhabitants of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young monarch. The Protector afterwards removed the King to Windsor Castle; but the conspiracy of the nobility, and the growing disaffection of the populace, compelled him to surrender the power which he had so unjustly assumed.

Queen Mary and Philip passed their honeymoon in gloomy retirement at Hampton Court. Here, also, they entertained the Princess Elizabeth, when "the Court supped in the Great Hall, which was illuminated with a thousand lamps." On another occasion she sat with their Majesties and the nobility to witness a grand spectacle of jousting, "when two hundred lances were broken,—half the combatants being accoutred as Germans, the other half as Spaniards."

Elizabeth having ascended the English throne, Hampton Court frequently exhibited the same scenes of festivity as in the days of Henry VIII.: in 1572 and 1593, she there held her grand Christmas festivals.

James I. took up his residence here shortly

after his arrival in England. In 1606 he gave a splendid entertainment to Francis Prince of Vaudemois, on which occasion the feasting and pastimes lasted fourteen days. Here, in 1603-4, was held the celebrated conference between the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, for the purpose of attempting to reconcile both parties, and which led to our present improved translation of the Scriptures. In 1625, Charles I., fearful of the plague which was then raging in London, retired to Hampton Court; and in 1641, driven from Whitehall, he and his Queen again sought refuge in its seclusion. Six years afterwards he was conveyed hither by the Parliamentary army, and kept in a kind of honourable imprisonment; but in the course of a few months he effected his escape to the Isle of Wight. The room in which he is said to have slept is a small octagonal apartment, with an iron door. Cromwell is asserted to have afterwards used it as a bed-chamber, on account of its security. After the death of Charles I. the beautiful specimens of art which adorned this favourite residence were publicly sold, and now form the choicest treasures of foreign and private collections. The Palace was afterwards occupied by Cromwell, who frequently hunted in the neighbourhood; here, too, were held the marriage ceremonies of his third daughter, Lady Mary, and in the following year the Protector witnessed the death of his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, at Hampton Court.

James II. occasionally resided at this palace, and in the state apartments may still be seen the canopy under which he received the Pope's nuncio.

To William III. Hampton Court owes much of its present splendour; he employed the genius of Sir Christopher Wren in erecting the present magnificent state rooms, and in effecting several other alterations, in a style distinct from that of Wolsey; the gardens were also laid out after the formal Dutch fashion, which then prevailed throughout Europe.

George II. and his Queen were the last sovereigns who resided at Hampton Court, since which period the apartments have been occupied by various persons, chiefly favourites of the Court, the Crown reserving to itself the right of resuming possession.

But although Hampton Court has been the residence of an illustrious line of departed monarchs, it is to the name and fate of Wolsey that it owes its chief historic interest; it is the memory of its founder—his blighted ambition, his humiliating degradation, his melancholy end, that will continue to be associated with Hampton Court long after the councils and conferences, the feasts and revelries, of its

kingly possessors, shall have past into oblivion.

Having thus hastily reviewed the history of this magnificent building, we take our seat in one of the carriages on the South Western railway, and in a short time reach the new town of Kingston, now erecting by the side of the railway, which bids fair speedily to become a prosperous place. Here, we may observe, that although persons living in large towns find yearly an increase of new buildings, yet we seldom hear of the erection of new towns. It is not a little remarkable that almost all our present towns and villages are of Saxon or Roman foundation; showing that it is not the disposition of an increasing population to form new towns for their accommodation, but to cluster their dwellings around those which they find already existing.

Proceeding through Old Kingston, we conduct the reader to the Lion gate, fronting the entrance to Bushy Park. Leaving the Maze to the right, and continuing through the Wilderness by a path overshadowed with lofty trees, we find ourselves by the side of the palace, in front of which extends a long walk ornamented on each side with parterres and exotic shrubbery, a spacious circular fountain, filled with gold and silver fish, occupying the centre. From this point our view of the building is taken. The splendid facade presented in front comprehends the whole of the state apartments; it was commenced in 1690, and completed in 1694, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The material chiefly used is brick, of a bright red hue, but the numerous decorations are of stone. On the pediment, which is supported by four elegant Corinthian columns, are sculptured in bas relief, the triumph of Hercules over Envy.

The Palace, as erected by Wolsey, consisted of five courts, of which only two now remain, and afford an interesting specimen of the ancient style of ecclesiastical building. The third was erected by William III., and constitutes the present state apartments.

Passing under the battlemented gateway, with turrets on each side, we enter the middle court; on the right we have the entire length of Cardinal Wolsey's Hall, and on the left there is a colonnade of the Ionic order, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, which, however, does not harmonize with the ancient buildings around. The third court is a quadrangle, with a fountain in the centre, and consists chiefly of buildings erected by Wren. The state apartments are approached by a magnificent staircase, painted by Verrio, but we must defer a description of these to our next number.

RETRIBUTION.

A TALE.

A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thomson called at the house of John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was readily granted, and the stranger, having taken some refreshment, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened at an early hour the following morning.

When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead. On examining his body, no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbours, and inquiries were made who he was, and by what means he came by his death. Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village, about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end. And then as to the manner of his death, so little could be discovered, that the jury which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by a visitation of God." When this was done, the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicions existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the hearts of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man. The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagancies, and, at length, being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town.

More than ten years, however, had now elapsed since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character. His former life, however, was now remembered, and suspicion, after all, fastened upon him.

At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger, who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body, also, itself was taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him. He now felt authorised to ascertain,

if possible, the manner of his death; he proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district, the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench; he charged the grand jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small; at a future time it might be greater; more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted, he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury, however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of one only. At length, the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court, and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner, and to hear the trial; he himself appeared firm and collected; nothing in his manner or appearance indicated guilt; and when the question was put to him by the clerk, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" he answered with an unflinching tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, "Not guilty." The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case; but it was apparent he had little expectation of being able to find the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury, that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and of property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him, gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property he had effectually concealed it; not a trace of it could be found. Why, then, was the prisoner suspected? He would state grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thomson, was a jeweller, residing in London, and a man of wealth; he had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase; that trader he did meet, and after the departure of the latter, Thomson was known to have in his possession jewels and gold to a large amount. With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house, and if it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.

"Now, then," continued the counsel, "it

will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by poison. But what was that poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced from distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and deprived of life so immediately, as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions of the features. But then, the question was, by whom was it administered? One circumstance, a small one indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale, was that the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description had been found in the prisoner's house. That stopper had been examined and said by medical men to have belonged to a German phial, containing the kind of poison which he had described; but then, was that poison administered by Smith, or at his instigation? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a house-keeper, and one man-servant; the man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death; the prisoner slept at one end of the house, the house-keeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the house-keeper's.

"It would be proved, that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thomson's death, a light had been seen, moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the house-keeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thomson's room, the witness could not swear; but shortly after they were observed passing quite through the entry into Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.

"The witness would further state, that after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described, by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it."

The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or distressed, and equally unmoved was he while

the witnesses testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and the jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them, "that in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and that if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him." Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient. At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner arose and addressed the court. He said, that he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that the evidence was not sufficient to convict him. Did the jury mean that there was *any evidence* against him? Was he to go out of the court with suspicions resting upon him, after all? This he was unwilling to do; he was an innocent man, and, if the judge would grant him the opportunity, he would prove it; he would call his house-keeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The house-keeper had not appeared in court; she had concealed herself, or had been concealed by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him; but he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she should testify, but knowing the excitement, he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact; but he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew—she might then be called, and be examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story, let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner seemed reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement; he said, he wished to go out of court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it, nor the effect of it, nor even the existence of it, until made known by the counsel. He could call God to witness the truth of what he said; and then, as to Mr. Thomson, he was a perfect stranger to him; how should he know what articles of value he had with him? He did not know; if he had such articles at Hull, he might have lost them on the road, or, which was more probable, have otherwise disposed of them; and if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself. He begged the jury to remember, that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched, and that not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered in his possession.

The stopper of a phial had been found—but of this he could only say, he had no knowledge, and had never seen it before it was produced in court. One fact had been proved, and only one; that he would explain, and his house-keeper would confirm his statement. A witness had testified that some one had gone to the bed-room of the house-keeper on the night in question; he was ready to admit that it was he himself; he had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes; this would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired to bed, from which he had not risen, when he was informed of the death of the guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive tone, and from the simple and artless manner of the man, perhaps not one present doubted his entire innocence. The house-keeper was now introduced, and examined by counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial; her story confirmed all he had said.

To this succeeded her cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance had made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the house-keeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. Yet the witness was positive that something like a door did, for a moment, come between the window and the candle; this needed explanation; the house-keeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions, and among others where the candle stood while she was in Smith's room.

"In the centre of the room," she replied.

"Well, and was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once or twice*, while it stood there?"

She made no reply.

"I will help your recollection," said the counsel; "after Mr. Smith had taken the me-

dicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"And when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again, did he?"

"He did."

"And how long was it open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"Well, and when open, would the door be exactly between the light and the window?"

"It would."

"I forget," said the counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right or the left hand side of the window?"

"On the left hand side."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"

"None."

"Are you certain?"

"I am."

"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you never keep the key?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith, always."

At this moment the house-keeper chanced to cast her eye towards Smith, the prisoner. His countenance suddenly changed; a cold, damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted; the consequence of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know; she was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician, who was present, was requested to attend to her. At this time the solicitor for the prosecution left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently the physician came into court, and stated that it would be impossible for the house-keeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was about twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner in the meantime was remanded to jail.

It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and the house-keeper brought in and led to the

box. The court room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place.

The cross-examining counsel again addressed the house-keeper. "I have but a few more questions to ask you," said he, "take heed how you answer, for your own life hangs upon a thread."

"Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith."

"When did you last see it?"

"On the night of Mr. Thomson's death."

At this moment the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table, in sight of the prisoner and the witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy tale to its close. The house, where the murder had been committed, was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the house-keeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Henry Thomson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain a portion of the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson; the result was too obvious to require explanation.

It scarcely need be added that Smith was convicted and executed, and brought to this awful punishment by his own means. Had he said nothing—had he not persisted in calling a witness to prove his innocence, he might have escaped; but he was evidently left to work out his own ruin, as a just retribution of his awful crime.

In the preceding story, the swinging of a door, and the finding of the stopper of a phial, appeared at first most unimportant; yet, upon these two trifles hung the development of a most awful crime, and but for these, the vile perpetrators might have escaped till the day of judgment.

If the guilty culprit be obstinately silent, it forms a deadly presumption against him: if he speaks, talking tends only to his discovery, and his very defence often furnishes the materials for his conviction.—*Justice.*

A CHAPTER ON FERRY BOATS.

It would puzzle a college of antiquarians to trace when, where, or by whom the first ferry boat was established; some who have made the attempt, carry us back over more than a thousand generations to ancient Thebes, and to prove the Egyptian origin of boats point to those sculptured on its tombs, and designed in some way or other to represent the death judgment,—probably furnishing the Grecian story of Charon and his ferry over the Styx. These poetic images must have been founded on the realities of ordinary life, such as the use of the swamp boat for cutting the papyrus, also delineated on the dateless monuments of Egypt; but there can be little doubt that boats, or “young ships,” as the Arabs call them, had a much earlier existence than even Thebes itself.

A numerous class of self-styled philosophers have infested the world—disciples in effect, if not in fact, of the celebrated Baron Monboddo, the friend of David Hume, who sagely discovered that men were once monkeys, but having by process of sitting worn off their tails, and by their superior cunning gradually emerged from brutish barbarism to intelligence and civilization, they had afterwards assumed the dignity of superior animals. These learned Savans are willing, by any shifts, however miserable, to set aside the authority of revealed truth; but leaving them “alone in their glory,” as the offspring of a race of groping, blundering savages, it will require higher authority than their dicta, and better logic than their arguments display, to induce rational men to relinquish their claim to a nobler ancestry than wild men of the woods,—pitiable subjects of a godless fate or a nondescript chance. And when the first idea of a boat would be so readily suggested by the structure which sheltered and sustained the survivors of the antediluvian world, it appears to us little better than a waste of words to ascribe the construction of rafts to men who received the idea from seeing trees drifted together in rivers, or of the ancient British coracle to others who happened to notice a floating bowl, or the accidental fall into water of an inflated bladder; still less, as Pliny and Diodorus suggest, to the use of large tortoise shells—similar, we presume, to those employed for aquatic excursions by the demigods of heathen lore, or such as we may now see adorning the sign of a village alehouse, sustaining a hapless British tar with his Union Jack, amidst the surging billows of old ocean.

Leaving this debatable topic for those who have no better occupation for their leisure, we think none will dispute that the history of the

ferries in the great thoroughfares of this and other lands, present features of interest equal in variety and intensity to any other subject associated with the busy doings of men. Ferries are intimately connected with numberless deliverances from captivity, hair-breadth escapes from sanguinary pursuit, the abduction of heiresses, the elopement of ardent lovers, the flight of murderers from their hapless victims, of robbers with their spoil, and of youth from their happy homes to an untried, untrodden, and pitiless world. The ferry house is the common meeting place for farmers or their wives going to or from market, pedlars with their wares, and travellers with their curiosity or listlessness; each mind containing its own little creation of hopes and fears, or its felt sorrows and realised joys, with all their lights and shades.

What a subject for the pencil of the painter, or the pen of the poet, does the earliest recorded notice of a ferry present, when, nearly three thousand years ago, David, the aged warrior, poet, and monarch of Israel, with his household, crossed the Jordan in a ferry boat, on his return to his capital and throne, from both of which he had been expelled by the parricidal rebellion of his son. We can more easily imagine than describe the overwhelming tide of conflicting emotions that would rise unbidden in the mind of the afflicted father, forced by external circumstances to wear the guise of triumph, whilst his inmost soul ejaculates that exquisite burst of agonized feeling, “O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!” He steps on shore; how opposite is his present to his former passage!—then a fugitive, forsaken, and afflicted—now, though bowed with memory’s load, he is surrounded by friends tried and steadfast in the day of adversity; his enemies prostrate themselves at his feet, and entreat his clemency; his subjects vie with each other to welcome his return; and to crown the scene, he magnanimously rejects Abishai’s vengeful suggestion, and nobly and gratefully exclaims, “Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel, do not I know that I am King this day in Israel!”

Turning from the East to the West,—from the old to the new world, with what mingled feelings of indignation and joy do we see and hear in imagination what the boatmen on the lakes Erie and Ontario often witness in reality—the yelling bloodhounds of Florida at the Old Fort passage of Lake Erie, and the rapid succession of rifle shots by their more savage owners, when too late to recapture the slave, now a slave no longer, who has sailed beyond gun shot in a Canadian ferry boat. Dragged

from his home by the perfidious white man,—manacled and sold to bitter and hopeless bondage in a land miscalled Christian, and falsely assuming the title of the Daughter of Freedom,—doomed, by his fellow-man, to the double degradation of physical and mental slavery,—and excluded alike from the enjoyment of the present life, and the hopes of that to come,—who can deny the fugitive slave the right of appeal to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, who has declared, “that he will visit for these things, and that his soul will be avenged on a nation” the people of which “lay wait, *setting snares and traps that they may catch men*, overpass the deeds of the [ordinary] wicked, and judge not the right of the needy.”—The African has also a claim to aid and sympathy from all good men, when he thus runs away with his own body; the common brotherhood has been outraged in his person, and every human heart ought to share in his rapturous emotion when he leaps from the boat to the British territory, and feeling himself a freeman, esteems the cold and dreariness of a Canadian winter more redolent of delight than the most fragrant groves or sun-lit skies of Virginia or Georgia.

Passing the perilous escapes of the unfortunate Pretender, and many other ferry boat incidents nearer home, we hasten on to one in the sister island, by which our attention has been directed to this subject.

In the county Kilkenny, where it borders upon Queen's county, and near the point where the Gully and the Erkin pour their tributary streams into the river Nore, sung by Spenser as the

“Stubborn Newro whose waters grey
By fair Kilkenny and Rossponte board,”

lies the wide domain of the Barons of Castle Durrow, whose motto, “a mind conscious of rectitude,” is admirably sustained and illustrated by our story; and if as honorably maintained in their public as in their private history, nobly have they won and worn their higher English title of the Viscounts Ashbrook, for more than a century past.

Close to the castle walls a ferry over the Nore had long existed, which, eighty years ago, was plied by a fair maiden about fifteen years of age, who had succeeded her father on his death in this laborious occupation, and by dint of patient and exemplary industry was enabled to support herself and her surviving parent, rendered, by infirmities and age, incapable of active exertion, and wholly dependent on her affectionate daughter.

Early inured to sorrow, and to reliance on her own resources, Elizabeth Ridge had acquired a strength of character and habits of

observation and reflection which few of the favoured daughters of affluence exhibit; whilst her constant endeavours to mitigate the sufferings of her widowed mother by the relation of the passing incidents of the day, insensibly but rapidly improved her conversational powers, and notwithstanding her shoeless and stockingless feet, and her humble attire, her filial devotedness and her personal charms rendered her a general favourite at the castle and with the peasantry of the adjacent country.

An ensign of a regiment stationed at Balenakill frequently crossed the ferry on his visits to Castle Durrow, and soon felt more than an ordinary interest in the lovely Elizabeth, which ere long became the master passion of his soul, and had not the succession of passengers prevented, he desired no higher happiness than that of conversing with the maid of the ferry, as her boat slowly glided across the stream.

This dream of bliss was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of orders for the removal of his regiment to a distant part of the island, when the struggle between passion and duty fully awakened him to the hold Elizabeth had acquired on his affections. Not daring to trust himself to bid her farewell, he sent her a letter, enclosing a bank note to enable her to continue to purchase the little luxuries which his bounty had hitherto supplied to her widowed mother; and assuring Elizabeth he would ever feel a lively interest in her welfare, he requested her to acquaint him with any difficulty she might encounter, and with any change of residence or occupation she might in future contemplate.

With feelings of the liveliest gratitude, Elizabeth received this new proof of Mr. Flower's considerate kindness, for to his benevolent sympathy with her condition alone did she attribute his frequent visits to their cottage, and the enquiries he had made during his trips across the ferry.

Mrs. Ridge did not much longer require the aid of others; her malady assumed a more aggravated form, and in a few months carried her enfeebled body down to the grave, and Elizabeth was called upon to discharge the last melancholy office of closing her mother's eyes after having received her grateful dying benediction. This solemn moment more than repaid her for years of hardship and toil, and could it have been witnessed by the thousands who, in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure, leave aged and suffering parents to linger out their evening of life among strangers, desolate and neglected, it would have conveyed to them a lesson of reproach and condemnation. During the last weeks of her mother's illness several of their neighbours, with that hearty sympathy

which distinguishes the Irish character, had volunteered by turns to ply the ferry, and in one of their dwellings she now sought a home. Here, however, worn out by anxiety and watching, sickness soon seized her, and for several weeks her life appeared to flicker like the dying taper; at length her youthful vigour prevailed, but as she slowly became convalescent, new perplexities rose up in her path—she had expended her all, and felt her strength inadequate to the laborious exertion and exposure of her former occupation.

Reflecting on her future course, and feeling the loneliness of her own condition press heavily on her spirits, Elizabeth, one summer's evening, wandered alone to her mother's cabin; every thing around it reminded her of the happy days of her childhood; her mind became sweetly tranquillized, and an humble confidence in a gracious Providence soothed her apprehensions as she determined to seek employment more suited to her age and sex at Ballinakill. As she returned home, a carriage conveying a lady and gentleman passed her on the road, and to her surprise stopped at the door of the house which had afforded her an asylum. On her arrival she was still more astonished to find she was the object of the enquiries of the carriage party. The lady informed her that her husband, Mr. Thornton, a clergyman, had been tutor to Mr. now Captain Flower, and that the latter, having heard of her mother's death and her own subsequent illness, had requested them to offer her a residence with them at their house near Dublin, where she would have an opportunity of acquiring such qualifications as might enable her to fill a respectable situation.

We need not say how gladly this unexpected offer was accepted, nor how rapidly Elizabeth improved in health, and with what eager delight her mind received the varied knowledge presented to her by her judicious friends. Suffice it to state, that the occasional visits of Captain Flower, now adorned with every manly grace, and certain unequivocal intimations of the interest he felt in her improvement, were duly appreciated and reciprocated by his grateful protégée, and that in less than three years from her removal to Dublin, on the attainment of his majority, he led Elizabeth Ridge, an elegant and accomplished bride, to the altar, and leaving Dublin in a few hours the happy pair might have been seen crossing the ferry at Castle Durrow, and entering the hall of that mansion, amidst the greetings of a happy tenantry, who felt themselves personally honoured by the alliance, as the Lord and Lady Ashbrook.

The first Viscount Ashbrook had left his only child and heir an orphan, when little more than eight years old; soon afterwards

he lost his mother, and he was not eighteen when he is first introduced to the reader.

Although the brazen trump of fame has not blazoned forth his excellencies, we deem his just estimate of sterling worth, and his honourable and generous affection, ample warrant for the conviction, not only that he possessed all the essential elements of a truly great mind, but that his choice of the humble ferry maid, however the fashionable world might deery its wisdom, yielded him more enduring domestic happiness than would have fallen to his lot had he selected the haughtiest dame that ever trod the courts of royalty.

It is only necessary further to record, that the lady of Durrow Castle did not forget the friends of her youth, nor failed to employ her ample means in assuaging the sorrows and relieving the wants of honest but suffering poverty, which in her early days she had so deeply experienced; whilst her admirable discretion enabled her through life to maintain the dignity suitable to her elevated position and to her husband's character.

By Lord Ashbrook the Viscountess had three sons, the youngest of which is the present Viscount, and five daughters, one of whom is the mother of the present Lady Wetherell.

IMPROVED PAPIER-MACHE.

[Continued from No. II.]

For gallery fronts, altar-pieces, organ-cases, and other ornamental parts of churches and chapels, Papier-Mâché has now become generally adopted; nor is its use confined to these more important works; many hundreds of pateras or flowers are annually fixed up on ceilings of the smaller class of private dwellings, in almost every town of the kingdom. Flowers are, further, extensively employed in covering the apertures for ventilation in the ceilings of churches, chapels, and places of public resort; plaster flowers being only with much difficulty and often times with danger, fixed up in these situations. The wreathes, or enriched bands, which frequently encircle these flowers, are also most effectively and elegantly formed of Papier-Mâché. Another very usual mode of giving enrichment to rooms in the modern style, is to connect with the cornice some guilloche, or fret, upon the face of the ceiling, and, when still more effect is required, adding a frieze under the cornice, against the face of the wall. As in forming these enrichments, the ground is first finished plain, and foliage in Papier-Mâché then laid upon the face, it is obvious, to the practical man, that a clear relief and distinctness of outline is thereby obtained; quite unattainable in plaster work, where the enrichment is cast with the ground.

Brackets, consoles, and cantilevers, in numerous and tasteful varieties, are made of this substance; and, indeed, one of the earliest applications of Mr. Bielefeld's improved Papier-Mâché to architectural purposes, was the formation, on the accession of William the Fourth, of several large consoles and cornices, in the state apartments of St. James's Palace. Since that time, similar enrichments have been supplied, by the manufacturer, to Grocers' Hall; King's College, Strand; the Carlton Club, and the Oxford and Cambridge Club-houses, in Pall Mall; the British Museum; the state-rooms in Dublin Castle; the Grand Masonic Lodge, Freemasons' Hall; the Corn Exchange; and other public buildings.

Nor need its application be limited to interior decorations. At Paris, the Carton-Pierre, a substance analogous to Papier-Mâché, but in every respect inferior, especially as regards durability, (being very absorbent of moisture, and, consequently, liable to become soft), is largely used for exterior ornaments, even in buildings of the most sumptuous and important character. Not so the Papier-Mâché of English manufacture; as even that of the last century is found, on inspection, to afford abundant proofs of its extreme tenacity in exposed situations. The Papier-Mâché which enriched the fanciful architecture at the back of Sir William Chamber's house, in Berners-street, Oxford-street, now nearly three-fourths of a century old, is still in perfect condition. Mr. Bielefeld's improved Papier-Mâché is of too recent introduction to afford a reference to any example of its adoption in exterior work beyond fourteen years; but several shop-fronts in the metropolis, fitted up of that material, have at this hour their Papier-Mâché enrichments as sound, sharp, and perfect, as when first turned out from the mould.

Another and most important use to which the improved Papier-Mâché may be applied, is that of rendering in duplicate forms, the emanations of the sculptor's skill: for whilst any piece of sculpture can be made in fac-simile with perfect fidelity, the weight is scarcely one-sixth that of plaster, and the liability to injury or fracture is in no way to be compared with copies or repetitions in either marble, stone, or wood; whilst the economy of price places the Papier-Mâché specimens beyond all reach of rivalry; as all being finished with equal minuteness and care, they have only to be coloured in representation of the marble originals.

Papier-Mâché is applied by the cabinet-maker and upholsterer, with surprising effect, to the enriched cornices of book-cases and cabinets; to the mouldings, corners, and centre

ornaments of paneling on their doors and sides; to the enriched scroll legs of cabinets, and pier tables, in the old French style; to ornamental brackets for clocks, busts, vases; to the enriched borders of rooms hung with silk or paper; the ornamental parts of picture and glass frames, however curved and elaborate in their form; and, also, to window-curtain cornices, the canopies of bedsteads, &c.

With regard to the mode of fixing Papier-Mâché in cabinet work, the simplest and most correct rule is, to treat it as if it were wood, and fasten it by means of brads, needle-points, or glue. It is to be cut with a saw and chisel; and may be bent by steam or heat, planed, and cleaned up with sand paper to the smoothest face, and to the finest arris, if required. The larger objects, such as brackets and canopies, can be made either with a wood core, or wholly of Papier-Mâché: in either case two or three screws secure them in their place. When fixed, the work can be painted and grained without any previous preparation; and, in gilding, the surface of the work is better adapted to receive the gold than that of any other material; much of the expense and delay usually attendant on the process being thereby saved. The same observation applies to silvering; and, it may be added, the metallic leaf continues untarnished on Papier-Mâché for a greater length of time than on other substances, as may be proved by the specimens of Chesterfield House, and other houses of the nobility.—*Year Book of Facts*, 1841.

SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE.

[Continued from No. II.]

The next morning Edward called at Mr. Weston's. He found Amy at home and alone.

"Edward! Mr. Selmar! I am very glad to see you: why have you staid away so long?"

"Surely, Amy, you know what has occupied me: I have now to learn the cold virtues of prudence and self-denial; and my first lesson, perhaps, ought to be to forego the pleasure of your society."

Edward looked embarrassed, agitated, and unhappy, as he said this.

"Would you," replied Amy, "resign your friends because you have lost your money?"

"A beggar must not expect to have friends. I have been a spoiled child: they tell me that I have now to learn what it is to be a poor man; but I did not intend to speak of myself, or my affairs to you."

"These sentiments are unworthy of you, Edward. If money has had anything to do with our regard for each other, it is well it

should part us; otherwise, why this apprehension now? I thought we were friends, Edward."

Amy's colour rose as she said this: she was aware that she had gone farther than the conventional creed of the world might authorize: she had spoken simply from her heart. Edward seized her hand; it was in vain for him to attempt to hide any longer all that was in his heart. He confessed all his hopes, all his fears, so long cherished; his intended self-denial so suddenly overcome.

From that moment, what were riches to her, or poverty to him? From those who have never truly loved, who have never had this full mysterious harmony of souls awakened within them, this question may call forth a smile; but, thanks be to the great source of all true love, there are many, very many, of the rich as well as the poor, whose hearts will understand and respond to it.

Amy and Edward knew that they had now one severe trial to encounter, and they wisely resolved to meet it at once. They knew that Mr. Weston would be greatly displeased at his daughter's engaging herself to a man who had no property.

"What shall I say to your father?" asked Edward.

"Tell him the whole truth," replied Amy.

"Yes; but he will be deeply offended."

"Very likely; but we must bear that patiently, and let him see that in all that is right we will conform to his wishes."

"I will see him at once," said Edward, "and tell him that, although I have sought your affection, I do not ask for your hand till I have earned the means of supporting you. He must not suspect me of the baseness of wishing to depend upon him for my subsistence. Cannot I see him now?"

"He is not at home," replied Amy; "but you can see him this evening;" and they parted till then.

[This interval afforded relief to Amy and Edward; but Amy, who fully understood her father's character, and his slavish deference to the opinions of the world, bravely determined to share or abate the first burst of his indignation, and by her modest firmness and strong principles of rectitude, implanted by her departed mother, she succeeded in obtaining a tacit consent from her father that Edward should be recognised as her accepted suitor, with the express stipulation that he should not propose marriage until he had repaired his shattered fortunes.]

At Edward's interview with Mr. Weston in the evening, the latter told him, very coldly, that his daughter had explained to him their relation to each other; that as he had not been consulted by either of them, there was nothing left for him to say; that whatever sentimentalists might think, or poets sing about love in a

cottage, people now-a-days had the sense to know that such notions were absurd. Such nonsense might sound well in novels, but all the respectable part of the community would vindicate him in his determination, that his daughter should not marry a man who could not support her in the way in which she had been accustomed to live. "I therefore trust to you, sir, as a man of honour, that you will not speak to my daughter of marriage till that is the case."

This Edward assured him was his purpose; but, though he expected nothing better, he felt galled and fretted when he actually experienced how much his importance was diminished by the loss of his property. Mr. Weston's whole manner was changed towards him; it was distant, and supercilious, and entirely unlike what it had been before his failure. He was now a poor man.

"No matter," said he to himself, as he left Mr. Weston's apartment. "These lessons to my self-love are very wholesome. Poverty is a good touchstone; how much more suffering than all I have endured from her worldly-minded father, would not one smile from Amy chase away?"

In her society we will therefore leave him, to recover his composure.

[A new and widely different character is now introduced to the reader, whose errors and consequent sufferings too faithfully portray the career of multitudes in fashionable life.]

"Come, dear Amy, I will spare your blushes, and save you the trouble of telling me why you sent for me this morning; so compose yourself, while I take off my bonnet and shawl, and then I am ready to hear the whole of the story. I met Edward Selmar in the hall, and he looked so provokingly happy, and had such a tell-tale face, and such a cousin-like manner towards me, that he has not left you much to tell."

All this was said by Fanny Herbert to her cousin, as she entered the room in a hurried manner, and with her face all glowing with emotion.

"I am too deeply happy, dear Fanny, to be discomposed," said Amy; "and I am afraid I shall not be sentimental enough even to blush to your satisfaction."

"That is just like you, Amy; and I dare say that you would behave exactly so, if you were going to be executed instead of going to be married."

"I hope," replied Amy, laughing, "that you do not think it a parallel case."

"Why, not exactly, in all respects; but it has many points of resemblance. When a woman promises herself away in marriage, she

resigns her name, her property, her affections, her opinions, her friends, perhaps her country, her will,—in short, herself, to her future lord and master.

"No wonder," replied Amy, "that, with these ideas of matrimony, you expect me to be agitated; but I do not acknowledge that I have made such a surrender as this."

"Let me see, Amy; out of your own mouth I will prove that you have. You resign your name."

"Yes; but a name is of no consequence."

"Your property will be his as soon as you are married, unless you have it legally settled upon yourself beforehand."

"You know that I have, in my own right, only the small property my mother left me; and Edward would not choose, even if my father would consent to it, to owe his support to any one. But I agree, Fanny, that the law is unjust, with regard to married women, upon the subject of property; it puts them upon a par with children."

"Your opinions will be no longer free. You must think as your husband thinks, or not think at all, or else there is no peace in the house. One must always yield, and of course it must be the wife."

"I do not acknowledge this, Fanny. Where opinions deserve the name, they must be free. Married people are very like to hold the same opinions on the most important subjects, especially where there has been a perfect understanding of each other's most intimate thoughts before marriage, and where there exists a recognition of their perfect equality afterwards. But even if we differ, Edward and I agree that where true love is there can be no slavish submission. We well know that this is a heterodox faith, but upon it we rest our hopes of happiness."

"A rope of sand, my dear Amy, that you are trusting to, rely upon it. But to proceed with my catechizing: you have promised your heart exclusively to him."

"I could not promise to give what was no longer my own. My heart was his, and I confessed it; but this is only a fair exchange."

"If he does not happen to like your friends, you must give them up."

"I made no vow to violate my conscience or my feelings. Any encroachment that even Edward Selmar should make upon the freedom of my affections would certainly lessen my love for himself. I feel sure that he would despise any homage that was not freely offered."

"Your place of residence: he may carry you where he chooses."

"The place of our abode, as well as other subjects involving duty and happiness, would

be decided by mutual agreement; but here, I confess, the law is against me."

"But your will: you have no longer a will of your own."

"I cannot will to resign my will. It is a contradiction in terms; it is destroying the cause by the effect."

"A very philosophical conclusion, truly, and sounding remarkably well, all that you say, my dear; not very Miltonian though; but wait till you are Mrs. Selmar, and see if you do not sing a different tune then. Submission—that is the motto for a married woman's story; it is the first, second, and third requisite for perfection in the good wife, as you, of course, intend to be. So do not flatter yourself, Amy, that you will ever have your own way again."

"But, suppose, Fanny, that his way should be my way; there would be no submission then on either side."

"That reminds me," said Fanny, "of the German couplet we read the other day:

"O wunderbare Harmonie!
Was er will, will auch sie."

Rely upon it, when you disagree (and that will happen,) you must always yield, right or wrong."

"I do not grant this. If Edward should ever wish me to do wrong, I shall not feel bound to comply, but think I do him more honour by a refusal, than by a submission, for which I am sure he would and ought to despise me."

"Very pretty, and apparently very just, Amy; but let us see by-and-by. You are so heartily in love with Edward now, that you cannot think he will ever desire anything wrong; but he is a man, and he is human."

"So I supposed when I engaged to marry him. I do not think either of us anticipates perfection."

"But, if I were you, I should, as long as possible, require it of him, and insist upon his thinking me nothing short of divine. Now is your time, Amy; make the most of your short reign."

"O, Fanny! Fanny! I hate to hear you talk so. If it were only girlish rattle, I would laugh at it, and forget it; but I fear that there is something seriously wrong at the bottom of it all. I fear that you are now trifling with your own happiness, as well as that of another, under the influence of these unworthy notions. It was to speak to you upon this subject, that I wanted to see you this morning."

"And so," replied Fanny, "while I flattered myself that you had sent for me to tell

* O, wonderful harmony!
What he wills, wills also she.

me a very pretty love story of your own, and that I was to be that important personage, a confidant, upon the occasion, and know the month and the day when nobody else did, you, forsooth, only sent for me to favour me with a lecture, followed, I suppose, by some of those agreeable didactic remarks, which most of my kind friends are pleased so gratuitously to bestow upon me."

"Are you not ashamed of such nonsense, Fanny?"

"Ashamed of nonsense, Amy! Why, I am in love with it. It is as important as my daily bread to me. All other pleasures, all other friends, are uncertain, unfaithful; but nonsense always more than fulfils its promise, and is an unfailing help in adversity."

"I have no objection to nonsense, Fanny, in its right place; but there are occasions where trifling is a sin—where we should be guided by reason and conscience."

"Well, Amy, don't look so very sober, and I will be good for a little while, for your sake. I love you well enough to tolerate the presence of Reason, if she does not bring her knitting-work, and invite herself to pass the whole day with me. What would Reason say to me now, Amy?"

"Reason would ask," said Amy, "whether you are acting right towards William Roberts? You understand me now, Fanny."

"O, yes, perfectly well, Amy; I see what you are after. Excuse me; you remind me of the fox, who, having been unluckily caught in a trap, and there curtailed of some of his honours (pardon this atrocious pun,) cunningly called together the other foxes of his acquaintance, and advised them seriously, with their eyes open, and of their own free will, to submit to the same cruel operation which a sad chance had inflicted upon him. Thank you, my dear Amy; when I am also caught, I will certainly take counsel of you."

"Try to be serious, Fanny. I have something to tell you that I think you have too much heart to laugh at."

"Well, now, Amy, I will be as solemn and well-behaved as if I was just engaged."

"I hear from Edward," said Amy, "that your friend William Roberts, is going to Europe."

Fanny started. "Going to Europe! why, it was but a short time since, that he told me that he should never again leave his own country; and he said some pretty things about his untravelling heart, &c. What is he going for?"

"To get rid of an aching heart, if he can, and, if possible, recover a healthful tone of mind."

Fanny's face reddened all over, and then grew very pale. She tried in vain to hide her emotions at this intelligence.

"I am sorry," said Amy, "to see you suffer; but the remedy is in your own hands."

"What can I do? What would you have me do?"

"Be simple—be true."

"And ask him to please not to go to Europe, but to stop and marry me! I would die first."

"I would have you do nothing unfeminine—nothing inconsistent with your true dignity; but I would have you faithfully question your own heart, and then be true to yourself and to him. From what I know of your real feelings towards Mr. Roberts, I fear you have coquetted with him; and forgive me, Fanny, if I say that it will be happy for you, if some sacrifice of your pride is the only punishment you receive. It is, surely, no slight suffering, that can make such a man willing to give up his country, and change all his habits of life. Edward agreed with his friend, that it was impossible that you could really love him; and surely, Fanny, if I did not think your fault was mere levity, I could hardly forgive you. He intends going in a few days."

Poor Fanny sat like one condemned, Amy continued:—

"It was his intention to go away without seeing you again; he thought the interview would be too painful for him; but I told Edward to urge him to go and say farewell to you; for I knew that in your heart, Fanny, you loved him."

Fanny made a great effort to recover her self-command, and, after a minute, said, "I shall certainly try to dissuade him from quitting his country, if he should come to see me." Her lips quivered, as she uttered this *if*.

"Beware, dear Fanny, of the effect of what you say now to William Roberts. You cannot now gloss over to your conscience any questionable act. You know he loves you. If you do not truly love him—if you do not mean to marry him, do not attempt to influence him in any way; do not tempt him or yourself by the tantalizing profession of a dangerous friendship, that may or may not be love. Be simple—be true-hearted, as you value your future peace of mind."

Fanny soon rose to go home. As they parted, Amy kissed her tenderly, and said, "All will be well, dear Fanny, if you are only true to yourself."

"How is it Amy," replied Fanny, as she hastily brushed away a tear, "that I still love you so well, when you make me feel so cheap and look so silly?"

[To be continued.]

Poetry.

CLIFTON GROVE.

OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF H. K. WHITE'S
POEM OF THAT NAME.

(From "Hours with the Muses," by J. C. Prince.)

How rich is the season, how soothing the time!—
For summer looks forth in its fulness and prime—
As through thy recesses, blest Clifton, I stray,
Where solitude slumbers in varied array;
How lovely these valleys that round me expand,—
The sylvan and soft with the gloomy and grand,
Where rocks, woods, and waters harmoniously blent,
Give beauty and peace to the banks of the Trent.

Meek Evening broods o'er the landscape, and flings
A spell of repose from its dew-dropping wings;
No sound from the city disturbs the pure calm,
And the sigh of the zephyr comes mingled with balm;
No vestige remains of the sunset, that gave
A tremulous glow to the breast of the wave;
With the tears of the twilight the woodbine is bent,
As I tread with devotion the banks of the Trent.

How warmly, yet vainly, I yearn for the fire
That lit up the soul of that child of the lyre—
That student of science, of wisdom and song,
Who fled to your shades from the snares of the young!
Aloof from the heartless, the selfish, and proud,
From the mirth of the million, unmeaning and loud,
With the fervor of feeling which nature had lent,
He sought your enchantments, sweet banks of the Trent.

Steal on, placid river; thy freshness diffuse
Through scenes rendered fair by the tints of the Muse;
Where tradition hath cast a mysterious glance,
And fancy created the forms of romance.
Oh! would that my hand with success could assume
The harp of your Minstrel, who sleeps in the tomb!
A share of my life and my skill should be spent
In singing your beauties, sweet banks of the Trent!

WANT OF EVIDENCE.—There is a pleasant anecdote told of the late Judge Peters, who was no less known for the integrity of his legal decisions than for his witticisms. The crew of a vessel brought into his court a complaint, alleging the unwholesomeness of the provisions laid in for the voyage, and claimed damages for this misuse. One of the evidences in support of the charge was an apparently mouldy sea biscuit. The "opening" counsel produced this during his exordium, and it was handed incidentally to the judge. The cause proceeded in due form; when the defendant's counsel was proceeding with the citation of proofs to sustain his client's cause, the mouldy biscuit was not to be found. Great reliance had been placed on this; it had, however, unaccountably disappeared. At length one of the jurymen re-

minded the counsel he had handed it to the judge, who, it appeared, little by little, as the cause proceeded, had inadvertently eaten it up; the hearty laugh was irrepressible, and it were needless perhaps to add, the complainants were foiled in the prosecution: evidently a spite action against their captain and owners.—*Poulson.*

A GLASS TOO MUCH.—A counsel, who had unfortunately lost his right eye, but who usually wore a pair of spectacles, commenced an address to a jury with—"Gentlemen, in this case I shall make use of nothing that is not absolutely necessary." "Then," said a wag, "take out the dexter glass from your spectacles."

"O that some pow'r the gift would give us
To see ourselves as others see us."

When the immortal Wolfe received his death wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was, that he should not be seen to fall. Support me, said he to such as were near him; let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours! Oh! keep it; with these words he expired.

A young barrister in possession, and in expectancy of more wealth than wit, declared that in his opinion no man ought to be called to the bar who had not some hundreds of acres. "Pray, Sir," said Curran, "how many acres does it take to make a wise-acre?"

RATHER DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.—A gentleman who was rather impatient at table, declared he wished he could manage without servants, as they were a greater "plague than profit." "Why not a dumb waiter," suggested a friend. "Oh no," returned the other; "I have tried them—they don't answer."

AN ECCENTRIC MUSICIAN.—Jarnowick accidentally broke a pane of glass in a music-seller's window—"What is the damage?" asked the composer. "Thirty sous," was the reply.—"There's a three franc piece."—The music-seller declared he had no change.—"Oh, never mind," replied Jarnowick, dashing his cane through a second square—"there now, we are quits."—*Musical World.*

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, Dolier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenalide Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 4.]

SATURDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

HAMPTON COURT.

[With an Engraving in No. III.]

In our last Number we conducted the reader to the Grand Staircase; but before entering upon a notice of the State Apartments, we must premise that as the Picture Gallery consists of a suite of twenty-nine rooms, and contains upwards of seven hundred paintings, a description, however brief, of each picture, would extend further than our limits permit, while a simple enumeration of the name and subject of each would neither be interesting nor instructive. Our object, therefore, will be to present to the notice of our readers, a few only of those which we conceive generally engage the attention of the ordinary visitor.

The *Grand Staircase*, by which we approach the State Apartments, affords a noble specimen of the imaginative genius and ready pencil of Antonio Verrio. On the left side are Apollo and the nine Muses, at whose feet sits the god Pan, with his reeds, and a little below is the goddess Ceres holding in one hand a wheat sheaf, and pointing with the other to loaves of bread. At the feet of Ceres is Flora, surrounded by her attendants, and holding a chaplet of flowers. Near her are the two river gods, Thames and Isis, with their urns, and in the centre a large table decorated with flowers. On the ceiling Jupiter and Juno are represented as seated at a table, supported by lions, and Ganymede is presenting the cup to Jupiter; Juno's peacock is in front, and one of the fatal sisters is in attendance, ready to execute

Jove's command to cut the thread of life. Beneath there is a beautiful figure of Venus, and Mars addressing the fair goddess as a lover. In another part, Bacchus is shown as leaning on a rich ewer, his hand resting on the head of Silenus, who is seated on a recumbent ass. On one side of a table sits Hercules clad in the lion's skin, resting on his club; and on the other Romulus, with a wolf by his side, in allusion to the fable of his having been suckled by that animal. On another panel is Julian the Apostate, writing at a table, attended by Mercury, the god of eloquence, who is dictating to him. Though educated in the Christian faith, Julian afterwards became one of its most inveterate enemies.

On entering the *Guard Chamber* the attention is at once arrested by the various devices in which muskets, swords, and pistols sufficient for the equipment of one thousand men are disposed on the walls.—The paintings are in character with the room; they consist of six portraits of English admirals, by Kneller, and nine battle-pieces, in some of which great spirit is displayed. But, perhaps the most conspicuous, is one of gigantic dimensions, Queen Elizabeth's porter, who is said to have been seven feet six inches high.

The First Presence Chamber. At the end of this room there is a fine picture of William III. in armour, on a grey horse; in the clouds are Mercy and Peace, supporting the King's helmet. The greatest attraction in this apartment are eight full-length portraits of the

Beauties of the Court of William and Mary, executed by Kneller. They are distinguished by great elegance, and portrayed with a pleasing simplicity of countenance; but there is a most objectionable similarity in their general appearance.—In this room is the canopy of King William's throne, with the Royal arms, and the motto, "Je main tien dray."*

The *Second Presence Chamber*. The Doge of Venice is an interesting historical picture; he is seated on his throne in the senate-house, surrounded by his councillors, some attired in black robes, others in scarlet. On his right is seated Sir H. Wootton wearing his hat, while presenting his credentials as ambassador from this country. St. Michael by Reynolds, after Guido, was considered by Sir Joshua one of his best paintings. Baccio Bandinelli, the Sculptor, (by Corregio,) is a picture of great delicacy. This eminent painter is believed to have carried the art of foreshortening to the greatest perfection. But the finest and most pleasing painting is a duplicate of the celebrated picture of Charles I. on a grey horse, passing under an arch, with a truncheon in his left hand. It is interesting not merely on account of the eventful life and death of that unhappy monarch, but from the design; the foreshortening of the horse is especially admired.

The *Audience Chamber*. The canopy in this room is said to be that under which James II. received the Pope's nuncio at Windsor,—a circumstance which gave great offence to his subjects, and led to the demolition of the fine specimens of art with which he decorated the Popish chapel he had fitted up at Windsor.—Among a variety of profane paintings, we cannot fail to observe a beautiful collection of Scripture pieces by Sebastian Ricci, in which great freedom and dignity are combined with ease and elegance; they embrace Christ healing the sick; the Woman taken in Adultery; the Woman of Faith; the Samaritan Woman at the Well; our Saviour in the Rich Man's House, and Mary Magdalen washing his feet.—The effect produced, and the additional interest excited, by the juxtaposition of these paintings, may serve to show the great advantage derivable from a better classification, by which all Scripture pieces, instead of being dispersed throughout the entire State Apartments, might be collected into rooms by themselves. We should then have before us a connected series of paintings illustrating the principal events in the life of our Saviour, beginning with the Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds, and ending

with the Transfiguration. In the same manner the historical portion of the Old Testament, and the Acts of the Apostles, might be most instructively illustrated.

The *Drawing Room*. The largest, and at first sight, the most imposing painting in this room is George III. reviewing the light dragoons at Bagshot, by Sir William Beechey; the Prince of Wales is on the right hand of His Majesty, and the Duke of York on his left. Esther and Ahasuerus is well conceived, and delineated with great spirit. The finest picture, however, in the collection is Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Orazio Gentileschi. The colouring is powerful, and the position of the personages well chosen; the head of Potiphar's wife is unequalled, especially in the eyes, which are expressive of the warmest and most intense, but disappointed and hopeless passion.

In *King William the Third's Bed Room* is placed the State Bed of Queen Charlotte. The furniture is adorned with some beautiful specimens of needle-work embroidery, executed at an institution of the orphan daughters of clergymen, which was under Her Majesty's patronage.—The portraits around the room are the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. In that of the Countess de Grammont, the painter has displayed great spirit and intellect; although possessed of the most captivating beauty, she maintained her virtue, even in the licentious Court in which she figured. Amongst the Beauties is the merry, open-hearted Nell Gwynne, who amid all her excesses evinced great natural kindness of disposition.

In *Queen Mary's Closet* is a painting of a group of persons singing by candle-light; the heavy and languid expression of their countenances point them out as enthusiasts. The light from the candle is skillfully managed, and is glaring full upon the dull features of the principal personage of the group.

We now enter the *Queen's Gallery*, eighty feet in length, and containing an extensive collection of curious portraits. The Elizabethan group, representing her Majesty at different periods of her life, first engages the attention. It consists of portraits of Elizabeth when an infant, at twelve years of age, in the meridian of life, and in her latter days. There is also a full-length of the Queen, attired in a fantastic Persian dress, and represented as in a forest. At the bottom of one of the trees are the following verses, which are generally attributed to her Majesty:—

"The restless swallow fits my restless mind,
In still reviving, still renewing wrongs;
Her just complaints of cruelty unkind
Are all the musique that my life prolongs.
With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
Whose melancholy teares my cares express,

* "I will maintain."

His teares in sylence, and my cares unknowne,
 Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.
 My only hopes was in this goodly tree,
 Which I did plant in love, bring up in care,
 But all in vaine,—for now too late I see
 The shales be mine, the kernals others are.
 My musique may be plaintes, my musique teares,
 If this be all the fruit my love tree beares."

It is remarkable that although these portraits are by various artists, and represent Elizabeth at different periods of her life, the same caste of countenance, and the same dignified expression, can be traced through the entire group,—in the girl we can recognize the features of the woman, and in the Princess we see the Queen,—a circumstance which must be regarded as an evidence of their general accuracy. This room contains several Scripture pieces; but by far the greater number of the paintings are portraits of eminent persons. Mary, Queen of Scots, Lord Darnley, James the First and Second, Queen Mary, Anne of Denmark, Francis I. of France, St. Catherine, Cleopatra, and Erasmus, are among the most conspicuous; but there is one which particularly claims our notice—that of Crichton, who, on account of his remarkable endowments, both of body and mind, acquired the surname of "the admirable." Crichton was born in Scotland about the year 1560, and was educated at the University of St. Andrew. Before he attained his twentieth year, he had run through the whole circle of the sciences,—could speak and write in ten languages, and was no less skilled in the graceful accomplishments of his age. With these acquirements, he set out on his travels, and on arriving at Paris he offered to dispute in any art or science, or to sustain a conversation, either in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, Slavonic, Syriac, Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, in prose or verse. On the appointed day he maintained the contest for nine hours, and so won the admiration of the spectators, that they saluted him as the "admirable Crichton." After similar, and even more surprising, exhibitions at Rome, Venice, and Padua, he was engaged by the Duke of Mantua as preceptor to his son,—a youth of dissolute life. During the carnival of 1583, while amusing himself with the guitar, he was attacked by a party in masks; he defended himself, and disarmed their leader, whom he discovered to be none other than his own pupil. Crichton fell on his knees, and presented his sword to the prince, who immediately stabbed him to the heart. The motives which impelled him to so savage and cowardly a deed are unknown.

The *Queen's Bed Room* contains Queen Anne's State Bed, the velvet hangings of which were wrought at Spitalfields. The ceiling,

which was painted by Sir James Thornhill, represents Aurora rising out of the ocean.—Around the room are twelve pictures illustrative of the history of Cupid and Psyche. The finest painting is that of Venus and Cupid, which was drawn by Michael Angelo, and finished by Pemtarmo.

The ceiling of the *Queen's Drawing Room*, which represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice, was painted by Verrio. Among the historical paintings by West are—the Swearing of Hannibal, the Departure of Regulus, and the well-known picture of the Death of General Wolfe.

In the *Queen's Audience Chamber* there are several Scripture pieces illustrating the history of our Saviour. The Death of the Chevalier Baynard, by West, is a splendid historical picture. The Chevalier having received a wound from a musket-ball, and being unable to maintain his seat on horseback, desired his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy. In this position he is represented in the picture; fixing his eyes upon the hilt of his sword, held up for him to kiss instead of a cross, he is in the act of addressing his prayers to Heaven. In this posture, alike consistent with his character as a Christian and a soldier, he calmly awaits the approach of death.—Another picture of no less interest is the death of Epaminondas, by West. The brave General, when engaged in battle with the Spartans, was wounded in the breast by a javelin. Although assured by his physician, that, on the extraction of the weapon, death would instantly ensue, yet on hearing the shout of victory, he cried "I have lived long enough," and with his own hand drew out the javelin—the moment chosen by West for depicting the self-sacrifice of the hero of Leuctra.

Passing through several small rooms we enter the *Cartoon Gallery*, in which are displayed these treasured triumphs of the genius of Raffaele, the "prince of painters." The drawings were originally intended as patterns for tapestry to decorate the walls of the Papal chapel, and were executed by order of Leo X. During the production of the tapestry at Arras, the Cartoons were exposed to no small danger, from the recklessness of the artisans, who, for their own convenience, cut them up into small slips. It is somewhat singular that they remained in this state for an entire century, although the tapestries which were woven from them were held in high admiration, and it was left for Rubens to rescue them from oblivion. Having directed the attention of Charles I. to their ruinous condition, his Majesty purchased the seven now in Hampton Court, intending to

have tapestries woven from them. They were, however, neglected and comparatively unknown until William III. directed the slips to be joined together, and erected the present spacious gallery for these unequalled works of art.

The Cartoons represent the Death of Ananias,—Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind,—the Lame Man restored by Peter and John,—the Miraculous Draught of Fishes,—Christ's Charge to Peter,—Paul and Barnabas at Lystra,—and Paul preaching at Athens. They are already well known to the public by means of engravings,—especially by those of the late Mr. Holloway, who has been engaged in their execution during the last thirty years.—In the adjoining room there is a large drawing, by Casanova, of Raffaele's celebrated painting of the Transfiguration. And here it may be noticed, that Raffaele, after being honoured with the patronage of the most illustrious personages, and enjoying the friendship, no less than he had excited the admiration, of the great literary characters of his day, died in his thirty-seventh year, having but just completed the glorious work of the Transfiguration.

The *Portrait Gallery*, so called from its containing the portraits of men eminent in the arts and sciences, in the senate-house and the camp, is now being prepared for the reception of Mantegna's Triumphs of Julius Cesar, which are to be removed from the Public Dining Room. These paintings were originally executed for the Marquis of Mantua, from whom they were purchased by Charles I. On his death they were sold by the Parliamentary Commissioners for £1,000, a large sum in those days; but after the Restoration they were repurchased by Charles II., and placed in Hampton Court. They were intended to form a continued tableaux eighty feet in length; as works of art they may be considered second only to the Cartoons.

The *Queen's Presence Chamber*, and the Ante-room to the *Queen's Guard Chamber*, contain paintings of some of the most memorable and successful naval engagements in which our country has been engaged. There are two paintings of the Battle of Camperdown,—the one representing the beginning of the action, the other its close; there are also three representations of the battle of Trafalgar. It may be a weakness, it may be a token of national prejudice, but we think that no Englishman can unconcernedly behold these paintings without feeling proud of the land which gave him birth. We would not foster an illiberal nationality, nor would we favour that stoical cosmopolitism which some frigid souls affect, but we think that no right-minded man can peruse the chronicles of his country without feeling his own personal character and dignity in a

measure implicated in its misfortunes or success—its glory or dishonour.

Having completed our tour through the Picture Gallery, we may notice the large painting on the *Queen's Staircase*, which we now descend, representing Charles I. and his Queen, as Apollo and Diana, seated in the clouds, to whom the Duke of Buckingham, as Mercury, is introducing the arts and sciences, while several genii are driving away Envy and Malice.

Retracing our steps to the Middle Court, we observe, under the archway, a high flight of steps leading to *Wolsey's Hall*. This apartment is in every respect worthy of its founder. It is one hundred and six feet long, forty feet wide, and is lighted by thirteen windows, elevated fifteen feet from the ground. Between each of these are fixed a pair of noble antlers, with delicately carved stags' heads, encircled with wreaths. They were probably placed here after the death of Wolsey, when the hall was known by the name of the "Hall of Horns." Over the antlers, are banners bearing devices of Henry VIII. and Wolsey and his benefices, which, by their various colours, produce a very pleasing effect. Between the windows are corbals, the groins springing from which support a richly-carved ceiling executed in the Italian style. On the dais a bay window extends nearly to the floor, which greatly enlivens the apartment; it is enriched with compartments of stained glass, representing the arms of Henry VIII. and the motto of Queen Jane Seymour, "bownd to obey and serve;" also the insignia and motto of Wolsey, "Dominus mihi adjutor."* On the lower part there is the following inscription, in Old English characters: "The lorde Thomas Wulsey, Cardinal, Archbishop of York, Legate de latere, and Chancellor of Englande." It was upon one of the panes of this window that the young Earl of Surrey wrote some lines to the fair Geraldine.—The walls on each side of the room, from the windows to the floor, are hung with tapestry of the most exquisite workmanship and costly material. The subject is the life of Abraham; the figures are of colossal size, and the design ranks amongst the first class of composition. The principal lights of the draperies, are worked in thread of gold and silver, and the broad margins, which are about two feet wide, present a continuous surface of gold brocade, set off with a variety of rich ornaments.—It is supposed by some, that these tapestries were designed by Raffaele, or a pupil of his, and that they were part of the gifts interchanged between

* "The Lord is my helper."

Henry and Francis at the celebrated Field of Cloth of Gold; others believe that they were presented to Cardinal Wolsey by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. A more striking instance of the transitory nature of human grandeur, cannot be conceived than the circumstance that in Wolsey's Hall,—in that place which, in the pride of his heart, he had dedicated to the display of his hospitality, pomp, and greatness,—the play of Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey, was performed before George III., as if nought but his degradation were worthy of remembrance.

Wolsey's Withdrawing Room is entered by the doorway in the centre of the dais. Above the entrance there is a stone bracket, bearing the inscription "Seynt George for merrie Englande," on which St. George is represented as transfixing the dragon with his spear; on the east side there are some small figures clothed in bright plate armour. As a whole, this room has a dark and cheerless aspect, the windows, which are rather small, being placed near the roof of the building. That towards the east affords the principal light to the interior: it projects beyond the outer wall, and is of a circular form. From the moulded ribs of the ceiling, which are divided into compartments, small pendants descend at the intersections, and are interwoven with carvings of the fleur-de-lis, portcullis, and other badges. But the most curious objects are the ancient tapestries which adorn the walls of this room. It is a task of some difficulty to discover the designs,—the rules of perspective being disregarded, and the tapestry itself having suffered much from the hand of time. There is, also, a general stiffness in the form, and an unnatural length in the proportions of the figures. The tapestry on the East side is designed to represent the influence of the three Destinies—Clotho, who presides over the moment of birth,—Lachesis, who rules Futurity,—and Atropos, who cuts the thread of life. One of the tapestries depicts Chastity in a car drawn by four unicorns, and attacked by the destinies, who are riding on bulls,—Atropos throwing the fatal dart. By the side of the car is Lucretia, her train held by Bonovolente, who is offering the knife with which she destroyed herself after her violation by the Tarquin. Another design is the Death of Hercules, who is stretched on a funeral pile with his club and lion's skin. He had thrown himself upon this whilst in the agony occasioned by the poison of the Centaur's tunic which his wife had sent him; above may be observed his wife in the act of destroying herself after having seen the fatal effect produced by the tunic.

We cannot better close our notice of Hamp-

ton Court than by conducting the reader to the beautiful gardens in front of the Palace. They were laid out in their present Dutch style by William and Mary, but instead of that pleasing wildness and irregularity of form which distinguishes the works of Nature, the compass and shears were employed in fashioning the yews and hollies into the shapes of birds and beasts and other fantastic forms. In the Private Gardens, which extend from the side of the Palace to the banks of the Thames, may be seen some large Orange trees, many of them in full bearing. But the greatest curiosity is the large Vine which is sheltered and nurtured in a hot-house; it is one hundred and ten feet long, and at three feet from the root is twenty-seven inches in circumference. It generally bears from two thousand to three thousand bunches of grapes in a season.

On the opposite side of the Palace there is a large space of ground called the Wilderness, planted with trees and shrubs by William III. Some of the walks, which are entirely overshadowed, are very delightful. In this place is the Maze or Labyrinth, which is so constructed that all the paths, which seem to lead to the centre, turn off to a more distant part, and involve the inquisitive adventurer in perplexity. It is however, more frequently the scene of exuberant hilarity to the youthful visitors from the city, who, feeling themselves emancipated for a day at least from brick houses and paved streets, indulge without restraint in gleesome and innocent frolic, as they chase each other along the intricacies of the labyrinth or through the groves, once sacred to rank and royalty,—furnishing to the contemplative mind the most delightful evidence of the substantial equality and freedom enjoyed in "Merrie Englande," and inspiring the oft repeated sentiment of Montgomery—

"Let thy slanderers rail as they will,
With all thy faults, I love thee, still."

THE ANNUALS FOR 1842.

[We regret to find from the tone of the preface to the first and best of these delightful Christmas presents, the *Forget me Not*, that the *Annals* do not flourish in England as they were wont. Various causes are assigned for their decay; perhaps their almost exclusive adaptation for one short season of the year may contribute greatly to diminish their value in public estimation. If some change could be effected in this respect, we doubt not, that with the exquisite beauty of the illustrations, and the piquant originality of its contents, a work of such surpassing elegance as that before us may survive most of its ephemeral rivals. We select the following sketch by Mrs. Gore, not for its superiority over the others, but on account of our limited disposable space.]

THE FISHERMAN OF PORT ROUGE.

Every mechanical calling exercises a powerful moral influence over its followers. Those

who go down to the sea in ships, above all those whose prosperity is dependent on the stirring chances of wind and tide, are apt to be impetuous, wilful, and wayward, as the elements wherewith they have to struggle. Even when soft of heart, the sailor is hard of hand. He has no leisure for the expansion of those milder gradations of feeling which form the common bond between man and mankind. His vocation opposes a perpetual barrier to communion with his fellow-creatures. He loves few, and loves them ardently; and his animosities are equally circumscribed, and of equal intensity. He carries with him to the great deep affections cherished with superstitious devotion; or some cause of deep offence, over which he broods in the desolation of that past loneliness, till it seems to amplify and fill the mighty solitude around.

In almost all fishing towns, more especially those of the Continent, there is a land population scrupulously distinct. In the French ports of the Channel, such as Calais and Dieppe, the fishermen have their quarter, their *patois*, their costume, their characteristic sports and dances, to which they adhere with all the prejudice of caste; standing apart from their fellow-townsmen, from whom they are divided only by a street or a brook, as tenaciously as Jew from Christian, or Mussulman from Hindoo. And thus, their peculiarities of nature become hereditary. Even in early childhood, the fisherman's boy is as complete a miniature of the fisherman, as the young shrimp of the old one.

During the summer season, when the Calaisians and mariners of the Pollet (the fishing suburb of Dieppe) frequent, on Sundays and holidays, the same public gardens or dancing-booths as their fellow-citizens, the *matelot*, in his canvas trowsers and capacious boots, is never seen to give his arm to the tripping *grisette* or fawn-eyed *paysanne*; nor would the hard-featured *matelotte*, whose complexion vies with the glaring red of her short linsey-woolsey petticoat of unnumbered breadths, deign to bestow a moment's attention on the smartest mercer of the market-place, or the richest grazier of the neighbouring marshes. Their hoarse, harsh voices, their rugged faces, their recklessness tempered by the superstitious piety predominant in simple minds engaged in a perilous course of life, seem to adapt them inextricably for each other.

It is an interesting sight to observe the fishermen's families in Catholic countries crowding the jetty or shore, when the turn of the tide is about to bring in the little fleet. In stormy weather, they are sure to be found in groups at the foot of the Calvary, with uplifted hands, sometimes with streaming eyes, awaiting the

issue of the tempest; and striving by the sacrifice of their scanty means in offerings to the Church, to propitiate the Disposer of the storm. But when the lightsome waves are rippling under a summer sky, and all is serene and promising, the fisherwomen and their amphibious progeny station themselves on the stones of the pier, or on their upturned empty baskets, speculating, in the least harmonious of voices accustomed to outscram the wintry wind, and predominate over the roaring of the surge, upon the chances of the day; disposing beforehand of imaginary turbots, and foreseeing draughts of mackerel all but miraculous.

A few years ago, the saunterers upon the sands, or rather shingles, of Calais were often struck by a group, differing from the noisy throng watching the return of the fishing-boats, in so far that they were stationary even when wind and tide were set against the arrival of the boats. Whether the smacks were far out of sight, or at anchor within range of shore, either in the still moonlight or the equally silvery tranquillity of an early summer morning, there they loitered, almost under the shadow of Fort Rouge—a man, a woman, and occasionally a young girl, stretched at lazy length among the fragments of broken vessels, old capstans, splintered masts, bulkheads, and spars, abounding on the spot.

Yet there was nothing prosperous in their appearance to account for this undue luxury of leisure. Their garments were worn, their countenances wasted and sorrowful. Even the girl, though her naked feet had not lost the elastic tread of youth upon the sand, used to look wistfully back upon her parents as she bore along her mother's shrimping-net and basket, as if trying to beguile the poor woman into some wiser occupation than sitting with folded hands watching the vacant looks or unquiet gestures of her husband.

But she was not to be persuaded away, even by the guileless arts of the poor child. Françoise knew that her place was *there*; that the thriftlessness which made her meals so spare and her pallet so hard, was a bounden duty. She was accomplishing woman's mission upon earth—the task of consolation!

The man was her husband. But though often from sunrise to nightfall not a word of kindness broke from his parched lips to cheer the dreariness of her life, his silent moroseness was no offence. He was mad—heartbroken—dying; and she fancied that his madness and misery were her work!

Three years before, Pierre Romeny and his wife were a happy, thriving couple. No brighter scarlet skirts, no richer cross of gold or pendent earrings, no wider Valenciennes

frilling disposed in plaits upon the bronzed neck, appeared on fête days at early mass, or, on Sunday afternoons, on the jetty of Calais, than those of Françoise, paraded on the arm of her stout helpmate, and marshalling before her a little Françoise and little Pierre, as hearty and happy as themselves. The boy, more especially, was one of those sunny-faced creatures upon whom the eye of the stranger delights to dwell. Many an English family, disembarking on the pier of Calais, used to fling their first franc to the bright-eyed sailor-boy, whose gladsome countenance seemed like a favourable omen for their tour. All their little gains, as well as the earnings of his calling, were deposited with his parents. Good, duteous, thankful, the child had no existence save in them; adoring his mother, and obeying his father, as tenderly as they loved him in return. The little warm-hearted fellow appeared to be the bond uniting in steadfast harmony the thriving household of the Romenys.

One autumn, however, a series of stormy, equinoctial weather brought idleness, and consequently need and suffering, to the fishing population of the French coast, and, as if wantonly to aggravate the evils of the hour, Pierre Romeny seized upon the season of adversity to indulge in vices for which he never before evinced a propensity. To beguile his disappointments, he betook himself to drink and dominos, squandering at the *estaminet* the means which had become doubly precious to his family. Remorse was now added to his miseries. He was ashamed to return home. He dreaded the reproaches of his prudent wife; he dreaded the uncomplaining depression of his hungry children; and, encouraged by the evil counsels of those who found their profit in his folly, again drank, again gamed, again swore and blasphemed, while the angry winds howled round the resort of intemperance, as if mocking or menacing the offender.

Again and again did poor Françoise present herself at the door, imploring him to return home. Her entreaties were met at first by sullen silence; at length with threats and imprecations; and when, in the despair of her soul, she ventured to despatch her beloved boy on the same errand, in the hope that his open honest countenance would work its way to the heart of the erring but not yet hardened man, Romeny, infuriated by drink and shame, seized the little fellow by the hair, and dashed him furiously against the wall. On recovering from that stunning blow, young Pierre, pale and heartbroken, went his way out of the *estaminet* without a word. His only care was to efface all trace of his sufferings before he reached the presence of his mother, to whom

he uttered not a syllable of his father's ill-usage.

Romeny did not return home that night. Early next morning, Françoise hazarded another visit of remonstrance. She had to tell him that the Jeannette, of which he was part owner and master mariner, was preparing to leave the port; that there was a lull, that his comrades were all astir—that he must be at his post. But the dull eyes of the drunkard stared upon her as though he knew her not, proving that her words were spoken in vain. He spent that day as he had spent the preceding night, lying stupified under the wooden benches of the *estaminet*.

For two preceding years the boy had formed part of the crew of the Jeannette. Carefully watched and instructed by his father, little Pierre was proverbial among his mates for his courage and activity; and already it was predicted by the older sailors that he would make as brave and expert a mariner as his father. Upon his mother's return from the wine-house, as if apprized by her swollen eyelids how matters stood, he folded her a moment in his fond but rough embrace, whispering a fervent entreaty that she would thenceforward look to him as the support of her future years. Then, with a hasty kiss to his little sister, the young sailor hurried down to the quay, where the Jeannette was preparing to lift her anchor, explained in a few incoherent words that his father's absence was occasioned by illness, and commenced with more than usual activity his duties of the day.

Pierre Romeny's place was instantly filled by an able mariner from among the numerous hands wanting work in weather so unpropitious and the kind-hearted captain of the Jeannette, believing in the pretext of his indisposition, would fain have dispensed with the services of the boy, that he might attend upon his father. But little Pierre stood firm. Aware that his exertions were likely to become valuable to his mother, he refused to return home; and seemed to take pride in the idea of his first cruise, emancipated from the instructions of his father. Poor Françoise, who had followed him to the port, after watching the Jeannette pitch her way out of harbour, knelt down with a heavy heart at the foot of the cross to implore a blessing upon the boy—her joy, her comfort. She dared not even to the ear of Heaven avow that he was her only comfort left on earth.

A severe chastisement awaited her maternal partiality. Towards afternoon, a heavy squall arose. By the time the lighthouse sent forth its warning brightness, the waves ran so high, and the darkness of the night was so terrible, that it surprised no one when the turn of the

tide brought in only one of three fishing-smacks which had ventured out. The Jeannette was evidently unable to make the harbour!

All that night did Françoise Romeny pass upon the jetty, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow of her bones, praying, raving, despairing: Morning came at last, and brought no comfort; for, by the grey lurid light of an equinoctial dawn, she saw the wreck of the Jeannette stranded off Fort Rouge. It was not, however, till evening that the body of the only individual missing among her crew was washed ashore. The clamorous rejoicings of the wives whose husbands had been spared drowned the faint cry of the poor mother, when a dark object, entangled in seaweed, was snatched by the wreckers from the waves, and deposited upon her knees.

"My boy, my murdered boy!" burst from the lips of the distracted woman (convinced that, had his father been at his post, the life of the lad would have been preserved like those of his young comrades)—"the curse of God be upon the drunkard who sent thee forth to struggle with the storm, while indulging in vice and cowardly idleness on shore!"

In her distraction, Françoise saw not that the unhappy father stood beside her, with his eyes fixed upon the livid body of the child—bewildered, desperate, and destined from that awful moment to a species of sullen idiocy, the consequence of a shock received after the excitement of ardent spirits.

But for the tenderness of her surviving child, Françoise Romeny would probably have sunk under the pressure of this double affliction. Anxiety for the living served, however, to tranquillise the violence of her sorrow for the dead. She soon began to accuse herself as the origin of her husband's affliction, and devote herself heroically to its alleviation. Apprehensive that Pierre might be moved, by some sudden impulse of remorse, to an act of desperation, she resolved never to leave his side when he took up his daily station upon the spot where the poor boy's body was rescued from the waves. There they used to sit, those heart-broken parents, stricken with heavy affliction; their bread bitter, their souls despairing, till it came to be accounted a bad omen when the faces of the Romenys were the first objects that greeted the foreign traveller, or the last which the crew of a vessel noticed upon shore. The gulls seemed to flit over their heads, regarding them no more than the spars and timbers among which they loitered away the day, watching for the return of the Jeannette, which Pierre Romeny fondly persisted would one day bring back their living, breathing, promising bright-faced boy—the

loving boy whom he had smitten—the dutiful boy whom he had allowed to meet unprotected the perils of the midnight storm.

But they are watchers no longer. The repentant father is lying beside his victim in the cemetery of Calais; and Françoise the inmate of her daughter, now a happy wife and mother. It is some consolation to her gray hairs that, among the young ones crowding to her knees, there is a little blue-eyed Pierre, in whose behalf her intercessions to Heaven are blest with many a faithful tribute to the memory of the dead!

CURIOSITIES OF COFFEE DRINKING.

BY MATTHEW P. HAYNES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

The writer of a tract in 1663, entitled "*The Vertues of Coffee*," says, in his preface, "Having often drunk *Coffa*, as many other have done, for company more than of any other knowledge I had of the vertue of it, nor could I gain it by discourse with those who sold of it, nor others which drank thereof dayly,—it made me search for satisfaction out of the workes of eminent authors." A similar search has led to the collection of the following particulars.

The origin of the use of Coffee as a beverage is uncertain; by some it is attributed to a monk—of nobody knows where, who was told that the cattle belonging to the monastery, after browsing on the coffee tree, would rest not, but caper about the whole of the night. It is said that thereupon he resolved to try the effect of the juice of the berry upon his monks, who came very drowsy to matins, and that it had the effect of making them vigilant and lively at their devotions. Others hold that the Persians were the inventors of it, and that it was introduced into Arabia in the fifteenth century by Gemaleddin, the mufti of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea. In 1511 its use was prohibited at Grand Cairo, because it was thought to be intoxicating. The dervises denounced it as incompatible with the Alcoran, on the ground that it was *coal*,—coal being prohibited as an article of food. By others, Coffee has been prohibited because it was supposed to belong to the bean tribe,—beans having been forbidden as an article of food by Pythagoras, because the souls of men resided in their blossom. The first mention of Coffee is in the ninth century. It is referred to by *Rhasio*, an eminent Arabian physician, who speaks of it as *Bunchum*, a fruit which was gathered in the month of *Ab*, and no other

fruit but Coffee is gathered in the month in question. Parkinson, in his "Herball," mentions it, from Alpinus, as known to the Egyptians. Concerning its introduction into England, there can scarcely be a second opinion; a writer in 1663 says it was introduced by "that worthy gentleman Sir James Muddelford;" but it is more probable that the honour of introducing it belongs to *Pasqua Rosee*. He was a Greek of low degree, and came to England in the capacity of servant to Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant. This Greek opened the first coffee-house in London, about 1652, and the first house for the sale of this beverage in Paris was opened by Pascal, an Armenian, in 1672. Long before *Pasqua Rosee* set up as "*Coffa-man*," the praise of Coffee had been sounded in England. Bacon had said, "in Turkey they have a drink called *Coffa*, made of the berry of the same name, as black as soot, but not aromatical, which they take, beaten into powder in water, as hot as they can drink it, and they take it and sit at it in their *Coffa*-houses, which are like our taverns." From the "*Travails of Sir George Sands*" (1621) we learn, that the Turks sipped Coffee out of little China dishes, sitting all day chatting in their Coffee-houses. Speaking of Coffee Sir George says, "Black it is as soot, tasting not much unlike it. Many of the *Coffa*-men kept beautiful boys, who served as *stales* (*waiters*) to procure them custom. Sir Henry Blunt, in his voyage to the Levant, speaking of Coffee-drinking, says, "It is a harmless entertainment of good-fellowship; for there, upon scaffolds half-a-yard high, and covered with mats, they sit crosselegg'd, many times two or three hundred together talking, and likely with some poor musick passing up and down." Bacon says, Coffee "comforteth the brain and heart, and maketh the spirits strong and alacre." In "*Organon Salutes*," published in 1659, its medicinal qualities were highly extolled; it was said to "prevent lethargies in old people and the rickets in children." Against the gout it was said to be a decisive remedy. "Surely," says the sapient writer, "it must be *salutiferous*, because so many sagacious and the wittiest sort of nations use it so much. When a Turk is sick, he fasts and takes Coffee, and if that will not do he makes his will, and thinks of no other phisick." Some of the early writers upon the Coffee drink, thought it to be "the old black broth used so much by the Lacedemonians whereof the poets sing."

In the library of the British Museum the original announcement of *Pasqua Rosee* is preserved. It is printed on a large folio sheet, in bold type, and is as follows, but without any date:—

THE VERTUE OF THE COFFEE DRINK.

FIRST PUBLIQUELY MADE AND SOLD IN ENGLAND BY
PASQUA ROSEE.

"The grain or berry called coffee, groweth upon little trees only in the Deserts of Arabia. It is brought from thence, and drunk generally throughout all the grand Signoir's dominions. It is a simple innocent thing, composed into a drink by being dried in an oven, and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring water and about half-a-pint of it to be drunk fasting an hour before, and not eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured, the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blisters by reason of that heat. The Turks' drink at meals and other times is usually water, and their dyet consists much of fruit; the *Cruddities* whereof are very much corrected by this drink. The quality of this drink is cold and dry; and though it be dryer yet it neither *houts* nor *inflames* more than hot posset. It so closeth the orifice of the stomach, and fortifies the heat within, that it's very good to help digestion, and therefore of great use to be had about three or four a clock afternoon, as well as in the morning. It much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome. It is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it, and take in the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and therefore good against the head-ache, and will very much stop any *Defluxion of Rheums* that distil from the head upon the stomach, and so prevent and help *Consumptions* and the *Cough of the Lungs*. It is excellent to cure the *dropsy*, *gout*, and *scurvy*. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in *years* or *children* that have any running humours upon them, as the *King's Evil*, &c. It is very good to prevent mis-carryings in child bearing women; it is a most excellent remedy against the *Spleen*, *Hypochondrick Wind*, or the like. It will prevent drowsiness, and make one fit for business if one have occasion to *watch*, and therefore you are not to drink of it after supper, unless you intend to be *watchful*; for it will burden sleep for three or four hours. It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the *stone*, *gout*, *dropsy*, or *scurvy*, and that their skins are exceedingly clear and white. It is neither *Laxative* nor *Restraining*."

"Made and sold in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill,
by *Pasqua Rosee*, at the sign of his own head."

If poets were found to celebrate the "Black Broth" of old, rhymsters were not wanting to defame the beverage which *Pasqua Rosee* sold. A poem entitled, "*A Broadside against Coffee, or the Marriage of the Turk*," was published. It opens thus:—

"Coffee,—a kind of Turkish *Renegade*,
Has late a match with *Christian water* made:
At first between them happened a *demur*,
Yet joyn'd they were, but not without *great stir*."

It has already been stated that *Rosee* was a foreigner and a servant,—and thus does the poet take care to let his readers know it:—

"A *coachman* was the first (here) coffee made,
And ever since, the rest drive on the trade,
'He no good *Engulash*!'—and sure enough,
He played the quack to save his *Stygian* stuff.
'Ver boon for de stomach, de cough, and the *ptisick*;
And I believe him, for it looks like phisick."

In this same effusion poor *Pasqua*'s coffee was declared to be "crust charkt into a coal." It could not be denied that for curing drunkards "it had got great fame;" but the poet inquires; "Won't *posset* or *porrige* do the same?" After all, however, he was compelled to admit that

—"Now, alas, the drink has credit got,
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not."

From "*Coffee in its Colours*" (1668) we learn that coffee drinkers sat in "Wax candle circles," and that some of the clubs were moved from the taverns to coffee shops. The author of "*Coffee in its Colours*" thus addressed a coffee party:—

"Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your Wax candle circles,—&c.
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday;
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er Tavern Bars into the Farrier's shop:
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoak and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench."

But the muses were not so partial as to allow all the poetizing to be in condemnation of coffee, for a goodly number of versifiers came forward as its eulogists. "*Rebellion's Antidote*," a dialogue between Coffee and Tea, printed over against Baynard Castle, anno 1685, represents Madame Tea greeting Coffee thus:—

"All hail, kind friend, sweet Balsom of our age!"

Coffee then recites its exploits, declaring that it will

"Disgorge God Bacchus, and prepare a stage
Once more to entertain a golden age."

Tea, by no means jealous, calls coffee her "dear sister"—"better than goodness" and "dearer than a wife," and then pens the following "*deserv'd Arcostic*"—(*Coffee loquatur*):—

"Come, frantick fools, leave off your drunken fits;
O besqueius be, and I'll recall your wits
From perfect madness to a modest strain;
For farthings four I'll fetch you back again.
E noble all your mone with tricks of state;
Enter and sip and then attend your fate."

Seven years after Rosee opened his shop, a work was published at Oxford, entitled, "The Nature of the Drink *Kauhi* or Coffee, and the Berry of which it is made; described by an Arabian Phisitian." The writer has obtained a copy of this work, to which is appended a note in manuscript, stating that it was "translated by Dr. Pococke." The Arabic is preserved, forming but two very small pages; and the following is the translation accompanying it:—

"*Bun* is a plant in *Yaman*, which is planted in *Adar*, and groweth up, and is gathered in *Ab* (the month.) It is about a cubit high, on a stalk about the thickness of one's thumb. It flowres white, leaving a berry like a small nut, but that sometimes it is broad like a bean: and when it is peeled, parteth in two. The best of it is that which is weighty and yellow; the worst that which is black. It is hot in the first degree, and cold in the second; it is usually reported to be cold and dry, but it is not so, for it is bitter, and whatsoever is bitter is hot. It may be that the *scoree* is hot, and the *Bun* itselfe either of equal temperature, or cold in the first degree. That which makes for its coldnesse is its stipticknesse. In umme it is by experience found to conduce to the drying of Rheumes and fligmatick coughs and distillations. It

is now known by the name of *Kokwak*. When it is dried, and thoroughly boyled, it allayes the ebullition of the blood, is good against the small poxe and meales; yet causeth vertiginous head-head, and maketh lean much, occasioneth waking, and sometimes breedeth melancholly. He that would drink it for liveliness sake, and to discusse slothfulness and the other properties that we have mentioned, let him use much sweat-meates with it, and oyle of pistacioes and butter. Some drink it with milk, but it is an error, and such as may bring in danger of the leprosy.

Here endeth the history of the "Arabian Phisitian."

[To be continued.]

ROBERT BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD.

This distinguished Scottish patriot was the son of George Baillie of St. John's kirk in Lanarkshire, cadet of the ancient family of Baillie of Lamington, who appears to have purchased the estate of Jerviswood, also in Lanarkshire, in the reign of Charles I., from a family of the name of Livingstone. The circumstance which first brought him into public notice deserves to be given in detail, as it tends to illustrate the profligacy of that government under which he eventually fell a martyr.

During the administration of the Duke of Lauderdale, a wretch of the name of Carstairs had bargained with archbishop Sharpe to undertake the business of an informer upon an uncommonly large scale, having a troop of other informers under him, and enjoying a certain reward for each individual whom he could detect at the conventicles, besides a share of the fines imposed upon them. It may be supposed that an individual who could permit himself to enter upon a profession of this kind, would not be very scrupulous as to the guilt of the persons whom he sought to make his prey. He accordingly appears to have, at least in one noted instance, pounced upon an individual who was perfectly innocent. This was the Rev. Mr. Kirkton, a nonconformist minister it is true, but one who had been cautious to keep strictly within the verge of the law. Kirkton was the brother-in-law of Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, by his marriage to the sister of that gentleman, and he is eminent in Scottish literary history for a memoir of the church during his own times, which was of great service in manuscript to the historian Wodrow, and was at length published in 1817.

One day in June, 1676, as Mr. Kirkton was walking along the High Street, of Edinburgh, Carstairs, whose person he did not know, accosted him in a very civil manner, and expressed a desire to speak with him in private. Mr. Kirkton, suspecting no evil, followed Carstairs, to a very mean looking house, near the common prison. Carstairs, who had no

warrant to apprehend or detain Mr. Kirkton, went out to get one, locking the door upon his victim. The unfortunate clergyman then perceived that he was in some danger, and prevailed upon a person in the house to go to seek his brother-in-law, Mr. Baillie, and apprise him of his situation. Carstairs, having in vain endeavoured to get the requisite number of privy councillors to sign a warrant, now came back, resolved, it appears, to try at least if he could not force some money from Mr. Kirkton for his release. Just as they were about to confer upon this subject, Mr. Baillie came to the door, with several other persons, and called to Carstairs to open. Kirkton, hearing the voices of friends, took courage, and desired his captor either to set him free, or to show a warrant for his detention. Carstairs, instead of doing either, drew a pocket pistol, and Kirkton found it necessary, for his own safety, to enter into a personal struggle, and endeavour to secure the weapon of his antagonist.

The gentlemen without, hearing a struggle, and cries of murder, burst open the door, and found Carstairs sitting upon Mr. Kirkton, on the floor. Baillie drew his sword, and commanded the poltroon to come off, asking him at the same time if he had any warrant for apprehending Mr. Kirkton. Carstairs said he had a warrant for conducting him to prison, but he utterly refused to show it, though Mr. Baillie said that, if he saw any warrant against his friend, he would assist in carrying it into execution. The wretch still persisting in saying he had a warrant, but was not bound to show it, Mr. Baillie left the place, with Mr. Kirkton and other friends, having offered no violence whatever to Carstairs, but only threatened to sue him for unlawful invasion of his brother-in-law's person.

It might have been expected from even a government so lost to honour and justice as that which now prevailed in Scotland, that it would have the *good sense* to overlook this unhappy accident to one of its tools. On the contrary, it was resolved to brave the popular feeling of right, by listening to the complaints of Carstairs. Through the influence of archbishop Sharpe, who said that, "if Carstairs was not countenanced, no one would be procured to apprehend fanatics afterwards," a majority of the council agreed to prosecute Baillie, Kirkton, and the other persons concerned. For this purpose, an antedated warrant was furnished to Carstairs, signed by nine of the councillors. The Marquis of Athol told Bishop Burnet, that he had been one of the nine who lent their names to this infamous document. The whole case, was, therefore, made out to be a tumult against the government; Baillie was fined in 6,000 merks,

(£318 sterling,) and his friends in smaller sums, and to be imprisoned till they should render payment.

This award was so opposite, in every particular, to the principles of truth, honour, and justice, that, even if not directed against individuals connected with the popular cause, it could not have failed to excite general indignation. It appears that a respectable minority of the council itself was strongly opposed to the decision, and took care to let it be known at court. Mr. Baillie was therefore released at the end of four months, in consideration of payment of one half of his fine to the creature Carstairs. Lord Halton, however, who was at this time a kind of pro-regent under his brother Lauderdale, had interest to obtain the dismissal of his opponents from the council, namely, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Morton, Dumfries, and Kincardine, and the Lords Cochrane and Primrose, whom he branded, for their conduct on this occasion, as enemies to the church, and favourers of conventicles.

After this period, nothing is known of Mr. Baillie till the year 1683, when he is found taking a prominent share in a scheme of emigration, agitated by a number of Scottish gentlemen, who saw no refuge but this from the tyranny of the government. These gentlemen entered into a negotiation with the patentees of South Carolina, for permission to convey themselves thither, along with their families and dependents. While thus engaged, Mr. Baillie was induced, along with several of his friends, to enter into correspondence and counsel with the heads of the Puritan party in England, who were now forming an extensive plan of insurrection, for the purpose of obtaining a change of measures in the government, though with no ulterior view. Under the pretext of the American expedition, Lord Melville, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, Mr. Baillie, and three others, were invited and repaired to London, to consult with the Duke of Monmouth, Sydney, Russell, and the rest of that party. This scheme was never properly matured; indeed, it never was anything but a matter of talk, and had ceased to be even that, when a minor plot for assassinating the King, to which only a small number of the party were privy, burst prematurely, and involved several of the chiefs, who were totally ignorant of it, in destruction. Sydney and Russell suffered for this crime, of which they were innocent; and Baillie and several other gentlemen were seized and sent down to be tried in Scotland.

The subsequent judicial proceedings were characterized by the usual violence and illegality

of the time. He endured a long confinement, during which he was treated very harshly, and not permitted to have the society of his lady, though she offered to go into irons, as an assurance against any attempt at facilitating his escape. An attempt was made to procure sufficient proof of guilt from the confessions wrought out of his nephew-in-law, the Earl of Tarras (who had been first married to the elder sister of the Duchess of Monmouth;) but this being found insufficient, his prosecutors were at last obliged to adopt the unlawful expedient, too common in those distracted times, of putting him to a purgative oath. An accusation was sent to him, not in the form of an indictment, nor grounded on any law, but on a letter of the King, in which he was charged with a conspiracy to raise rebellion, and a concern in the Rye-house Plot. He was told that, if he would not clear himself of these charges by his oath, he should be held as guilty, though not as in a criminal court, but only as before the council, who had no power to award a higher sentence than fine and imprisonment. As he utterly refused to yield to such a demand, he was fined by the council in £6,000, being about the value of his whole estates. It was then supposed that the prosecution would cease, and that he would escape with the doom of a captive. For several months he continued shut up in a loathsome prison, which had such an effect upon his health that he was brought almost to the last extremity. Yet "all the while," to use the words of Bishop Burnet, "he seemed so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like a reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians, and first martyrs in those last days of the church."

At length, on the 23d Dec. 1684, he was brought before the court of justiciary. He was now so weak as to be obliged to appear at the bar in his night-gown, and take frequent applications of cordials. The assize was empaneled at midnight, and sat till nine in the morning of the succeeding day, when a verdict of guilty was returned against Mr. Baillie, and he was sentenced to be executed that afternoon, at the cross, and his limbs to be afterwards exhibited on the jails of four different Scottish towns. The reason for such precipitation was the fear of his judges that a natural death would disappoint the wishes of the government, which called imperatively at this moment for a public example to terrify its opponents. Mr. Baillie was attended to the scaffold by his faithful and affectionate sister. The unfortunate gentleman was so weak that he required to be assisted in mounting the ladder: he betrayed, however,

no symptom of moral weakness. Just before being consigned to his fate, he said, in the self-accusing spirit of true excellence, "My faint zeal for the Protestant religion has brought me to this end." His sister-in-law, with the stern virtue of her family, waited to the last. Dr. Owen has testified, in a strong manner, to the great abilities of the Scottish Sydney. Writing to a Scottish friend, he said, "You have truly men of great spirits among you; there is, for a gentleman, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, a person of the greatest abilities I ever almost met with." Mr. Baillie's family was completely ruined by his forfeiture. He left a son, George Baillie, who, after his execution, was obliged to take refuge in Holland, whence he afterwards returned with the Prince of Orange, by whom he was restored to his estates. The wife of this gentleman was Miss Grizel Hume, daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, a fellow-patriot of Mr. Robert Baillie. The occasion of their meeting was very remarkable. Miss Grizel, when a very young girl, was sent by her father from the country, to endeavour to convey a letter to Mr. Baillie in prison, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded in this difficult enterprise; and having at the same time met with Mr. Baillie's son, the intimacy and friendship was formed, which was afterwards completed by their marriage.

SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE.

[Concluded from page 47.]

[When Roberts came to take his leave of Fanny she acted upon the advice of Amy Weston. She expressed the sorrow she felt for what she called her naughtiness; and what further passed can be more easily guessed than described. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Roberts remained at Boston, and as soon as a house could be furnished and the fashionable paraphernalia for a bride provided, Fanny and Mr. Roberts were married; and the fifth chapter ends with a sparkling description of the wedding show, from which Edward Selmar retired with a heavy heart.]

"I have been out of tune this evening," said Edward, as soon as he and Amy were alone together.

"So I have observed; and I was sorry for it."

"Perhaps you have blamed me for it."

"I regretted, Edward, that you were not more disposed to enjoy yourself, particularly as it was Fanny's wedding."

"You do not sympathize with my state of feeling, Amy."

"I think I understand and can excuse your feelings, though I do not sympathize with them."

"But I should be better pleased if you did."

"What! if you did not feel rightly, Edward?"

"It may be a great fault in me, but I fear I do."

"You do yourself injustice, Edward. We have agreed that we will be faithful friends to each other,—not flatterers."

"True, Amy; but you forget the peculiar trials of my case—to have lost my property just at this moment, when I am sure of your love. But for my misfortunes, we might be married, as well as Fanny and Roberts. O, Amy, I have not felt like a Christian this evening; I have been envious of the happiness of my friend."

"Have faith—have patience; all will be well."

"It must be so long before I can possess such a property as will satisfy your father's ambition; perhaps never."

"Should not this uncertainty about the future teach us to make the most of the present?"

"I cannot be so reasonable as you are, Amy."

"Do not mistake me, Edward; do not think me cold, because, when I am with you, I am too happy to think of the future. Our love is a present, enduring reality, into which the spirit of fear cannot enter; is it not, Edward?"

"You are right, Amy, and I have been wrong. Yours is the true, the heavenly love—all hoping, all trusting. You shall help me to subdue the spirit of complaint. You have already put a better heart into me."

In man's impatience under suffering is there not something of that sense of superiority which was the origin of the slavish state in which woman has existed for ages, and to which she is still doomed, in many parts of the world? When exposed to the same trials, do we not often see the woman enduring with an uncomplaining patience, and cheerful courage; while lordly man either submits with a cold and haughty calmness, or fiercely resists and complains, as if his chartered rights were infringed? This gives rise to a fault in woman, which deserves still more to be reprobated; it is that of flattering this weakness in man, and by that means gaining by art that ascendancy over him, which he finds so much self-complacency in thinking he possesses over her by nature. In both sexes, it is an unrighteous love of dominion.

Amy equally detested any approach to the character of tyrant or slave. She would neither flatter nor be flattered. It was this noble independence of soul that first attracted Edward; and, although his self-love was sometimes tried by it, yet did he always love and honour her the more for her faithful allegiance to his as well as her own principle of action.

After a silence of some minutes, Edward resumed the conversation.

"I know, Amy, that you will have patience with me; but there is something almost intolerable in the state in which I am now placed. Every one appears to me to look differently upon me, since I lost my property, except you; and the only way in which I can win back their regard—the only way in which I can win even you, Amy, is by gaining money. How I hate the very word! and yet, never before did I so desire the thing."

"There is another, and a far more just view of your case, Edward."

"What is it, Amy?"

"Has not your failure discovered to you, as well as to me, that we are bound together by stronger ties than prosperity could have formed? Do we not suffer together? Did you not tell my father that you were satisfied?"

"And I ought to be satisfied. I asked, I wanted, nothing of him but his daughter, when I can maintain her. But this odious money, Amy!"

"Come! you must not quarrel so with money, at the same time that you say that with it you can possess my hand. This is not very gallant in you, Edward. I shall expect you to think that money-making is very pleasant work, for my sake. I only wish I could help you, and do something myself; but, on the contrary, here I am doomed to uselessness, because my father is a rich man."

"You are right, Amy; you are right, and I am all wrong. You shall not see me so weak again. I will learn to love to make bargains: accounts, price currents, invoices, shall be dear to me; and all the cheating I see, I will forgive for your sake."

A few days afterwards, Edward informed Amy that he had made a final settlement with his creditors. His affairs had turned out better than he had feared. He had been able to pay seventy-five cents on a dollar, and had received a full release from all further claims. He then told her that he had resolved to accept a very advantageous proposal, which had been made to him to go to China; that he might be gone two years, perhaps more; but that he trusted that he should return with such a fortune as would enable them to be married.

Poor Amy! It was now Edward's turn to teach resignation and hope. He who makes a brave and cheerful sacrifice to duty, always seems to acquire a new power of endurance—a self-supporting energy, that directly transforms him into the comforter of those for whom he devotes himself.

"And it is for me, Edward, that you are leaving your country, your home; it is for me that you are risking your health, your life!"

"It is for myself," replied Edward. "I

have no true happiness, till you are my wife. It is for myself; for I have no home, till you are its guardian angel."

When Edward told Mr. Weston of his determination, he expressed his approbation in more decided terms than it was his habit to do. "It seems," he said, "to promise well. Some of our first men have made their fortunes in this way. Your engagement to my daughter is unfortunate."

Poor Edward writhed under the torture of listening to this and a few more remarks of the same sort, and after a short silence, said, "I sail to-morrow, sir. I hope, if my life is spared, that on my return, I shall find you well and happy, and, if I should be successful, that you will"—he hesitated—"look upon me with more favourable eyes than you do at present."

He rose to depart. The world had left a piece of Mr. Weston's heart unspoiled. He was touched at the thought of the sacrifice Edward was making—at the thought of that *if* which involves the question of life and death; he remembered his late coldness and neglect; for once, he forgot the opinion of the world, and, without consulting the wisest and best, he reached out his hand to Edward, and said, "God bless you!"

There was little conversation between Edward and Amy, the last evening they passed together. O, those sad words—"the last!" With what a leaden weight do the minutes seem to press on our hearts, when their number can be counted before that shall arrive which parts us from one who is dearer to us than life! We cannot, we dare not, describe the parting between Amy and Edward. Such scenes are too holy for any but angels to look upon.

[In the resolute discharge of every day duties, Amy found the only true solace for the absence of her lover, who, in about two years returned from China, where his successful enterprise had placed him in a position to claim the hand of his betrothed, and after a noble exhibition of devoted tenderness on her part, whilst he lay at Hospital Island, Boston, the subject of Asiatic Cholera, they were happily united. Meanwhile the reserve of Roberts, and the weakness of his wife, poor Fanny, had led to the inevitable result of miserable distrust between two warmly attached beings, each deeply sensible of their respective failings, and loath to acknowledge them to each other. Mr. and Mrs. Selmar soon had their happiness clouded by the melancholy tidings of Fanny's mind having become unhinged by the proposal of her husband to leave her; and returning reason had only begun to dawn on Mrs. Roberts' mind, when, after Mrs. Selmar's recovery from the birth of her first child, she set out from Boston to visit her afflicted friend, then resident at New York. As she is about to commence her journey, Ruth is again introduced to our notice on a very important occasion.]

All Amy's arrangements for leaving home were made, and Ruth had come to receive her parting directions, as the next day was to make her sole manager.

"Are you not afraid, ma'am, to go to-morrow?" said Ruth with a portentous look.

"Why, Ruth, should I fear going to-morrow?"

"You know it says in the almanack, that there will be an eclipse of the sun."

"Then I shall have a fine opportunity of seeing it, in the steamboat. Why, Ruth, should we fear an eclipse?"

"I am no coward, ma'am. I have lived too long in the woods to be scared at an owl: but I never saw any good come of eclipses, or comets neither, and I do feel a kind o' chicken-hearted about your going, Mrs. Selmar, that's a fact; and I shall feel dreadful lonesome without you and the dear babe."

Amy replied that they should return in a few days. She gave her some further directions, and told her that she had nothing more to say, "I know you will take good care of my father, Ruth. I trust all to you."

Ruth still lingered. It was evident she had something weighing heavily on her mind. At last, she took courage, and began.

"There is something else that I feel rather ugly about, ma'am. I wanted just to speak a word to you about it before you went; but I am afraid you'll think it ridiculous."

"What is it, Ruth?" said Amy, very kindly.

"Why, ma'am," said Ruth, hanging her head on one side, and pulling out her fingers, one after another, to their full length, "you know the old saying, There's ne'er a Jack without a Jill; and Jerry has, somehow or other, thrown dust in my eyes, so that I don't see but what, for want of a better, I may about as well take up with him for a beau."

Amy found it hard to keep her countenance during this explanation.

"Do you mean, Ruth, that you intend to marry Jerry?"

"I know it seems ridiculous, ma'am; but I have, if the upshot of it must be told, come to the conclusion, that I might go further and fare worse; and I have as good as told Jerry so."

"But do you love Jerry, Ruth?"

"Why, I guess I kind o' love him. I tell him that bad's the best of the men-folks; but I rather guess I set more by him than by any other of his specie, though he is so short."

"But are you sure, Ruth, that you shall be happier with Jerry than you are with me? Do you love him enough to trust yourself to him?"

"Why, ma'am, nothing in life is certain but death; but I feel sure enough for my own satisfaction; and, you know, nothing venture,

nothing have. The long and the short of it is, if you approve, I expect I shall marry Jerry."

"I shall certainly be sorry to lose you, Ruth; but, if you are really attached to Jerry, and feel sure that you will be happier with him, I shall be very glad for your sake. But a woman ought to be very cautious to whom she binds herself for life."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ruth. "I have always thought that the girls who marry, as some of our girls do, your outlandish foreigners, who have no manners, were served right for their folly; but Jerry is one of our own folks."

"It seems to me, Ruth," said Amy, "I have heard you laugh at Jerry."

"That, ma'am, is one way I try whether a beau suits me. If he won't let me have my own way, in the matter of talking and laughing how should he in any other? And the truth is, he is as patient as Job with me, when I take to my funning ways."

"But I hope, Ruth, that is not your object in marrying Jerry—to have your own way. He may also like his way, and you will quarrel."

"We shall both have our own way, ma'am. It takes two to make a quarrel, and I never mean to be one. I guess we shall be peaceable enough. I always thought it was ridiculous for married folks to quarrel."

"Is Jerry a religious man, Ruth?"

"You may be sure enough of that, ma'am, or I should never have taken a shine to him. It's not a fair bargain between man and wife, when one lives for time, and the other for eternity."

"And you are sure, Ruth, that you have well considered what you are doing in promising to marry Jerry?" asked Amy.

"My maxim, ma'am," said Ruth, "is, be slow in choosing a friend, but slower still in giving him up."

Amy perceived that Ruth's mind was made up; and as she believed Jerry was a good fellow, and as she saw that Ruth was really attached to him, she not only expressed her approbation, which she knew was what Ruth desired, but the great pleasure she felt at the thought that she would have a faithful and affectionate friend, who would stand by her through life.

[As the development of the domestic character of the humbler classes of American society, and their peculiar conventional departures from the purity of the English language, were the principal features proposed to be illustrated in these extracts, we only deem it necessary further to add, that Fanny's illness, and the seasonable visit of her friend Amy, led to the effectual removal of that bane of domestic peace, mutual concealment, from the now happy home of Mr. Roberts; and on a subse-

quent sojourn of the Selmars at his house, in one of the newly-formed towns with which the republic abounds, after an interesting detail of their common prosperity, we find a concluding notice of our friends Ruth and Jerry, which must terminate our extracts from these interesting sketches.]

"You have not, Amy," said Fanny, "told me anything of my friend Ruth. How is she? and where is she? and what sort of a husband does Jerry make her?"

"A very good one," replied Amy. "They live in a small house in the neighbourhood of Boston. I went to see her, not long since, and she told me that she had a better husband than she or any other sinner deserved."

"Is she still as fond as ever of old verbs?"

"Quite. I had not been in the house ten minutes, before I heard her say, 'You know, ma'am, that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The poor old sexton is dead, and Jerry is chosen in his room; and what he gets by the business helps us on, though it is not much to speak of. But many a little makes a mickle.' I asked her if she was happy; and her eyes sparkled as she answered, 'Happy, ma'am, as the day is long. Jerry is one of that sort that can turn his hand to any thing; nothing shiftless about him. All is grist that comes to his mill. There is no kind of chore (work) but he can do so much better than any one else, that everybody employs him. He buries the dead, and waits upon the living; keeps a singing-school, cobbles and blacks shoes. I call him Jack at all trades, and good at none; but, though I say it that should not say it, he is a real good husband, and provides well for his family.'"

When the time arrived for the Selmars to return, their friends urged them to promise that, at some future day, when Selmar's property would allow him to leave business, they would come and join them in the country.

"This would be a great indulgence," answered Selmar; "but with my present habits, and our views of duty, I doubt whether it would be so good for us. Nature is indeed beautiful, as you see it here; these hills, this lovely glen, this river, this wilderness of flowers, and the music of your birds, and, above all, your dear selves; but all this, to Amy and me, would be luxurious indulgence. The human soul, with all its heights and depths, its rough and deep, and discordant tones, and its sweet, immortal music, its deformities, and its deathless beauties, must be the field in which we labour. There we are apparently placed by our great Task-master, and there we think we shall find our happiness."

Poetry.

TO HER I LOVE.

(From a forthcoming volume of Poems, by James Parker, of Glasgow.)

When locked within thine own embrace,
Beneath this summer evening sky,
Thy bosom for my resting-place,
Entranced in silent bliss I lie!
I will not speak!—words would alloy
The fulness of our happiness;
But yet the tide of holy joy
Shall swell our bosoms not the less.

I know thou lovest me! I lack
No words to breathe my love; I see
My own fond glance reflected back
From eyes that kindly beam on me!
There is no feeling known on earth
So sweet as that of being loved;—
And loved by one whose faith and worth
Our heart hath long and dearly proved!

Pure as the morning's dewy sheen
Upon the rival lily's blossom,
Is every thought that dwells within
The foldings of thy gentle bosom:
And though it should not be in speech,
Those gentle thoughts have their expression,
Thy sigh to me can language teach—
Thy very silence is confession.

Tears!—let me kiss them from the brim
Of those twin fountains whence they flow;
Too well I know thy heart to deem
Such tears could ere partake of woe!
They seem so like the light that plays
In April's clear and dewy skies:
Oh! never, love! may after days
Bring other tear-drops to thine eyes!

ONE LOOK FROM THEE.

One look from thee! as when at first we started
Together on life's journey, merry-hearted,
Can never more be mine:
Like some fair star in morn's embraces shaded,
Or a decaying flower, thine image faded,
And left no trace or sign.

One look from thee! as when we used to muster
Around thy father's hearth;—a happy cluster
Was ever there at night:
Life had no shadow then, for love was throwing
Its light around thee, and thy heart was glowing
With unalloyed delight.

One look from thee! as when beneath the gleaming
Of midnight lamps, our kindred hearts were dreaming
Of things too bright and wild!
That hall wherein we met is now another's,
And from their home thy sisters and thy brothers
Are wandering far exiled.

One look from thee! as when thy song came thrilling
In music unto me—each inmost feeling
Responsive echoes gave:—
Alas! that voice is mute, for thou art sleeping
Beneath the cold, green sod, and I am weeping
Beside thy grave!

The day after Dr. Price published his pamphlet on the National Debt, &c. the then Duke of Cumberland, walking in Westminster Hall, in company with Counsellor Dunning, met the doctor, and thinking it necessary to pay a compliment, told him, that he had read his book with so much delight, and sate up so late to finish it, that it had almost blinded him. "Rather singular," said Dunning, "that it should have such an effect on your royal Highness, for it has opened the eyes of every body else."

Franklin, the greatest philosopher and statesman of America, was once a printer's boy; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, and author of many learned works, was at first a poor weaver; Herschel, one of the most eminent astronomers, rose from the low station of a fifer boy in the army. These examples show us the happy effects of assiduity and perseverance.

Mrs. B. desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after turning over a few leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your irons are."

Old Fuller, the writer of the English Worthies, tells a quaint story of himself and a Justice Woodcock with whom, saith he, "I one evening walked in the fields, when we did hear an owl. 'What pretty bird can that be,' saith he; 'is it the nightingale?' 'Nay,' saith I, 'it is a woodcock.' 'No,' returned he, sharply, 'it is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over.'"

C. Bannister employed his tailor to make him a pair of small-clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, Charles complained that there was no fob. "I didn't think you wanted one," said Snip, "since I found the duplicate of your watch in the old pocket!"

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, Dolfer Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloccombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Bringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



View of the city of Constantinople from the Bosphorus

THE CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 5.]

SATURDAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(With an Engraving.)

Prince.—Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo'ster.—Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower.

Prince.—I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Glo'ster.—He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince.—Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Life and death of KING RICHARD III.

Public attention has been suddenly aroused, by the recent calamitous fire, to the history of this ancient national fortress, palace, and arsenal, and correct information respecting it will be deemed equally valuable and acceptable in the portable and permanent form which renders this Journal superior, in these respects, to the bulky and inconvenient medium of the daily or weekly newspapers.

The accurate engraving which illustrates this subject, a brief epitome of the history of the Tower, a description of its uses and condition previous to the fire, and a digested narrative of that catastrophe, will not only furnish a more useful record than was practicable amidst the conflicting rumours which prevailed during, and immediately after, that event—but will also, we trust, awaken a higher interest in our public monuments, and especially in this hitherto comparatively neglected structure, of which it has been truly said, that "there is not throughout the whole extent of Great Britain, a single Palace, Citadel, or

Prison, that, when considered under all its relations, and as respects both sovereign and people, can be placed in comparison with the TOWER OF LONDON." By our motto, it will be seen that Shakspeare, in one of the numerous tragic tales associated with the Tower, has adverted to the obscurity in which its origin is involved; but although the record of its foundation be lost—if it ever existed—with him we think the truth doth

"Live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day."

And when we find common tradition ascribing the erection of at least one of the towers in this citadel to the Romans, we are warranted in concluding that the fact has been transmitted from bygone generations. Messrs. Brayley and Britton have rendered invaluable service to history and their country, by their discriminating and laborious collection of records, widely spread throughout ancient manuscripts and obsolete registers, relating to the Tower, and to them we, and all who read of or study its history, are deeply indebted, both for the amount of information collected, and the scrupulous attention to the minutest details of every authority quoted, by which their readers are enabled to pursue their enquiries to the fullest extent.

In their Memoirs of the Tower of London, they thus argue: "That the *Londinium* of the Romans was at once a fortress, a fort, and a municipium, is attested by the best informed historians and antiquarians; and that the site of the present *Tower* would be the most likely

spot to be chosen for a place of defence, is deducible from its situation. It is a tract of land gently raised above the river, the Essex marshes, and those on the opposite side of the Thames, where a fortification was afterwards formed by the Saxons, and called *SOUTHWARK*."

Without pursuing this inquiry, it is certain that the most ancient part of the present structure, the White Tower, was erected by command of William the Conqueror, under the direction of Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, a celebrated military architect. A tempest having injured the fortress, it was repaired and extended under William Rufus and Henry I; and nearly a century afterwards, when Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was regent during the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion, it is recorded that the bishop "enclosed the Tower and Castell of London with an outward wall of stone embattailed, and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same," into which the water of the Thames was subsequently introduced. After having sustained a siege, Longchamp was compelled to surrender the fortress to Prince John and his partizans, by whom it was consigned to the custody of the Archbishop of Rouen, until Richard's return, when it became the royal residence.

King John, during the latter part of his reign, frequently resided here; and it was the chief abode of Henry III., who bestowed great labour and expense in repairing and adorning the chapels, halls, and principal chambers; he also extended the line of fortifications around the Tower, but the works were scarcely completed when, owing to the insufficient foundation, or to an earthquake, the whole fell suddenly to the ground. No sooner were they re-constructed, than a similar accident befel them, to the no small joy of the Londoners, who, jealous of the increasing power of the sovereign, were apprehensive that the Tower had been fortified for the purpose of intimidating and confining those who should assert the liberty of their city. During the remainder of Henry's troubled reign, the Tower was the scene of several conflicts between him and his barons; and at his decease, his son Edward being engaged in one of the crusades, it passed into the custody of the Archbishop of York until his return.

Edward I. seldom resided in the Tower, but he completed the works which had been begun by his father; and in the opinion of Mr. Bayley,* these were the last additions of any importance ever made to the building.

During this and the following reigns, the Tower was chiefly used as a state prison, for

the confinement of the numerous prisoners seized in the wars in which the Edwards were engaged in Wales, Scotland and France.—After the battle of Dunbar, in 1296, King Baliol, the Earls of Athol, Monteith, and Ross, and many other distinguished Scottish leaders, were confined in this fortress; and in 1305, the brave Sir William Wallace was immured in one of its dungeons, previous to his ignominious execution, to which he was conducted from the Tower to Cheapside in fetters, "habited in a short coat of coarse cloth, having on his head a mock garland of the latest fashion. He was first hung, then beheaded, afterwards opened, his bowels burned, and his head set on London Bridge to affright beholders." A similar fate soon after befel the Earl of Athol, Sir Simon Fraser, and Sir Christopher Setoun. In 1346, two earls and three hundred of the richest inhabitants of Caen were confined in the Tower; and in the same year, David Bruce, King of Scotland, was conducted there a prisoner, under the kingly escort of twenty thousand men. After eleven years confinement, he was finally ransomed for one hundred thousand marks. The following year witnessed the incarceration of John de Vienne, the valiant defender of Calais, with twelve of his brave companions, and Charles d' Blois, one of the competitors for the Duchy of Brittany, who was liberated in 1356, on payment of seven hundred thousand florins of gold.

John, King of France, and his son Philip, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Poitiers, in 1358, after remaining in honourable captivity in the Savoy and at Windsor, were removed into the Tower for safer custody, on Edward III.'s departure for France in the following year, where they remained until released under the treaty of Bretigny, in 1360.

During the following reign, (Richard II.,) the Tower became the scene of some of the most memorable events in its history. On the day of Richard's coronation, the King, clad in white robes, issued from the gates of the Tower, accompanied by hundreds of nobles, knights, and esquires; the streets through which he passed were adorned with drapery, the conduits ran with wine, and pageants were exhibited along the principal thoroughfares; from a castle with four towers, stationed in Cheapside, "the wine ran forth abundantly, and at the top stood a golden angel, holding a crown, so contrived that when the King came near, he bowed down and presented it to him. In each of the towers was a beautiful virgin, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, the which blew in the King's face leaves of gold and flowers of gold counterfeit." On the approach of the cavalcade, the damsels

*History of the Tower. 1830.

took cups of gold, and filling them with wine at the spouts of the castle, presented them to the King and his nobles. "Nevertheless, man being in honour abideth not." Scarcely had the festivities of the coronation concluded, before Wat Tyler's insurrection compelled the King and his mother, and several of his nobility, to take refuge in the fortress, and when he left it to give the insurgents a conference at Mile-end, a party of them, who had concealed themselves, took forcible possession of the Tower, beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, pillaged the palace, and grossly insulted the Queen Mother. These troubles were but the precursors of a disastrous reign, which terminated as it had begun in the Tower, where we soon hear the deposed monarch declare to his successful rival, Henry Bolingbroke, in the touching language of our national poet :—

"With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths,
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, and revenues I forego,
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny."

Richard was shortly afterwards removed to Leedes Castle, in Kent, and thence to Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire, where he is said to have been murdered.

Of the numerous prisoners confined in the Tower during the reign of Henry IV., James, the son of Robert III. of Scotland, and on his father's death, himself King of Scotland, was the most remarkable; having, whilst on a visit to France, by stress of weather, been thrown ashore near Flamborough Head, he was seized and committed to the Tower by Henry, contrary to all principles of justice, and notwithstanding a peace subsisted between the two countries.

Henry V. was, on his accession in 1412, brought to the Tower "with great ridynge of men of London, whence he proceeded on the morrow to Westminster." During this reign, in addition to many French prisoners, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was twice imprisoned, where he remained until he was burned at Smithfield, for professing the doctrines of Wycliffe.

Passing over the intervening reigns, during which the Tower continued to be the great state prison, and the contests between Edward IV. and Henry VI., the latter of whom was alternately conducted from the dungeons to the royal apartments of the Tower, we arrive at the dark transactions perpetrated within its gloomy walls during the reign of Richard III., the enormities of which are all surpassed by the reputed murder of Edward V. and his brother, the youthful Duke of York, by one

Myles Forest, "a felowe fleshe bred in murder before time, and John Dighton, a bygge broade square and strong knave," who entering their room "aboute mydnight, the soley children lying in their beddes, came into the chambre, and sodenli lapped them up amongst the clothes, so that they smored and styfled them, and their breathes failyng, they gave vp their innocent solles into the joys of heaven."

The history of the houses of Tudor and Stuart is interwoven with that of the captives lodged in the Tower—no longer conquered princes or turbulent barons, but the too faithful friends, the betrothed wives, the affectionate sisters, the confiding wards of their respective sovereigns, or the noble martyrs to the truth, "of whom the world was not worthy." In the review of their sufferings, the mind is alternately swayed with emotions of pity for their affecting reverses of fortune, and of disgust and abhorrence at the abuse of power, and the unprincipally heartlessness of their royal persecutors.

In the Tower Sir William Stanley was impeached, convicted, and, on the adjoining hill, beheaded, on a paltry charge relating to Peter Warbeck, at the instance of Henry VII., to whose elevation to the throne he was mainly instrumental.

After the wrongs inflicted by Henry the Eighth on Catharine of Arragon, the unequalled splendour of whose ill-starred nuptials, celebrated in the Tower, contrasts strongly with her subsequent degradation; how painfully does the gorgeous pageantry and pomp of Queen Ann Boleyn's entry to and from the ominous fortress, give intensity to the revolting tragedy enacted within the Tower, in less than three short years, when, blooming with youth, beauty, and innocence, this hapless Princess laid her head on the fatal block.*

A similar fate befel Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and others of minor note, for their adherence to the Church of Rome. Of one of these, the Countess of Salisbury, who was brought to execution without trial, for the alleged crime of corresponding with her son, it is related by Lord Herbert, that when conducted to the scaffold in the Tower, she refused to lay her head on the block, affirming she was no traitress. The executioner therefore followed her round the platform, striking at her venerable head with his axe, and in this shocking manner she was literally chopped to death. Nor were the opposers of Papacy exempt; of these Lord Cromwell was the first and most

* It is said she resolutely refused to have her eyes covered with a bandage, and as she turned them towards the executioner, he had not the courage to strike, until by a stratagem, he approached her from behind and effected his object.

distinguished : suddenly doomed by his fickle sovereign to attainder and execution, on the 28th July, 1540, this highly-gifted man and upright minister was beheaded on Tower Hill, "by a ragged and boocherly miser, whiche very ungoodly performed the office."

Queen Katharine Howard and her confidante, Lady Rochford, were beheaded on the green within the Tower, and many of their relations were imprisoned for concealing the Queen's misconduct, of whom Lord Howard died in the Tower in 1542, and the rest were confined for life. Early in the same year, Arthur Lisle, Viscount Plantaganet, who had been lodged in this prison on suspicion of favouring a design to betray the town of Calais to the French, died from joy on hearing that his innocence was established.

The close of this reign was consistent, for on some frivolous pretexts, the Duke of Norfolk, the devoted and uniform supporter of Henry, together with his son, the accomplished Earl of Surrey, were imprisoned in the Tower; the latter was beheaded January 18, 1545, on Tower Hill, and the orders for the execution of the Duke on the 29th, were only stayed by the news of the King's death on the previous night.

The coronation of Edward VI. shed a partial gleam of gladness over the dark history of this period, but it was soon shaded by the imprisonment and execution of Thomas, Lord Seymour, the warrant for which was signed, under a strong sense of duty, by his brother the Protector Somerset, who shortly afterwards himself twice became a prisoner in the Tower, and at length yielded up on the block at Tower Hill, a life which had been spent in the service of his country.

The melancholy fate of Lady Jane Grey and her ambitious family, is a household story—she soon passed from the palace to the cells of the Tower, and Mary assuming the crown, established her court there, until the interment of her brother, and her own coronation. When that ceremony was concluded, and Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection quelled, the young and amiable Lady Jane and her husband were executed, forming a fit prelude to the succession of ensanguined butcheries which disgraced this reign. The Duke of Norfolk next suffered death at the Tower, and shortly afterwards the Princess Elizabeth was conducted there a prisoner, by orders of her Royal sister, but was shortly afterwards removed to Woodstock, where she remained until, on her sister's death, she re-entered this fortress as the Queen of England, amidst the joyful acclamations of her assembled subjects; and here her corona-

tion was celebrated with unexampled magnificence.

Many nobles, dignitaries, and others, of the Roman Catholic Faith, were now in their turn committed to the Tower. These were followed by the chief conspirators in the numerous plots which followed the transfer of power to the Protestant party, and disturbed the government of Elizabeth; amongst whom may be enumerated the Duke of Norfolk, executed in 1571, the celebrated Earl of Essex, beheaded in 1601, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who, after twelve years confinement, with occasional intervals of freedom, was led to the block. In 1603, James I. held his court in the Tower, and during his reign, a few distinguished characters were immured in this prison, of whose fate the most interesting is that of the Lady Arabella Stuart. Her only crime appears to have been her near relationship to the throne. Her undeserved oppressions operating too severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that state until her captivity was terminated by death, in 1615. Two years previous to that event, the Tower became the scene of the foul murder, by poison, of Sir Thomas Overbury, secretary to the miscreant Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his worthless paramour, the Countess of Essex. It is gratifying to know that their crimes were at length permitted to overtake them and all parties concerned in the diabolical murder.

Amidst the convulsions which dissolved the framework of English society, under Charles I., the Tower was not only the state prison, but the stronghold of the contending factions, by whom it was alternately seized. In the early part of this reign, Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham, was lodged in the Tower, from whence he was removed to Westminster for trial, and, on his confession, sentenced to execution at Tyburn.

The year 1640 saw Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, imprisoned here. In January the Earl was arraigned in Westminster Hall, and during a trial which lasted seventeen days, defended himself with such energy and talent, that one of his prosecutors acknowledged, "never any man acted his part on such a theatre with greater reason, constancy, judgment, and temper, or with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than he did." But eloquence and reason were unavailing; he was found guilty of high treason, and re-conducted to the Tower. The King, for a long time, refused to sign the bill of attainder, and vainly essayed to induce parliament to spare the Earl's life. At Strafford's own request, that his Majesty would not endanger his crown by opposing the wishes of his people,

Charles yielded his assent, and this distinguished soldier and statesman fell a victim to the blind fury and discontent of the populace, whom he told at the scaffold, with a composed and undaunted air, that "he feared the Reformation, (as the revolution was then styled) which was begun in blood, would not prove so fortunate to the kingdom as they expected and he desired."

The custody of the Tower had meanwhile become the subject of frequent contentions, which ended in general Monk obtaining possession, and holding it until the Restoration. Under Charles II. multitudes of prisoners of the opposing faction were confined, and numbers of them executed, in the Tower. Many of the confederates of the various plots, real and pretended, which were hatched in this transition state of the people, were also lodged within its walls, of whom were the Earl of Essex and Lord William Russel. On the very morning Lord Russel was engaged in his trial, Essex was found dead in his bed, with his throat cut, under circumstances of strong suspicion, especially when it became known that the King and his brother, the Duke of York, were at the time of his death in the Tower, where they had not been for upwards of fifteen years before. The fate of Lord Russell is well known, as well as that of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who, after two days confinement in the Tower, was executed on Tower Hill on the 15th July, 1685.

The memorable committal of the seven bishops, for refusing to publish James II.'s declaration of indulgence to dissenters, but designed to favour the Roman Catholics, took place in June, 1688. They were conveyed to the Tower by water, and as they passed, the banks of the river were thronged with spectators, who implored their blessing, and supplicated heaven for their deliverance. They were placed at the bar of the King's Bench on the 28th June, and, after one of the most important trials recorded, were declared not guilty.

Shortly after the abdication of James, and the accession of the Prince of Orange, the infamous Judge Jeffries was lodged in the Tower, where, it said, he died of excessive drinking.

The change of the succession to the throne, involved many who were opposed to it in danger, and a long list of nobility and others were conveyed to this prison during the succeeding reigns. The most remarkable of these were the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Lovat, and Ratcliff, who were implicated in the Scottish rebellion of 1745. They were decapitated on Tower Hill, and were happily the last who have been executed on that scaffold, where so much noble blood has been shed.

The celebrated John Wilks was, in 1763, confined here until his discharge, on the declaration of the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, that his crime in publishing No. 45, of the North Briton, was not an offence sufficient to destroy the privilege of a member of Parliament.

In April, 1810, the Tower became the prison of Sir Francis Burdett, for an alleged libel on the House of Commons. He was liberated on the prorogation of Parliament, in July following, when multitudes attended him to celebrate his release.

The last political offenders committed to this prison, were Thistlewood and others, for a conspiracy to assassinate the members of the government, whilst at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. They were tried by a special commission, and on the 1st of May, 1820, five of them were executed in front of Newgate.

The Tower has ceased to be occupied as a royal residence since the time of James II. Its halls, chapels, and chambers are now occupied chiefly as the grand central Armoury of the Empire,—a description of which, with that of the various buildings, will be given in our next Number.

NORWAY.

A recent cursory perusal of Mr. Laing's Tour in Norway, has induced us to throw together a few desultory paragraphs relative to this land of pine forests and its hardy inhabitants.

It has been said, and we believe truly, that no country in Europe presents more picturesque scenery than Norway. Bishop Heber speaks of it as having an uninviting shell, with one of the richest and most beautiful kernels in the world. The interior, he says, is a most delightful and interesting country, and would hardly yield the palm of beauty to the finest valleys of Wales and Cumberland. Dr. Clarke observes, "It is the peculiar character of the Norwegian mountains to combine the grandeur of Alpine scenery with the dark solemnity of the groves of Sweden, and the luxuriant softness of the vales of Italy." And characterising the lake Ransjon, which is nearly fifty miles in length, and which he considers as one of the most magnificent in Europe, and as exceeding all in its combination of rural scenery with the sublime objects of nature, he says, "Mountains, islands, bays, promontories, broken shores, towering forests, hanging woods, sloping fields, cottages and farm-houses, with all the flood of waters, light and life about it, make it, perhaps, the grandest and most perfect association of the kind existing."

The long fiords (friths, or bays) running

into the heart of the peninsula, are, by natural causes, rendered peculiarly fit, in Mr. Laing's view, for steam navigation. The government, aware of its value, have made great and judicious exertions to promote it. In a country so poor he thinks it wise in the government; and having quietly said that a steamer costs less than a regiment, he quaintly asks, which adds most to the wealth and strength of Norway?

He thus describes one of the numerous inlets: "The little land-locked bay is so shut in with rocks and woods, that it resembles a small mountain lake. The entrance is hid by trees; and the mark of high water on the white beach at the head of the cove, is the only indication that it belongs to the ocean. There is generally room at its head for one fishing farmer, with his house at the foot of the rocks, a green spot for his cows and goats, and his little skiff at anchor before his door, where the lucky fellow, without knowing what a sea-storm is, or going out of sight of his own chimney smoke, catches, in his sheltered creek, the finest sea-fish, beneath the shadow of the rocky forest that surrounds him."

There is something sublime, says Laing, in the long darkness of these northern nights, and the short, intense snowy light of day, suddenly breaking in for a few hours; and again all is darkness. The contrast is so great in so short a time, that the roll of the planet from light into darkness, is almost felt as well as seen. He must have been a bold man that first inhabited a high northern latitude in winter. At Bergen, the length of the shortest day is about six hours; of the longest about nineteen hours; and at midsummer, in the middle of the night, one may see to read by the light of the sky.

When the snows of winter melt, vegetation bursts forth at once. It may almost be said that there is no spring; and the summer is so hot that barley is sown, grows, ripens, and is reaped in six or eight weeks. To Mr. Laing this rapid vegetation was more astonishing than pleasing: it was not agreeable thus to step from dead winter to living summer, and to lose the charms and interest of the "gradual revival of all that has leaf or wing." He could not say—

"Now young-ey'd Spring, on gentle breezes borne,
Mid the deep woodlands, hills, and vales, and bowers,
Unfolds her leaves, her blossoms, and her flowers,
Pouring their soft luxuriance on the morn."

He represents the summer as delightful. In the sunny narrow glens it is too warm at noon-tide; but the evening and midnight hours are delicious, and peculiar to Norway. The sun is below the horizon for so short a time, (four or five hours) that the sky retains a glow, and the air a warmth and dryness, which are grateful to the eye and the feeling. As a mark of the

great heat, he mentions that in making hay, it was left as it was cut one day; next day the swaths were turned by a great number of hands, and taken to the hayloft on sledges: it was quite green, thoroughly dry, but still verdant.

Summer lingers long in this country. On returning from his walk one evening in September, he found the family sitting out of doors at eleven o'clock at night, listening to two visitors who sang and played on the guitar. It was almost like the south of Europe. Nothing, says Rae Wilson, can exceed the beauty of a northern summer evening, or rather, as it may be termed, the noon of night; and he quotes as applicable the poet's description—

"It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower;
Smiling from heaven as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour."

The winter too is pleasant. The air is cold, but it is a dry, sound, exhilarating cold, which invigorates even the fireside man, and entices him to long walks and brisk exercise. Von Buch also speaks of the winters as less dreaded for the cold than for the tremendous winds.

The Norwegians are characterised as well-formed and robust, brave, hardy, and hospitable, honest and ingenious; yet savage, rash, quarrelsome, and litigious—a character applicable generally to the inhabitants of mountainous countries in northern climes. There is, however, a great diversity of races and appearances; and it is said to be one of the most interesting employments of every stranger who visits Norway, to observe this variety at Christiania and other principal towns.

Heber says that the appearance of comfort, and even wealth, in the cottages of the peasants is, as a general characteristic, far beyond any thing of the kind in our own country; and if it were not for the frosts of winter, the torrents of spring, and the lemmings* of autumn, few people would be so happy as a Norwegian peasant. The two last mentioned plagues are peculiar to the country: he passed by whole fields which the mountain torrents from the melted snow had desolated. They were covered with large stones as thick as the shingly part of the sea coast, and not a blade of grass could be seen.

The frankness and freedom from restraint exhibited by this people, are rather startling to an Englishman. Heber says that the postillions, or rather forbuds, were very talkative, familiar,

* The lemming, or Norwegian mouse, about five inches long, and of a reddish colour, comes down from the mountains, and sometimes spreads desolation like the locust. They appear in vast numbers, and "devour every product of the soil;" and after consuming every thing eatable in their course, it would seem that they at last devour each other.

and lively; that they always shook his hand at parting, and out of pure good-will sometimes gave him "tolerably sound thwacks on the back and shoulders;" and Mr. Twining speaks of his hand being wrung in the same manner at every post-house, till it ached again.

Notwithstanding the poor fare of the peasants, they are remarkably robust and healthy, though in some parts animal food is never used. They appear, says Wilson, uncontaminated by intercourse with polished life: they still retain the simplicity of their ancestors, and have much humility of manner. By some they are considered as inclined to intemperance; but they are pre-eminently remarkable for longevity; and Wilson is disposed to think that this long life must be chiefly attributed to their temperance and moderation. As a striking instance of protracted age, it is said that at Frederickstadt, in the year 1733, four married couples danced before the king, none of whom was less than one hundred years of age; and that they all lived several years afterwards.

The peasants of Norway never employ any artisans for necessities to themselves and families: they are their own tailors, tanners, weavers, carpenters, smiths and joiners. Mr. Wilson says, few farm houses will be found where some trade is not carried on; and the family is supplied in all its necessities by the head of it. Their cottages are built of the solid trunks of the fir, the interstices being filled up with moss, &c. Sometimes they are walled round with earth, that the external temperature may not so soon penetrate the interior. The floors of their bed-chambers are strewn with the young tops of the juniper tree, which diffuse a pleasant fragrance, that is said "to invite sleep in the most agreeable manner." Mr. Laing's statement is rather different: he says, the floors of the rooms are, at least once a week, strewn with the green tops of the fir or juniper. The use is the same as that of the sand with which our housewives sprinkle their floors. The gathering and the selling of these green buds is a trade for poor old people about the towns, just as selling sand is with us. At funerals, the road into the church-yard and to the grave is thus strewn.

The generally rocky and unproductive soil of Norway, and the severity of the climate, allow it but few resources in agriculture: there are, however, some fertile tracts in the south in which wheat is cultivated, but for a sufficient supply of this staff of life, they are indebted to other nations. The potatoe has been introduced, but the summer is too short fully to ripen it. Mr. Laing appears to be at home

in agricultural affairs, and we were, therefore, a little surprised to meet with the following—pushed to its extreme, the sentiment appears to be—the dearer the better. He says, "I agree with Cobbett, that potatoes are the worst food for a nation to subsist on, but not for his reasons—because they are an unsubstantial food, and consume coals and time, and keep the housewife boiling or baking all day long—but because, in proportion to their nutriment, they require less labour, less exertion of body and mind, to bring them to the state of food, than any other article of human culture."

The Norwegian horses are small and suited to the country. Mr. Laing speaks of them as the bravest of horse kind: with the little calashes behind them, which look like hop poles on axle trees, they scamper down and scramble up hills as steep as a house roof, and make no objection to any path or any pace that their driver may fancy; but the traveller is continually interrupted by private gates across the road, intended to protect the fields through which the roads pass from interruption or trespass.

Custom is a powerful reconciler, or we could hardly suppose what Bishop Heber says, that a cow will make a luscious meal of stinking salmon; he leaves his correspondent to guess how delicious, in this country, is the balmy breath of a heifer. The cattle soon fatten on this food, but acquire an uncontrollable ferocity, and their nature is totally changed. When we visit Norway, we hope to find that this is not the food of milch cows. He mentions wolf hunting as a very common amusement in winter: the party go out in sledges, having a little pig in each sledge, on whose tail they tread to make it squeak. The noise immediately brings the wolves out in multitudes. The hunters are armed with muskets, and forthwith commence their chase.

Speaking of the Laplanders as a branch of the great Celtic family, Mr. Laing says:—Clothe a handsome Lapland girl in the Welsh costume, and place her with a basket on her arm in the market place of Chester, and the stranger would ask what she had to sell, without suspecting that she was not a Cambrian. They are ugly in old age undoubtedly, but the country has yet to be discovered in which the lady of sixty enjoys the bloom of sixteen. Where much exposed to the weather, and suffering great fatigue, they soon appear old, and are then abundantly ugly; but among ten old women in the south of France, nine would carry away the palm in this respect from the Lapland ladies.

In reference to the political institutions and social condition of the Norwegians, Mr. Laing

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

considers them as the most interesting and singular group of people in Europe. Living under ancient laws and social arrangements totally different in principle from those which regulate society and property in feudal countries, among them may perhaps be traced the germ of freedom which distinguishes the British constitution at the present day.

Norway is the only country of Europe in which property, from the earliest ages, has been transmitted upon the principle of partition among all the children, and yet landed properties are not so small in extent as might be anticipated. The feudal structure of society, with its law of primogeniture, and its privileged class of hereditary nobles, never prevailed in Norway. Here, therefore, we should see on a small scale, what America and France may be, a thousand years hence, from the effect on society of this peculiar distribution of property, provided their inhabitants exercise the frugality and industry of the Norwegians. He considers that the Norwegian people enjoy a greater share of political liberty, have the framing and administering of their laws more entirely in their own hands, than any European nation of the present times; and he gives a brief but clear outline of their constitution. The parliament, or *storting*, is elected and assembles once in three years, and sits for two months, or until the business is despatched. A special *storting* may be summoned in the interim by the executive. Each *storting* settle the taxes, &c. for the next three years. When elected, they divide themselves into two houses, the whole *storting* choosing one fourth of its members to constitute an upper house, similar to our House of Lords. The *storting* enjoys a right not known in any European monarchy; when a bill has passed both houses, it requires the royal assent, as in our country before it becomes a law; but if a bill has passed through three successive *storthings* it becomes law, even without the king's assent; the "ground-law" assuming that, if during six successive years the nation, by its representatives, declares a measure beneficial, the king's ministers must be wrong, and the nation right. This privilege has not remained dormant; the abolition of hereditary nobility in Norway, was made law by its exertion. Every native Norwegian, of twenty-five years of age, having certain property qualifications, is entitled to elect and to be elected; and the members of the *storting* are elected by persons thus chosen. The number of these election-men is in some proportion to the population; the towns returning about one-third, and the country two-thirds of the parliament men. The meeting of parliament takes place *suo jure*, and not at the will of the

king, though he has power to summon them on extraordinary occasions for special business.

Liberty of the press is guaranteed by the "ground-law." A man may publish what he pleases, but he is responsible for his actions; for treason or blasphemy, if open and intentional, he is amenable to public justice; and also for defamation or libel, if open, intentional, and false. They would surely smile at our legal axiom, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." There is no newspaper stamp, or advertisement duty, and the consequence is that all sorts of trifling things are announced through the medium of advertisements: a turkey-cock to be sold is one of the trifles that caught Mr. Laing's eye. There is a Penny Magazine, with a large circulation; the matter, and even the plates, he believes, "taken, or borrowed," from its English namesake.

Mr. Laing mentions a peculiar institution, common in Norway, which he calls "a savings' bank for corn," and which he supposes to be the most ancient of these establishments. The farmer takes his corn to the magazine, or bank, and for the time it remains, he receives at the rate of one-eighth of increase per annum: if he deposits eight bushels, he can take out nine at the end of twelve months, or in that proportion for shorter periods. If he overdraws, or if a person who had none deposited, receives a quantity in loan, he pays for such advance at the rate of one-fourth of increase per annum. The small profit which occurs upon the transaction defrays the expense of a building, a clerk, &c., and the concern is entirely under the management of the *bonder*, or peasant proprietors. It should be borne in mind that they have no corn markets. We are a little too apt, says he, to claim the merit of inventions not our own; we claim the invention of savings' banks, yet here they exist all over a country. We claim also the thrashing machine, yet it is so much more general in Norway than in Scotland, that our right appears doubtful. He mentions one parish in which there are sixty threshing mills.

In concluding these desultory gleanings, we have only to add, that notwithstanding their peculiar habits and customs, yet in language, feeling, and intelligence, the Norwegians are said to bear no little resemblance to the Scotch and the natives of the north of England.

Men are not tied to one another by papers and seals. They are led to associate by resemblances, by conformities, by sympathies. It is with nations as with individuals. Nothing is so strong a tie of amity between nation and nation as correspondence in laws, customs, manners, and habits of life. They have more than the force of treaties in themselves. They are obligations written in the heart. They approximate men to men, without their knowledge, and sometimes against their intentions.—*Burke*.

CURIOSITIES OF COFFEE DRINKING.

BY MATTHEW P. HAYNES, ESQ.

CHAPTER II.

Soon after Pasqua Rosee commenced business as a Coffee-man in St. Michael's Alley, a counterpart of his handbill was put forth, announcing that "this drink is to be sold at the *Raine-bow* in Fleet-street, between the two Temple Gates." But the grandest effort for business seems to have been made by one Paul Greenwood, who kept "the Coffee-mill and Tobacco Roll in Cloath Fair, near West Smithfield," for the sale of the "best *Arabian Coffee Powder*." He seems to have been a perfect George Robins in his way; he issued a large poetical placard, headed with an engraving of a Coffee-party, attended by "a most obedient humble" waiting man. Honest Paul (1674) writes, that "drink, rebellion, and religion" had made men so mad "they knew not what to do;" and he says—

"Then Heaven, in pity to effect one cure,
And stop the ragings of that Calenture,
First sent amongst us this all healing berry,
At once to make us both SOBER and MERRY."

He then proceeds to praise it highly for being "to purse and person beneficial;" he says it "makes the genius quicker, and cures

Rheuma, Pitsicks, Palsies, Jaundice, Coughs, Catarrhs,
And what soe're with Nature leavy'eth wars."

He says it keeps up a "friendly intercourse" between the heart, the liver and the brain,— "nature's three chiefest wheels,"—and thus does he conclude:—

"This rare old settle brain prevents all harms,
Conquers old sherry, and brisk claret charms.
Sack! I defy thee, with an open throat,
Whilst trusty COFFEE is my antidote.
In breif, all you who health's rich treasures prize,
And court not ruby noses or beard'd eyes,
But own sobriety to be your drift,
And love at once good company and thrift,
To wine no more make wit a trophy,
But come each night and frollique here on Coffee."

Coffee-houses in London, though not numerous at this period, were by no means rare. Several plays and poems have been written under the title of "The Coffee-house." In 1668 Serfe published "Tarugos Wiles, or the Coffee-house." Ward wrote a comedy entitled the "Humours of a Coffee-house" as it is daily acted in most of the Coffee-houses in London, and to show the variety of characters who assembled at such places, we may mention that his dramatis personæ are a disbanded captain, a merchant, a news-writer, a turn-coat, a precisian, a sharper, a sawyer, a projector, a mariner, a poet, a quack, and a beau. Voltaire wrote a play entitled "*The Coffee-house, or the Fair Fugitive*," which was translated into En-

glish in 1760. A poem was published in 1763 entitled, "*George's Coffee-house*" (Strand), and one called "*The British Coffee-house*" (Cockspur-street) made its appearance in the year following. A collection of moral, philosophical, and literary essays entitled "The Coffee-house" has been printed. The essays were published by a Literary Society, but most of them were written by Beccaria. In 1750 there was a Coffee-house in Covent Garden called "The Bedford," and it was known as "The Wit's Corner;" it was kept by one Rawthnell, and a number of the members of the Royal Society who frequented it, thinking themselves wiser and better than the rest of the company, had a curtain put up to keep them apart. This is humourously alluded to in "Dissertations upon Royal Societies," 1750. The Coffee-houses soon became the favourite resort of the lovers of gossip. A poem called "*News from the Coffee-house*," printed "with allowance" in 1667, was re-printed in 1672 under the title of "The Newsmongers' Hall." It declares that

"Here men do talk of every thing,
With large and liberal lungs,
Like women at a gossiping,
With double tyre of tongues."

The Coffee-houses were depôts for all kinds of news; and there is an old song extant, which recites the most laughable absurdities, and many of the verses end

"Go, hear it at a Coffee-house;
It cannot but be true."

An extract already given shows that Coffee was sold at a penny a cup. In "Rebellion's Antidote," COFFEE promises to cure the drunkard "*for farthings four*;" and in the following extract the price is distinctly fixed:—

"They know all that is good or hurt,
To kill ye or to save ye;
There is the college and the court,
The country, camp, and navie;
So great a universitie,
I think there ne're was any,
In which you may a schoolar be
For spending of a penny."

The Coffee-shops of London are now rarely used for the purpose of gossiping. There is one in Drury Lane which is frequented early in the morning by a number of Jew clothesmen, who, during the hour or an hour and a half which they spend there, make more noise than is made in any half-dozen of other Coffee-houses during the entire of the day. Generally speaking, the Coffee-houses of our days seem like places for "calm retreat and peaceful meditation made." The steady husband goes thither to read the newspapers, because for three-halfpence or two-pence he has a cup of Coffee, and sees all the papers;—whereas at home, he would have to pay two-pence for one

paper, and have no Coffee to accompany the perusal of it. Love-lorn bachelors go to Coffee-houses, because their ears are never charmed with the music of a domestic tea kettle; literary men go to warm Coffee-houses, because it is a long way up to their attic homes, which are sometimes fireless;—in fact, every body goes to Coffee-houses because they are convenient. Some of them are provided with libraries, and contribute powerfully to the improvement of the character and to the extension of the attainments of a large portion of the population. Perhaps there is not in the Metropolis, a more thoroughgoing Coffee-house frequenter than Mr. GRANT, the author of many successful works. His keenly observant eye has selected from Coffee-house scenes many of the best incidents described in his "Great Metropolis" and "Lights and Shadows of London Life."

So early as 1674 the aforementioned PAUL GREENWOOD, of the Coffee Mill and Tobacco Roll in Cloath Fair, compiled certain "rules and orders" to be observed by his customers. Invitation precedes legislation, in the following words:—

"Enter, sirs, freely; but first, if you please,
Peruse our civil orders, which are these."

His orders are specimens of pure democracy; he seems to spurn the idea of Pope, that "some are and must be greater than the rest"—for he says,

"First, gentry, tradesmen, all are welcome hither,
And may, without affront, sit down together;
Pre-eminence of place none here should mind,
But take the next fit seat that he can find,
Nor need any, if finer persons come,
Rise up for to assign to them his room."

In the said rules a due regard for morality was manifested, and we need not say that in the pacificatory provisions of the "orders" a proper solicitude was shown for the pecuniary advantages of "mine host:":—thus

"To limit men's expence we think not fair,
But let him forfeit twelve-pence that shall swear;
He that shall any quarrell here begin,
Shall give each man a dish to atone the sin."

The Coffee-house was a tavern in which stronger liquors than Coffee were sold, and hence, if any customer drank "in Coffee to his friend," it was ordered that he, too, should atone for the act by giving a dish to each in the company.

One would imagine that a Coffee-house was the last place which sighing lovers would select for a retreat; but Paul Greenwood made provision against the possibility of its happening, with as much caution as if he were himself a scorned or rejected suitor:—

"Let noise of loud disputes be quite foreborn;
No maudlin lovers here in corners mourn;
And all be brisk and talk—but not too much.
On sacred things let none presume to touch,
Nor profane scripture, or sawcily wrong
Affairs of state, with an irreverent tongue."

Paul was evidently opposed to freedom of political discussion; what would he say, if he could witness the political debating clubs which now assemble in almost every tavern in London? We also learn that Paul would have been a prohibitor of the loose publications which are now so numerous, and which, under the pretence of wit, aim deadly shafts at morality and innocence. He says,

"Let mirth be innocent, and each man see
That all his jests without reflection be."

The other orders show Paul to have been his own policeman:—

"To keep the house more quiet and from blame,
We banish hence cards, dice, and every game:
Nor can allow of wagers that exceed
Five shillings, which oftentimes much trouble breed:
Let all that's lost or forfeited be spent
In such good liquor as the house doth vent."

Here the care of Boniface for "number one" is again apparent: and he concludes with the following good advice to his patrons:—

"Let customers endeavour to their powers,
For to observe still seasonable hours;
Lastly, let each man what he calls for pay,
And so you're welcome to come ev'ry day."

The advice as to "seasonable hours" may now, with great propriety, be urged upon the followers of Paul Greenwood's craft. Some of the London Coffee-houses are open all night. In certain neighbourhoods this is unavoidable, but, generally speaking, it is much to be deplored. Near to the brewery of Meux and Co. in High-street, Bloomsbury, there is now a house bearing an inscription, that that was the first place opened in London for the sale of prepared Coffee. It is at present a shop of another kind. It must surrender its name to Pasqua Rosee, to whose memory we will now quaff a cup of Mocha, assured of every Coffee-drinker's approval, and not apprehensive of any Coffee-seller's fine.

LUIGIA SANFELICE.

A SKETCH.

(Abridged from *Tait's Magazine* for November.)

The habitual readers of fiction hardly know how much they might gain of the peculiar excitement which is so dear to them, by turning at times to the history of actual life. They would find in its details no rare occurrence of the very elements that have moved them in fable; with others, not the least impressive, which belong to reality alone. These must be our reliance on the present occasion. No at-

tempt will be made to ensnare the reader's sympathy by any disguise of plain historical truth; the effort, indeed, would be gratuitous. The incident, from recent Italian history, which we intend to relate, believing that it will be new to many in this country, is such as the invention of man has rarely devised. It would not be easy to add to the authentic narrative a single borrowed trait that would not impair its effect. What we have set down may, therefore, be securely accepted as the brief and literal relation of an "owre true tale;" on the threshold of which we only pause for an instant to offer a remark which may have occurred before now to many a student of Italian history and manners.

In the history of individuals the Italian nature presents itself in the strangest contrasts: vehemence more than childish, with a capacity for the most subtle and patient dissimulation: flaming passion, and slow-burning vindictiveness: intelligence of the quickest, readiest kind, not deep, yet never disturbed amidst the agitations of the moral faculties: a redundant sanguine flow of animal life, and a certain fervour of mind, such as belong to no other race with which we are acquainted. Their sorrows and crimes are nearly always marked by some unexpected trait: they display a kind of superfluous originality, (*sit venia verbo*), an ingenious fearfulness, which makes the adventures of other men seem tame in comparison with theirs.

[A brief summary of some principal events of the time and place must first be given. In 1798, the King of Naples, in concert with England, Austria, and Russia, vainly directed his troops against those of republican France, which had advanced as far as the Papal States. His cowardice, and the flushed impetuosity of the French, soon terminated in the flight of Ferdinand to Sicily, in December, and Championnet took possession of Naples in January following, when the Parthenopæan republic was established. The national hatred of the French, and the exertions of the emissaries of the exiled court, however, soon led to numerous plots among the baser sort, whilst the Anglo-Sicilian fleet infested the coast, and the allied troops hovered around the kingdom, and encouraged the partizans with hopes of speedy co-operation.]

But while such conspiracies were in progress amongst the rabble, there was concerted a more dangerous and better cemented enterprise, by some royalists belonging to a higher order of society. The contriver of this plot was a Swiss, named Bekker, who, having long dwelt in Naples, and married there, had thus become connected with some families belonging to the most violent of the king's party. He was also personally attached to the Bourbons' service, in which he had held a commission; and his brother still bore the rank of captain in the dispersed army of Ferdinand. The man appears to have been exactly suited to the deed!

a very adventurer, designing, bold, and unscrupulous. In the present temper of affairs he could not but see that there was a clear prospect of future profit and honour from a daring and fortunate attempt on behalf of the king; and no sense of pity or regard dissuaded him from putting it into execution. As soon as the allied fleet appeared on the coast, he entered into a correspondence with the admirals; and in concert (it is said) with them, arranged the plan of a royalist insurrection, which was to be brought about in the city of Naples. The scheme was well devised, but cruel and treacherous; and could only have been entertained by any number of persons above the class of brigands, in a nation the history of which had already recorded the tale of the Sicilian Vespers. It is impossible to believe that the English admiral (Foote) knew more of the design than that an armed rising was to take place on behalf of the king; or that he was in any way a party to the proposed acts of massacre and devastation.

The project was to choose some holiday, when the entire city, whose gaiety and thoughtlessness no calamity can long subdue, should be the least prepared for attack: at this moment the allied fleet was to appear in the bay, and bombard the defences of the harbour. The national guard would, of course, instantly rush in a body to the fortifications so assailed; and while the city was thus left without protectors, the insurrection was to break forth in all its quarters at once: in the midst of the tumult and surprise, the mutineers were to seize and assassinate all the principal men of the republican party; at the same time all the houses belonging to its partisans were to be plundered and delivered to the flames. Many took part in this terrible design in the mere hope of advancing their fortunes at the expense of a party which they disliked; some were attracted by the desire of license and plunder, and by the ferocity which delights in shedding blood securely; others (and these were the most formidable of all) had old revenges to satiate, and rejoiced in this opportunity of feeding them to the utmost: so many were the motives which swelled the conspiracy now levelled against the republic.

In order that the blow might fall with certainty, in a city so populous, where the confusion would be great, and the victims many, it was necessary to draw up lists of proscription, to direct the assassins in their work. The houses intended for destruction were also visited, and a mark affixed to each, on seeing which the agents of the conspiracy might confidently begin to burn and slay. But more than this was needful to ensure the full mischief that

had been contemplated. Many houses were inhabited by more than one family; in some republican families there were royalist members, who might be destroyed, unless all were suffered to escape together, which was not to be thought of. To these it was consequently decided that passes should be secretly issued: which, being shown when the house or family was attacked, might secure them from the destruction which should fall upon the others.

It happened that Captain Bekker, brother of the chief leader in this plot, had for some time been enamoured of a young Neapolitan lady, whose family belonged to the republican party, named *LUIGIA SANFELICE*, well born, very beautiful, and of engaging manners. Although she would not listen to his entreaties or accept of his love, he did not abandon the suit, but persevered, hoping, perhaps, in time, to overcome her disinclination. It will not be imagined that his want of success arose from any coldness of nature in the young maiden: she was born in a climate the very air of which seems inspired with passion,—where love is the sole business of life to the sweeter sex; and she was not less formed to feel than to excite its warmest affections. But she had already bestowed her heart on a younger lover, a countryman of her own, named *Ferri*. He was an enthusiastic adherent of the new constitution, and had taken up arms in the national militia; but it would appear that some disparity existed between the circumstances of the lovers, or obstacles of other kinds, which deterred them from publishing their attachment, the secret of which was hitherto known to each other only.

In spite of his repulses, Bekker loved *La Sanfelice* sincerely; and she was the first person of whom he thought when the protections were named. He found an opportunity to speak with her alone during the early mass: and, repeating his often-told tale of devotion, proved its sincerity by giving her one of the protections which have been described above. To explain the object and use of this gift, it was necessary to inform her of the approaching peril in which it was to be her security; and *Luigia*, although terribly alarmed, had nevertheless self-command enough to pursue him with inquiries until she had learned the principal circumstances of the design; after which she accepted the paper with thanks, concealing her agitation as well as she could. Bekker enjoined the utmost secrecy, and withdrew, hoping that he had saved his mistress, to requite him, perhaps, on some future day, for the service he had rendered.

She had, indeed, accepted the safeguard, but not to use it for her own safety. The danger of her lover, a declared partisan of the republic,

and holding its commission, was the only object of her fears. To him she hastened, with all the unselfish eagerness of a young girl's love. She had already given him what was more precious than life, and had now no wish to be safe while he was in peril. It never occurred to her to ask herself if he would consent to use a protection thus obtained—if he would owe his life to an exception granted by assassins—or take a means of safety which left his mistress defenceless. To *Ferri*, therefore, she revealed the whole of Bekker's communication, and implored him to use the advantage which she had thus accidentally obtained. The young soldier listened to the breathless words of *Luigia* with no little surprise and emotion. Enchanted as he could not fail to be by so lovely a proof of her tenderness, he was, if possible, still more strongly affected by the danger, in its most hateful aspect, which threatened the liberties of his country and the lives of its defenders. He took her in his arms, and made her repeat to him again and again all that she had heard of the conspiracy, the names of its leaders, and the time and manner of its execution. As soon as the interview was over, he hastened, with the pass in his hands—a paper bearing two or three signatures—to discover the plot to the government: proud to think that to his love the cause of his country might owe its preservation. The Council of Administration, as soon as it had heard what *Ferri* could relate, required the attendance of *La Sanfelice* herself; and the bashful girl, who had little expected such a trial, was called upon to submit to a long interrogatory, in which the secret of her heart could not but be rudely torn open; while other fears of danger to herself and others, and of the suspicions of the government, agitated her, unused to such proceedings. She seemed to fancy herself or her lover in some way compromised, and in the most affecting manner besought the indulgence of the Council, which she hoped to conciliate by a full confession. She then repeated, as well as her agitation allowed, the substance of what she had confided to her lover, revealing all that she knew, excepting only the name of the party who had offered her the protection. She firmly declared she would rather die than betray a friend whose care for her safety had led to the discovery. To *Ferri* even she had refused to tell his name; and jealous as the Italians are said to be, he did not attempt to overcome her silence. The Council forebore to press her upon this point; indeed, what they had already gathered from the story of *Luigia*, and the exhibition of the pass, rendered her reserve a matter of little moment. Several parties were instantly apprehended, before they

had time to destroy their papers, and these were the means of discovering all the branches of the conspiracy. Its leaders and their agents were imprisoned, the needful precautions taken against surprise, and the thread of the intrigue in this manner wholly unravelled and broken. The circumstances and origin of this deliverance were now made known by the government; and Luigia, who had been trembling with the apprehension of public remark and censure, if not of punishment, suddenly found herself the object of the most enthusiastic praise and admiration. The friends of the new constitution vied with each other in evincing their gratitude by a variety of flattering compliments. When all particulars of the plot were declared, and the fatal marks recognised on most of the houses in the city, not excepting even the public buildings and the palace of the archbishop himself, the terror of the people enhanced their thankfulness to the author of the fortunate discovery. They followed her with *vivas* wherever she appeared; and their admiration of her youthful charms was not without its influence in aiding the enthusiasm which proclaimed her "saviour of her country"—"the guardian angel of the republic." Luigia was more distressed than gratified by this public notice, and gladly escaped from applauses which she had not sought for, to the arms of her lover, surrendering herself to the transports of what she fondly thought a fortunate affection.

[Alas! the repose of those who had attached themselves to the republican party was not to last many days longer. Throughout the provinces the Royal party had entirely recovered the ascendancy, and ere long, Naples was surrendered to their troops. Tribunals were speedily erected for the trial and execution of political offenders, and the lives of all who had not fled from Naples were at the mercy of a brutal King, a servile and cruel ministry, and those among the populace who had revenge to gratify, or profit to expect from false denunciations.]

Of those victims of injustice none had a harder fate than Luigia Sanfelice. She saw her lover for the last time on the day before the city was assaulted: from this day she sought in vain for tidings concerning him. After a little while the names of those who had been apprehended as state criminals became known, and he was not found amongst the prisoners. He must therefore have fallen in battle, or have escaped to some other country, happy in either case to have been spared the indignities which awaited those upon whom the king's hands had fallen. But had he survived, some tidings surely would have been conveyed to one whom he passionately loved; and Luigia, at least, felt certain that her lover had perished in the fall of the republic. To this grief was added the misfortunes of her family, many of whom were

expecting in prison the certain severity of the tyrant;—and she who was so lately beloved, admired, surrounded with kindred and friends, stood alone, a desolate heart-broken creature—with no one to counsel or assist her; in those cruel times, when youth, innocence, and womanhood were no protection. She soon had reason to feel how powerless they would prove in her own case. Amongst the edicts which had been promulgated by Ferdinand on the restoration of his power, was one, if possible, more odious and dangerous to all his subjects than any other,—for under it no man who had enemies was safe. It declared it to be a capital offence, punishable with death, to have done or contributed to any act on behalf of the republic, whereby injury or detriment had been inflicted upon any person. As soon as this sanguinary law, and the manner in which it was interpreted by Ferdinand's special tribunals, became known, some of the Bekkers' relatives, rejoicing in the hope of revenge, accused La Sanfelice as having come within its danger, by helping to the discovery which caused their execution. This denunciation was sufficient, and the unfortunate young lady, trembling with shame and just apprehension, was dragged before a court, over the entrance to which might well have been placed that forbidding motto which the Florentine saw on the gates of hell—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.

On Cardinal Ruffo's entry into Naples, he had immediately named a Giunta di Stato for the prosecution of the republicans, many of whom they condemned to death. The men who sat in this tribunal were servile and merciless, but even in their hands it seemed to the king that the sword did not fall fast enough,—and he added to the commission several others, amongst whom were three Sicilians, Damiani, Sambuti, and Vincenzo Speciale, men already practised in the work which was expected from them. The sessions of this body did not even cease during the night, and its sentences followed each other with frightful despatch.

Luigia's trial was a very short one. The part which she had borne in the detection of Bekker's conspiracy was described; of this she could deny nothing, except the assertion that she had revealed the name of the captain. The judges, without the least hesitation, pronounced her guilty under the king's edict, and she was carried back to her prison under sentence of death.

In so terrible a strait the instinctive love of life prompted her to betray a secret, which even this motive hardly could force her to reveal. It was only after a long struggle that

the instinct prevailed, and she pleaded in arrest of execution that she was destined to become a mother—a confession almost bitterer than death itself, for she still bore her maiden name, and not her lover's. An examination of her person confirmed the plea; and as there is no law so merciless as to decree death to the innocent unborn, the judges reluctantly arrested the execution. The king, who had returned to Palermo, received regular reports of the proceedings in every case; and on reading these, ordered an angry reproof to be addressed to the Commission, declaring that the examiners had been misled, or had lent themselves willingly to a plea which was falsely advanced as a means of escaping punishment. Again the unhappy girl was subjected to the indignity which she had already undergone—with the same result: her pregnancy was asserted to be beyond doubt. But the unmanly and brutal monarch was not satisfied even with this, and showed an inveteracy against her which would have been shameful had she indeed been a criminal, and not, as she really was, innocent as her own unborn infant of any state offence. He commanded that she should be transferred to Palermo, there to submit to the inquiries of his own physicians: she was sent thither, and their testimony confirmed that of the previous witnesses. The king angrily relaxed for a while his grasp of the victim, who was suffered to exist in prison until the birth of her infant should take place, and bid the unhappy mother prepare to die.

Throughout the winter Luigia languished in the prison of Palermo, and in the spring of the following year gave birth to a child. There was nothing now to delay the execution of her sentence, as soon as she was strong enough to be raised from her bed. But the king was by this time busied with external affairs, the first heat of vengeance had had time to cool, and might have ceased to seek for more victims. All who had known and loved the unhappy girl were not slain or banished; her case had excited commiseration even amongst strangers; and exertions were made in secret to procure a reversal or mitigation of the penalty to which she had been condemned. Her friends succeeded at length in gaining the ear and awakening the compassion of the young princess Maria Clementina, lately married to the heir-apparent, Francesco—a lady of gentle and affectionate dispositions, and said to be an especial favourite of the king. Through her intercession, which was cordially offered, it was hoped that a pardon might be obtained for one whose only fault was that she had loved too well, and whom neither manly feeling, nor even the sternest justice, could condemn. The princess,

herself about to become a mother, was perhaps excited to a warmer sympathy with Luigia's sufferings by this circumstance, and only awaited a favourable occasion to interpose on her behalf. This was soon afforded during the rejoicings on the birth of an heir to the crown, of which she was confined in the month of June. The manner in which she attempted to fulfil her amiable purpose was not less touching than well chosen.

In the royal house of Naples there has long prevailed a remarkable usage, on the birth of an heir to the throne. The event is celebrated by a formal visit of congratulation, which the king pays to the mother, as soon as she is able to receive it, and before she has so far recovered as to leave her bed. On this auspicious occasion, the princess has the privilege of claiming from the sovereign three notable and peculiar graces, which are to be chosen by herself, and which, however difficult to grant, have rarely, if ever, been refused. This sounds more like romance than reality, but historians assure us that it is literally true. Availing herself of the established custom, the amiable Princess Maria chose for her request on this occasion the pardon of La Sanfelice; and in order to enforce it more certainly, and to convince the king of the earnestness of her petition, she combined in this one entreaty all the three which the privilege of her state allowed her to have made. A petition from the unfortunate prisoner, followed by an eloquent supplication, signed by the princess's own hand, was so placed within the clothes of the new born infant, that it was immediately observed by the king when the child was presented to him. He appeared to be in the happiest temper; and after the usual ceremonies, took the baby in his arms, admiring its stoutness and beauty, on which he complimented the princess in the manner most pleasing to a young mother's ear. In the midst of these congratulations he noticed the paper attached to the child's dress, and asked what it was? "It contains a petition," the princess replied, "which I now implore from your Majesty:—a single grace, instead of three, so earnestly do I desire its fulfilment of your Majesty's generosity!"—The king, still smiling and gracious, inquired, "For whom do you make this petition?" "It is for the unhappy Sanfelice," the princess said, and would have proceeded to urge the suit further, but for the severe and threatening aspect of the king, which alarmed her into silence. His countenance underwent a repulsive change on the instant of Luigia's name being pronounced. Darting a suspicious and terrible look at the princess, he laid, or rather, in a kind of fury, (says the narrator of this interview,) dashed

down the infant on its mother's bed, and without speaking a word, abruptly left the chamber. It was sometime before he consented to see either the princess or her child again. This ungenerous and cruel behaviour alarmed the princess as much as it distressed her; and she wept bitterly as she related to Luigia's advocate the repulse she had met with, and abandoned all hope of subduing the implacable ferocity of the king. His temper was too well known in his own family to encourage the princess, timid, unsupported, and a stranger, to risk a second attempt. This, at all events, he was determined to prevent. Recalled by the petition to a purpose which he had perhaps forgotten, he instantly issued an order for the removal of La Sanfelice, without delay, to Naples, where the punishment decreed by the Council of State was to be immediately carried into effect. Thither, accordingly, she was conveyed, while yet drooping and enfeebled by the pangs of child-birth—and faint

With frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater;

and (to continue the description, which Shakspeare might have drawn for her with the prophetic truth of genius)

With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion,

she was dragged to the infamous Piazza del Mercato—the scene of countless murders done under the name of justice;—

Hurried
Here, to this place, in the open air, before
She had got strength of limit:

and there died, an innocent and early victim, under the axe of the executioner. The murder was acted in the presence of a terror-stricken and weeping crowd, many of whom, hardly a year before, had followed her with acclamations, as she passed through the rejoicing city, radiant with beauty and happiness!

NEW BOOKS.

The Domestic Dictionary and Housekeeper's Manual. By Gibbons Merle. Parts I. to IV. London: W. Strange. 1841.

Each of these contains fifty-six pages of letter-press, in double columns, beautifully printed on superior paper; the whole work is to contain ten parts, and is designed to form a complete Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy, in which, for ten shillings, the housekeeper may obtain all that is valuable in the numerous works hitherto published on this subject. It is, however, not confined to cookery merely, but embraces every topic relating to the management of a family, which a lady of the

highest rank and the humblest servant should know. The articles are arranged alphabetically, and in the numbers before us we have, in addition to the ordinary features of such a work, excellent remarks on air, aliment, baths, indigestion, putrefaction, and other subjects essential to health; indeed, the whole four numbers are replete with the soundest practical information for the people, in the most extended sense.

We quote a portion of the article on Milk as a specimen of the whole, and cordially recommend the work to our readers.

"MILK. The quality of milk may be ascertained by various scientific processes, but the smell and colour are sufficient for persons who attend to the results of experience: when the blue tint is evident, the milk is not unctuous; and when too clear, the presence of water may be suspected. If the substance of this article be good, a drop placed upon the nail of the finger will remain attached to it with a pearly appearance; if, on the contrary, it be thin, it will run off like water. The richer the quality of the milk, the more abundant the cream; but connoisseurs agree that the richest milk does not make the best cheese.

"For travelling in countries where milk cannot be had, a powder is obtained from it, by slow evaporation in shallow vessels; this is a tedious process, as the heat must be gentle, but the powder mixed with water is an agreeable substitute for milk.

"The milk used for domestic purposes in Europe is principally that of the cow; but asses' milk, from its greater analogy with that of the human breast, and its being much lighter of digestion, is much employed as medicinal diet for persons of weak or diseased lungs. Goats' milk, in many parts of Europe where cows are scarce, is used exclusively; it is wholesome, and being more astringent than cows' milk, is sometimes preferable to the latter. The milk of sheep is much used in France, but chiefly for the purpose of making cheese. In Switzerland, cheese is made from goats' milk alone, or mixed with that of the cow, and sometimes sheep milk is also used with the other two: the cheeses of Switzerland have, however, a high flavour, which does not suit every palate.

"As a refreshing drink, milk is injured by boiling, for a portion of the serum is thus carried off. Cream is, in many cases, more indigestible than milk, but if it be whipped into a froth it is much lighter of digestion. A very agreeable and wholesome substitute for milk, for tea or coffee, at sea or under other circumstances when it cannot be had, is the yolks of eggs beaten up with fresh water.

Original Poetry.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

BY BENJAMIN STOTT.

Nature,—I love all things for thy sake,
But chiefly man, who is estranged from thee.
J. C. PRINCE.

Creation, I love thee in every form,
In the herb, and the fruit, in the flower, and the tree,
In the calm and the rain, in the sunshine and storm,
The fair face of Nature is precious to me;
And my heart overfloweth with reverence true,
When the sun is bright and the skies are blue,
For joy my soul with love doth embue.

The pebbled brook I love to hear,
Run rippling through the forest glade;
And the glassy stream to me is dear,
Where the stag reclines in the woodland shade;
Each change of scene fresh wonder brings,
For beauty is perfect in fearful things—
E'en the toad's bright eyes, and the scorpion's wings.

I am pleased with the chirp of the tiny bird,
With the hum of the bee, and the fragrance of flowers;
And my soul is charmed when the thrush is heard,
Carolling sweet in the summer bowers:
I look with delight and rapture mild,
On the playful lamb, and the laughing child,
And the daisy that grows in the woodland wild.

Glorious creation, pure and fair,
Boundless, magnificent, and wise,
Almighty power, with wondrous care,
Through all both light and life supplies;
To him my soul shall grateful homage pay,
Whose endless, universal sway,
The earth, the seas, the air, and mightier mind obey.

CROSSES.—Stone crosses owed their origin to marking the Druid stones with crosses, in order to change the worship without breaking the prejudice. Many of the crosses presumed to be Runic rather belong to the civilized Britons. Crosses were also erected by many of the Christian kings before a battle or great enterprise, with prayer and supplications for the assistance of Almighty God. Whitaker thinks, that crosses with scroll-work are always antecedent to the conquest.

The Preaching Cross of the Blackfriars, or Friars Preachers, in Hereford, is of an hexagonal shape, open on each side, and raised on steps. In the centre is a kind of table of the same shape, supporting the shaft, which, branching out into ramifications, forms the roof, and passing through it appears above in a mutilated state. The top of the pulpit is embattled, and round the cross were, no doubt, pence for the congregation, as there were at St. Paul's cross, in London.

Market Crosses.—As crosses were in every place designed to check a worldly spirit, so market crosses were intended to inculcate upright intentions and fairness of dealing. In almost every town, which had a religious foundation, there was one of these crosses, to which the peasants resorted to vend provisions.

CLERK OF THE PIPE in the Exchequer is an officer who charges down, in a great roll, made up like a *pipe*, all accounts and debts due to the king, drawn out of the Remembrance office.

The following fine reflection is from the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—Every body loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarcely love one another. Upon the same subject, an Arab happily observed, that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distate to vice.

When the Parliament, in 1645, began to sell the King's pictures at York House, they passed the following votes:—"Ordered, that all such pictures and statues at York House as are without any superstition shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North. Ordered, that all such pictures as have the representation of the second person in the Trinity upon them shall be forthwith burned. Ordered, that all such pictures there as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them shall be forthwith burned." About the same period one Bleese was hired, for half-a-crown a day, to break the painted glass windows of the church of Croydon. The man probably took care not to be too expeditious in the work of destruction.

REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—The late Doctor Fothergill had a patient once grievously afflicted with sleepless nights, for whom he prescribed narcotics and other remedies, but without the desired effect. The patient became at length angry and impatient, and insinuated that the Doctor could prescribe a certain and efficient remedy if he thought fit. "Then, sir," said the Doctor, "I know nothing more likely to relieve you than to become a parish *watchman*, who are all *sound sleepers* when on their post."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, Dolier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 6.]

SATURDAY, 11TH DECEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE DISHONOURED BILL.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

LETTER I.

C——y, February 25th, 18—.

SIR,—I am sorry to find myself under the necessity of asking the favour of your renewal of my acceptance, due on the 4th of next month, which I fear I shall be unable to meet. I have been much disappointed in the non-payment of several heavy Christmas accounts, and this has thrown me a little behind in my own payments. But if you will have the kindness to draw upon me for the amount of yours, charging interest, &c., at a month from this date, it will at once remove my difficulty, and confer a lasting obligation on

Yours, very respectfully,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

To Mr. SILAS C——,
L—— Street, London.

LETTER II.

London, February 27th, 18—.

SIR,—I beg to inform you that Mr. C—— was from home on the receipt of your favour of the 25th, and that he is not yet returned. I can hold out no expectation that he will accede to your request, and should advise you to do the needful.

I remain, yours respectfully,

for SILAS C——,

To Mr. WILLIAM MARTIN,
C——y.

G. R.

LETTER III.

C——y, February 28th, 18—.

SIR,—I took the liberty of writing to you

on the 25th instant, to request the favour of your renewal of my acceptance, due on the 4th of March; but find you were unfortunately from home on the receipt of my letter. I trust this will reach you in time to enable you to assist me, as I certainly shall be much embarrassed by being obliged to take up the bill in due course. In fact, I fear it will be out of my power to do so, owing to the circumstances mentioned in my former letter, combined with the general depression of business in this neighbourhood. As this is the first time I have had occasion to tax your kindness during the many years we have done business together, I feel the greater freedom in throwing myself upon your indulgence.

I remain, yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

To SILAS C——, Esq., London.

LETTER IV.

London, March 1st, 18—.

SIR,—I am surprised that you should repeat such an unreasonable request as that contained in yours, received this morning. I am desired by Mr. C—— to state, that if your bill should be dishonoured, he will be compelled to place it in the hands of his solicitor, without further notice.

I am requested also to state that Mr. C—— declines any further transactions, except for cash.

I am, Sir, yours,

for SILAS C——,

G. R.

* * * * *

Do you know, reader, what it is to dread the returning light of morning, because you must then recommence the labours of another day—labours that trample your spirit and energies into the dust? Do you know what it is to listen to the well-known knock of the Postman at your door with some certain apprehension of coming evil? Can you remember the feelings with which you have taken up one unopened letter after another—examined the post mark—scrutinized the handwriting of the direction—weighed the folded sheet in your hand—held it up to the light—and finally—done, what you might as easily have done at first—broken it open with a desperate effort—as desperate as though you were, with your own hand, exploding a mine beneath your feet? So William Martin felt.

"Dear William, you are not well this morning. Why, you have eaten no breakfast," said his wife, looking anxiously, first at him, and then at the undiminished roll before him.

"Yes, thank you; I am pretty well—but—"

"But what, William?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear, I am perplexed about that bill of C——'s. He wont do any thing to help me; and I cannot guess what to do myself."

"Are you sure he wont renew it for you?"

William took the letter from his pocket, and gave it to his wife. Poor William, it was a sore trial to him to do this! He remembered the date of the unfeeling letter; it was the anniversary of their wedding day. Five years before, he had called his beloved Lucy his own, and made her so by the strongest ties of affection. Five years of almost unmingled happiness had rapidly rolled away, and he now had to acknowledge, for the first time, that their prospects were dark and gloomy.

For a time, his business had opened flattering prospects before him, and he had indulged in dreams of unfluctuating prosperity and ultimate ease and retirement. He did what multitudes had done before him, and what multitudes will do after him; he made haste to be rich; speculated too deeply for his means; and locked up a great part of his capital in unavailable projects. This, combined with the common fluctuation of trade, had brought him to that critical state of affairs in which some extraordinary exertions were necessary to prevent certain and immediate ruin; and the letter he had just received struck the death blow to his hopes. And then his Lucy—his wife—brought up in comfort and elegance—how could she face the storm, the very apprehension of which was extreme misery to herself?

"Well," said Lucy, after she had read the laconic epistle, "I must say that this is rather

hard of Mr. C——, after the professions of friendship he made when he was here in the autumn—I should have thought he would have done that for you at any rate."

"Pshaw, my dear! who ever heard of friendship in business? And yet I have heard of it myself, but I have never had the good fortune to meet with it. Every body is your friend till you put their friendship to the test; and then, it is astonishing how soon the tide turns. As for C—— I never reckoned much upon his friendship, but I should have thought self interest would have induced him to do the thing for me; but I suppose he has heard of that stupid blunder I made about those sugars; and he thinks that first come will be first served. He may be mistaken though."

"But, dear William, cannot you really meet this bill?"

"No, my dear, I really can't."

"And how much is it?"

"Nearly three hundred pounds."

"Are all your Christmas bills got in?"

"What a question, Lucy; who ever heard of Christmas bills being paid by the beginning of March? I think I may possibly have received two, out of twelve hundred pounds that were on the books when I took stock on the first of January, but certainly not more."

"Well, then, you have a thousand pounds owing to you, and you owe three hundred. Now, surely you could manage it in some way or other, could you not?"

"How, my dear?"

"Why, by making some of your debtors pay their bills."

"How, my dear?"

"Dear William, how provoking you are; sure you can go and tell them how you are circumstanced, and press them to settle their accounts."

"Well, Lucy, I have tried already. Andrews was out the whole of yesterday, and brought home just five pounds for his trouble. And he went to the most likely persons to succeed with, too. There was Mr. D——; he will call and settle in a month or two. Mrs. F—— was out of town. Major A—— too busy. Old Simon M—— vexed at being dunned. Mr. N—— wished I had sent last week, as he could have paid then, but can't now. It seems pretty much on the principle of the old school trick, 'If you ask me, you shan't have it; and if you don't ask me, you don't want it.' Your friend Mrs. L——, too, cannot make it convenient to pay now, but will soon. And in the meantime, we may be ruined for any thing she cares."

"And how much does Mrs. L—— owe you?"

"About sixty pounds, and if I could get

that, and two or three more accounts of the same amount, I should be able to manage to meet C——'s bill; but without I can get them, I don't know what is to be done."

"Well then, William, just give me her bill and I will try her. I am sure she can pay if she will, for she is never without plenty of money by her."

"You may try, if you like, Lucy, but I fear you will not succeed better than Andrews did."

It was a splendid drawing-room, and with many a gay party had Lucy mingled within its walls. Every piece of furniture seemed familiar to her. The soft Turkey carpet—the rich damask curtains—the elegant satin wood tables and chairs—all recalled images of the past; and she sighed to think how little all these things contributed to the real happiness of the possessor. "Poor Mrs. L——," she thought, "I would not change circumstances with you after all;" and as she thought this, her mind was reverting to the last evening she spent in the room, and the last song that she heard sung there; and her eyes, accompanying her thoughts, glanced at the recess in which the piano was formerly placed, and she now perceived that the old occupant had given place to a new one; and a magnificent one it was. And while Lucy was wondering what it cost, the door opened, and Mrs. L—— entered.

"My dear Lucy, this is very kind of you to come and see me. You positively must stop all day, now you are here; so take off your bonnet and shawl."

But Lucy resolutely declined the invitation, and briefly informed Mrs. L—— of the purport of her visit.

"Well, I am very sorry I cannot—it is true indeed, Lucy, I really cannot pay my bill to day. To tell you the truth, I have been very extravagant lately; and I am vexed enough about it, but that will not help me out. I bought a new piano a month or two ago, and I was obliged to pay ready money for it, and how much do you think it cost me?"

"Fifty—sixty pounds?"

"More than that, Lucy. I paid eighty guineas for it; and now I have got it, I don't know what I wanted with it; the old one would have done as well, perhaps; but, you know, I was always a spendthrift."

Poor Lucy! she could scarcely refrain from crying.

"But, dear Mrs. L——, can't you really let me have a part of the account? I am sorry to urge it, but William says he is in great distress for want of a hundred pounds or two just now. And I thought that if you knew it you would be able to help him a little."

"My dear Lucy, I am indeed very sorry, but what can I do? This poor paltry ten pounds," and she took it out of her purse, "is all I have got, and all I shall have for the next three weeks. You shall have that, and I wish it were a hundred for your sake."

William was right after all, thought Lucy, as she walked homeward; this ten pounds will go but a little way towards the three hundred.

In the meantime, William had been still less successful in his application to several other of his customers, and nothing remained but to endure the storm that threatened to overwhelm them.

"Robinson, you will take that acceptance of Martin's to Smith and Payne's, and if it is not provided for, just leave it at Parker's as you come back, and tell him to proceed with it directly. You may say that he need not write to Martin first, but send down a writ at once."—"A most extraordinary thing," continued Mr. C—— when his clerk was gone, "a most extraordinary thing, that Martin should want that bill renewed. I can't make it out—but he's going, that's evident. I shouldn't wonder if that speculation in sugars has ruined him. I thought it would! What business had he with them, I wonder? He bought them over my head, too—glad enough, I didn't have them though; but I'll work him for it, for all that."

There were "no effects" at Smith and Payne's, and Parker set to work with commendable diligence; so that in less than a month, the bankrupt list in the Gazette was graced by the name of William Martin, C——y, general merchant; p. c., Silas C——, London; solicitor to the assignees, Parker, Chancery-lane, &c. &c.

"And how much will Martin's estate pay, Mr. C——?" asked an acquaintance one day.

"Seventeen and sixpence," was the reply.

"Now, had you not better have renewed his bill for him when he was pushed, instead of breaking him up, as you did?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. How could I know that he would have stood his ground? and besides,"—he muttered this to himself,—"I had my revenge."

"And what is Martin doing now?"

"Oh! I don't know, Sir, don't know—I heard something about his going to America, but I know nothing about him, Sir."

Twenty years had passed away, and prosperity had again smiled upon the path of William Martin. With about two hundred pounds—the wreck of his property—he embarked for America. When he first projected this move-

ment, he asked his wife if she could consent to it. She said nothing, but taking up a Bible that lay on the table, she opened it at the history of Ruth, and pointed to the words, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

It was twenty years, then, after his bankruptcy, that William and Lucy Martin were resting under the shade of a Hickory tree, planted by their own hands, when they first took possession of their New England farm; and they talked of the wonderful ways of Providence, and of the good hand of God, that had led them and fed them all their lives through. While thus engaged a young man came up to them, with a small packet in his hand.

"What have you there, George?" asked William Martin.

"The letter, father, from Old England. I was down at Salem with the waggon, so I thought I would just look in at the Post-office to see if the letter you expected was come, and here it is."

"Thank you, George; yes, this is the letter I have been looking for for some time. I see it is from my old friend Thompson."

It was a long letter, as all letters from England to America, and from America to England, too, ought to be; but we will not tire the reader with transcribing it. We, however, take the liberty of copying the following from the last page:—"I have punctually performed your commission with regard to your old creditors, and enclosed are the receipts from the various houses, for the several accounts they have received. Let me assure you that your conduct towards them has excited universal admiration, and I hope will produce the effect you desired. You will see that when the parties themselves were dead, I have paid the amount to the nearest heir or executor. I cannot find Silas C——; I understand he left off business some years ago, and went into Wales to mining. The firm that he connected himself with failed, and he has not been heard of for the last three years. It is supposed that he is dead, and he has left no one, as far as I can learn, to inherit. I have therefore enclosed Bills of Exchange for the amount of his dividend, of which please to advise me."

When William Martin had finished reading the letter, he said, "Poor Mr. C——; he acted ungenerously to us, but we may well afford to forgive and forget."

"Father," said George, "I have brought a stranger home with me."

"Indeed, George, and who is it?"

"I don't know, but he was walking along the road, and I guessed he looked tired, so I

asked him to take a lift. I rather expect he didn't know where to look for a lodging to-night, for he inquired whether there was a public house near at hand; so I thought you would rather he should bed and board with us, than send him on to Johnson's, down in the bottom; and to tell the truth, he seemed glad enough of the chance."

"Quite right, my boy, and where is he now?"

"Oh! Mary is taking care of him, and I expect she will be waiting for us to go in to supper by now. She said it would be ready by eight o'clock."

"Very good; go in and tell her we are just coming, and, George, you may ask your sister to reach a bottle or two of the old cider—you know which I mean—and we will try and warm the stranger's heart for once, let it be good or bad."

But the stranger's heart seemed not to be made of materials for either cider or kindness to warm; he said but little, and evidently avoided all reference to his own concerns. He merely told them that he had been to Canada on business, and was returning to New York, and that he preferred travelling on foot to any other mode of conveyance. Soon after supper, he pleaded fatigue, and retired to the neat little chamber provided for him.

After he was gone, George observed, that though their guest carried it off pretty well, it was evident that his poverty was the principal obstacle to a more speedy conveyance. To this his father replied, "Very likely it may be so, George, but we are not called upon to judge, and if it be so, he is none the worse for it. However, we must be up early, and as I feel somewhat tired, I will leave you to finish the cider, and say Good night."

The next morning, after breakfast, William proposed to take the stranger a few miles on the road, and the offer was gladly accepted. He accordingly requested his son to harness the horse; and while he was gone to the stable for this purpose, William turned to his guest, and said, "Before you go, my friend, I have a little business to settle with you."

The poor man looked confused and frightened.

"I see," continued William Martin, "you do not remember me, but that is of little consequence; if you will step with me into my private room, I believe our business will soon be transacted."

What passed in William Martin's private room was never exactly known, but we can vouch for two circumstances. The first is, that the stranger did not leave his hospitable host that day or the next. And the second is, that in a rising and thriving town in New England, there is a grocery store kept by a very surly

Englishman, and that Englishman's name is Silas C——. And the last time we saw him was at church, when that powerful preacher, the Rev. Zedekiah Armour, took for his text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." And we noticed that Silas C—— hung down his head, and wept like a child!

G. E. S.

Brimsdale House, Kent.

PLEASURES OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

We hope our last visit has been paid to the Black Eagle at Foligno, one of those Italian inns where one's patience, wound up for a journey, is sadly at fault. We reluctantly entered its long *salle à manger*, redolent of ammoniacal gas elaborated in a stable beneath—a very common arrangement for the traveller's comfort in Italy. At the end of its long table, dimly lighted by the single wick of a three-beaked brass lamp, sat a courier and an English ladies' maid, with a vinegar cruet between them. Rejecting without hesitation all the bed-rooms on this floor, we go up stairs, hoping the volatile alkali may not, or that a story higher may, make it somewhat less pungent. So much for the bed-rooms; as to beds, we know the same detestable contrivances await us every where. All the beds in the *locandas* of Italy are as broad as they are long, and high in proportion, and appear higher when viewed from the table-land on the top. The room on which we were billeted was so far like a bed-room as to contain two chairs, one on each side of the bed, a deal tripod holding a basin, a jug with no water, a tumbler on the stone chimney-piece, to indicate that such a thing had already been asked for, and a leaden crucifix to suggest resignation. The litter of Indian corn, which, with a single mattress, represents a bed in your *albergo* "della posta," would hold three or four *voituriers* abreast, and its accessories render it unfit for any other tenants. Below we found, as usual, two greasy functionaries, in soiled cotton dresses and paper caps, beginning to prepare something offensive, for which we knew the folly of waiting, but waited, nevertheless, enduring the assaults of fleas by the score, out of the crevices which separate the brick pavement of the saloon; but we are not to be alone in our miseries. Too much travelling for that! A shaking of *grelots* below, declare that other *voituriers* have arrived, and we soon hear the usual demonstrations of authority and determination to be attended to; while plenty of transalpine voices, bass and treble, are heard approaching—enter

a party large enough for a company of comedians! To each, like ourselves, is quickly assigned his separate truss of straw, to be reached through some of the many doors constantly open, and then a long silence ensues, and for about an hour we hear nothing to disturb our musings except some difference of opinion in the stable as to precedency of stalls, and the occasional snort of horse or mule. The very lamp begins to be weary of lending us its light, when an ocean of meagre *minestra*, and some greasy macaroni, come to our relief. The first is an infusion of some animal matter in hot salt water; the second as hard as before it was put into the pot. The loaf is damp, sour, stale, and has been handled till one revolts at the very sight of it; and for the *wine*, though we have been travelling *among*, and quoting one's best passages *about*, vineyards, the red stuff in the dull decanter before us is too intolerable to be swallowed under that or any other pretence. Supper ended, we must go to bed, where the fleas and mosquitoes have been long expecting us. For the *fleas*—patience! They make no noise; but the moment the candle is out, the *mosquitoes* drop on us like thistle-down. We always make our blow at him in the wrong place. We may box our ears till they tingle, and at last, perhaps, crush one tiny enemy on our cheek; but the returns of killed and wounded will not pay the expenses of the war, and there we lie to be sucked and poisoned till morning. As to the fleas, once warmed by the presence of their victim, they wax frolicsome, and become active as he becomes lethargic; finally, if any thing were wanting to make sleep impossible, a scuttling army of *mice* overhead begin their evolutions—for be it known, that every night, after supping in the long public room below, where we cannot sup at all, the Foligno mice give a ball up stairs, and whisk their tails about in this healthy exercise till daybreak—accursed vermin! who, when the tired dog snores in concert with his master, and the very cat has composed his mustache, and crept out to sleep under the tiles, still keep their supernatural, and most unwelcome scuffling. Two o'clock has struck, and three; a brief hiatus of oblivion between three and four may perhaps be obtained; but then let him sleep who can, for it is now full time for Italian travellers to be stirring. Our neighbours are roused by gruff voices and strange dialects. The horses are shaking in their loose harness, or snorting to some distant friend before they start; carriages are grating against curbstones as they go out; and ostlers are swearing their first devotional oath to the saints or the virgin. Such is a night's lodging in Foligno, (Fulium, or what not, in

the old geography of Italy,) and almost any where else.

We brought what remained of us next day from Foligno to Seravalle, a wild spot deep among the mountains; for we could not reach Tolentino to sleep, and resolved to make out the night at a small lonely house, at which we had rather halt next time during daylight. At first, indeed, it was vastly pleasant to roam about the steep sides of the valley in pursuit of insects, and study the evolutions of a little dog in the kitchen, who in his capacity of turn-spit was preparing the roast kid for our dinner; but when the shadows began to lengthen, and the sun went down, and the cold keen air of the evening had forced us, in the middle of May, to call for fire, we began to wish this romantic pass of the Appenine and ourselves some twenty miles apart. We are to start early to-morrow morning, and to do this must retire betimes to our *columbarium*, a miserable place between the first and only story and the tiles. We put out our candle; but it would not do, we could not sleep. We breathed with a feeling that the ceiling was compressing our respiration, and the green tea, of which we had partaken too copiously, conjured up other sources of unfamiliar fear. We began to think of the many kids we had seen with their throats cut in the market-place of Foligno. What if some bandit butcher should serve us in the same fashion? Oh! they had been known to do it for a less booty than our carriage and party promised; but would they be so cruel as to murder so many? Who could settle that question but themselves? The people of the house were miserably poor, and such bold beggars as beset us round the door we had never before encountered; one had told us that they *must* live by the contributions of "*forestieri*," for they could not be supported upon *stones* and *water*, and the scenery around furnished little else. If alms were withheld, what then? We had given none, and felt *now* the responsibility of our refusal. A passage from an oldish Galignani started up to our recollection. A family *was* stopped last winter on its way to Rome from Ancona—this might be the spot—we could not indeed remember that it was, but it seemed very likely, and we would have given something to have remembered whether they were also murdered, but we could not make out. We had been so indiscreet as to tell some of the beggars who had pursued us in our chaise, of insects among their mountain shrubs, that they should learn like us to *lie* upon them; a hard-hearted joke, and a very bad one, for which, if throats *were* to be cut to-night, they would doubtless recollect the author. Yet our hostess was a venerable dame; had

told us that people attained to a great age at Seravalle, and that—hisht! surely our insecure door began to wag on its hinges. Pshaw! it could only be the wind's doing—hisht, again! what can be those strange sounds below? Oh! that we could throw open our window, and spring the rattle, and call the "watch;" in place of passing our shirt sleeve over our moist forehead, recollecting the prints or models of picturesquely clad villains in leather buskin, pink sash, and sugar-loaf hats! The cold night-breeze had by this time chided itself to sleep; the towering pines opposite our window stood motionless, like the ghosts of mountain heroes, shadowy and still in the silver light: the laden ash drooped under its load of red berries over the beetling cliff, and the ear of night is soothed, like our own ear, with the colloquial murmuring of the trout stream over its pebbly bed, and the delicious plaint of we know not how many nightingales. Thus we went to sleep, and in the morning other and livelier songsters awaken us, and we are lit out of bed by the sun himself, who has loosened these heralds' tongues to inform us that his chariot is already many stages beyond the horizon, and to warn us that, if we would reach *Macerata* by the evening, we must ere long be on ours.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

[With an Engraving in No. V.]

The view of this extensive and important stronghold presented with the previous Number of the Journal, is taken from Tower Hill, which, with the fortress, forms part of a district termed the *Tower Liberty*, possessing a jurisdiction and privileges distinct from, and entirely independent of, those of the City of London; hence, frequent disputes have arisen as to the extent of its boundary and the nature of its rights.

The chief government of the Tower is vested in a *Constable*, an office coeval with the erection of the fortress itself, and usually conferred on a person of rank and military skill, who is endowed with a variety of privileges and immunities in that capacity. During the last century it has been filled successively by Lord Berkeley, Earl Cornwallis, Earl Moira, and the Duke of Wellington, who received the appointment in 1828, and continues to hold it.

The Lieutenant is the officer next in rank to the Constable, and receives his appointment by letters patent, but the ostensible duties of both are discharged by the Deputy Lieutenant and the Major, in whom the command of the fortress is now more immediately vested. In addition

to the Yeoman-porter, the Gaoler, and the Warders, there are attached to the establishment of the Tower a Chaplain appointed by the Sovereign, a Physician, a Surgeon, and an Apothecary, all recommended by the Constable. The Keepers of the Records and the Store Keepers of the ordnance are appointed by their respective Boards; the Keeper of the Jewels is appointed by the Lord Chamberlain.

The Tower is situated on the northern bank of the River Thames, at the south-eastern extremity of the city, and immediately beyond the line of its ancient walls, of which some remains are yet standing in the vicinity of Tower Hill. The site, though not of considerable elevation, was well chosen for defending the maritime approach to the Citadel by its command of the river, and for overawing the turbulent citizens of former days by its contiguity to their abodes. The fortifications consist of a citadel, or keep, now called the White Tower, and by Shakspeare and others Julius Cæsar's Tower, which is seen rising above the surrounding buildings represented in the engraving—these abut upon the walls and bulwarks, constituting the inner and outer wards, and by their extent and strength, excite in persons who visit the Tower for the first time, mingled admiration and surprise. When fully garrisoned it has the appearance of an extensive and populous town. Within the walls is comprised a superficies of twelve acres and five roods. The exterior circumference of the moat measures three hundred and thirty yards, independent of its sloping banks, and on the side of Tower Hill its width is from thirty to forty-two yards; on the side next the river, from which it is separated by a spacious raised platform, mounted with cannon, its width is from forty to fifty yards. The principal entrance is by an enclosure called the *Spur*, at the south-west angle of the fortress, through the Martin Tower, which consists of an arched gateway, flanked by round towers represented at the extreme right of the engraving, and leading to a stone bridge crossing the moat, and also defended at the other end by the Byward Tower, which nearly corresponds with that just described. On each basement floor is a vaulted octangular room; portcullis and massive gates formerly protected both of these avenues; the upper rooms were the ancient guard rooms, but are now used as the garrison hospital.

The south side the wharf is connected with the fortress by temporary bridges. There is also, running under the wharf, a cut or channel uniting the moat with the river, which is secured by a strong tower and water gate, called the Traitor's Gate, from the circumstance

of state prisoners having been formerly conducted into the Tower through that avenue. These entrances only extend to the outer ward; most of the buildings within which, on the west, north, and east sides, were formerly appropriated to the English and Irish Mints, but the business of these was removed some years ago into the new and handsome edifice called the Mint, on the north-eastern side of Tower Hill. The inner ward, which includes all the principal buildings, is entered by a noble gateway on the south, directly opposite the Traitor's Gate, and generally termed the Bloody Tower, from the supposition that in it the two sons of Edward IV. met their untimely fate.

Nearly in the centre of the inner ward stands the White Tower or Citadel, which, from its importance and antiquity, first claims our notice; it exhibits a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture, and like that at Rochester nobly testifies the abilities of Bishop Gundulph, the architect of both. This edifice is a massive quadrangular structure, measuring one hundred and sixteen feet from north to south, and ninety-six feet from east to west: its height is ninety-two feet, and at the south-east end is a semicircular projection of about twenty-two feet. The summit of the walls is embattled, and at each angle is an elevated turret, rising considerably above the roof; that at the north-east angle, which is the highest and largest, forms an irregular circle, and contains the great staircase of communication throughout the building. This turret was formerly called the *Observatory*, it having been used for astronomical purposes by the celebrated Flamstead, in the reign of Charles II., before the erection of the royal observatory at Greenwich. The interior of this tower consists of three very lofty stories, exclusive of the capacious vaults under the basement, which were formerly used for storing saltpetre. The walls at the base are sixteen feet thick: on the north side is a small semicircular-headed door-way communicating with a dark cell, or dungeon, formed in the thickness of the wall, ten feet long by eight feet wide. In this gloomy abode it is said the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World." That prisoners were immured here in Mary's reign there is certain evidence from remaining vestiges, but, observes Mr. Bayley, "these have been so mutilated that the only ones that could be made out were, '*He that endureth to the ende shall be saved.*' '*M. 10. R. Rvdson. Dar. Kent. An. 1553.*' '*Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crowne of life.*' '*T. Fane, 1554,*' and '*P. Culpeper, of Dariford.*' These were all persons concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection. The first floor contains two apartments, one

of which was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, but ever since the reign of Charles II. it has been appropriated as a repository for records, the cases containing which prevent an inspection of the beautiful Norman pillars and arches which adorn it, and upon which many kings expended large sums—it having long been the royal chapel. The next adjoining rooms and the second stories are now Armouries, and contain upwards of 80,000 stand of arms and several specimens of ancient armour; the uppermost story, now appropriated to the Record office, is called the Council chamber, and reputed to be the place where councils sat when the reigning monarch held his court in the Tower; its roof is sustained by vast beams of timber, disposed in transverse and horizontal frame work, and supported by two rows of massive posts. This arrangement has every appearance of high antiquity, and harmonises admirably with the grand and substantial features of the building. It was at a council sitting in this chamber, in 1483, that the protector Gloucester ordered Lord Hastings to be led to instant execution, and commanded the arrest of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and Lord Stanley. Within the thickness of the wall surrounding this story, and communicating with the three grand corner stairs, are small arched galleries. No vestige of either a fire place or a cell has been discovered in any part of this edifice.

Against the south wall of the White Tower stands the **HORSE ARMOURY**, erected in 1825, on the recommendation of Dr. S. R. Meyrick, who had in his "Critical Inquiry into Antient Armour," directed public attention to the interesting relics of antiquity preserved in this fortress, and to the confusion which characterised their disposition. The numerous specimens were subsequently arranged and placed in this collection, in the tasteful and scientific manner in which they are now displayed, by Dr. Meyrick, who, although requested by government to undertake the duty, contributed his aid *gratuitously*.

The interior presents a most imposing spectacle, and abounds with features of the highest interest. The apartment, which is one hundred and forty-nine feet in length, and thirty-three in width, is divided, longitudinally, into two unequal parts, by a series of pointed arches raised on a brick floor—between each of these stands an equestrian figure, harnessed in the armour worn during the reigns of several of the successive monarchs of England, from Edward I. to James II. In front there is a light iron railing, and over each figure is suspended a crimson banner, on which are inscribed in letters of gold the name of the person to whom

each suit of armour is assigned, and the supposed or known date of its manufacture. Behind the equestrian figures, and along the wall in front, are deposited a variety of costumes, weapons, armour, and other warlike accoutrements, many of which are tastefully arranged in festoons and other devices. Within one of these, at the east end, surrounded with bayonets, is inscribed the word "Waterloo;" the other parts of the ceiling are covered with cuirasses worn by the French in that memorable field.

Near the middle of the south wall, on each side of a recess, are placed two suits of armour, made for Henry VIII. The first, dated 1509, is rough from the hammer, and is considered one of the most complete specimens in the collection. The other bears the date of 1512, and was made for combats on foot. Within the recess is an equestrian figure of Henry VIII. in a very curious suit of armour, which was presented to him by the Emperor Maximilian the First, on Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, in 1509. This is the most splendid and highly finished suit in the whole series: it is washed with silver, and profusely covered with engravings, representing the legends of divers saints, interspersed with the King's badges, and other devices. The walls and ceiling of this recess are also decorated with numerous specimens of arms and armour of the same period.

In the rear of the equestrian figures, a recessed platform, about four feet from the floor, and extending nearly three-fourths of the entire length of the building, contains an extensive collection of the armour, pikes, accoutrements, and ensigns of the Royalists of the time of Charles I. In the centre stands a body of pikemen; the right and left are occupied by cuirassiers, and at the extremities, cavaliers in complete armour, bearing lances. Under this recess are ranged in chronological order various pieces of ordnance of the times of Henry VI. to those of Elizabeth, together with a few brought from the Museum of Artillery of Paris on the capture of that city by the Allied Powers in 1814.

Nearly opposite the south-western angle of the White Tower stands the **SPANISH ARMOURY**, or, as it may be more correctly designated, *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury*; it being the opinion of Dr. Meyrick, that the glaives, bills, halberds, and pertuisans which compose this collection were used in this country in the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate predecessors; and many of them present abundant evidence that they never belonged to the Spanish troops of the famed Armada, to whom they have long been attributed, together with a variety of instruments of torture, of which the *Cravat* may be

mentioned as being in use in the Tower many years before the Spanish invasion, under the name of the "*scavenger's daughter*." Within a recessed tent at the upper extremity of this apartment is a curious figure of Elizabeth, seated on a cream-coloured horse, in the supposed act of addressing her troops at Tilbury; the room is appropriately adorned with diversified combinations of arms, forming a number of ingenious devices. Among a great variety of curious ancient weapons of warfare, suits of armour, and instruments of torture, may be noticed an ancient axe reputed to be that employed in beheading Queen Ann Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex.

The JEWEL Tower next claims attention; in this building the regalia have been deposited since the Restoration, and it has acquired additional celebrity from the attempt made by Blood to steal the Crown, which he had nearly accomplished by ingratiating himself with Talbot Edwards, the Master of the Jewel House, under the assumed character of a clergyman. Blood and his confederates, when viewing the Jewels, threw a cloak over the head of Edwards, gagged his mouth, and nearly murdered him by means of a mallet, seizing the rich prize. Blood had proceeded as far as St. Katherine's gate, when it was dragged from his grasp, and the robbers were apprehended; yet, singularly enough, this attempt led to the advancement of Blood with the King, whilst the faithful Edwards had the utmost difficulty to obtain a grant from the Treasury for himself and son for their intrepid exertions in the preservation of the property.

The Jewel Tower is situated at the north-east angle of the inner ward, and is approached by a flight of steps. The roof of the ground floor is groined and vaulted, and near the entrance, on the left, is a small cell constructed within the thickness of the wall, in which the Jewels were, previous to the recent fire, ranged on shelves within a glass case, lighted by six argand lamps. The imperial crown was placed within a bell glass, upon a stand which revolved, so that every side might be viewed. The orb, St. Edward's crown, the sceptres, the armillæ, ampulla, and a variety of gold tankards, and communion service in gilt silver, combined to render this cell one of the most attractive objects in the fortress.

The Chapel of *St. Peter Ad Vincula* is situate at the north-west angle of the inner ward, adjacent to the green or garrison parade, and occupies the site of one still more ancient; respecting the repairs of which, Henry III. issued minute directions in 1240. The present chapel was erected by Edward I., and derives its chief interest from being the burial place of

most of the distinguished persons whom we have already enumerated as the victims of ambition, jealousy, or crime, and who ended their career either within or adjacent to the Tower. Here repose in silence and peace the dust of catholic Fisher and More, with that of protestant Ann Boleyn and Cromwell, the Earl of Essex, the brothers Seymour and Somerset, and their rival, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, with the hapless victims to his ambition, Lady Jane Grey and her youthful husband Lord Guildford Dudley. In this chapel, too, are entombed Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of the imprisoned Queen of Scots, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the chivalrous, but rash favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The remains of James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., lie buried under the communion table, and beneath the western gallery, in one grave, those of the Scottish lords who suffered for the rebellion of 1745. The richly ornamented tombs of several of the Lieutenants of the Tower also adorn various parts of the chapel, and the effigies are interesting as affording illustrations of the costume worn at successive periods of English history.

The remaining towers are each distinguished by peculiar names, and by the inscriptions and autographs left by the prisoners who have been confined within their walls and vaults. The Wakefield Tower, one of the additions made to the fortress by William Rufus, is now styled the RECORD OFFICE, and is known to have "been the repository of the ancient records of the kingdom from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., if not at a much earlier period;" but as some important change will probably soon be made in their arrangement and deposit, we will pass on at once to notice

THE GRAND STORE HOUSE, the destruction of which, by fire, is but an event of yesterday. This magnificent building occupied the north-side of the inner ward, and forms the principal object to the left of our engraving. It was erected of brick with stone quoins, by James II. and William III., the latter of whom, with his Queen, entertained their court here with a sumptuous dinner on its completion. The edifice was three hundred and forty-five feet in length and sixty feet in width; it consisted of three stories, and was surmounted by a turret, which contained the garrison clock. The main entrance, by a stately door-way on the south side, was adorned with four columns, an entablature, and a pediment of the Doric order; on the latter was sculptured the royal arms, with enrichments of ornamental trophy work, the design of the celebrated Grindling Gibbons. The ground floor

was designated the *Train of Artillery*, and contained a great variety of curious pieces of ordnance. A noble staircase led to the next room, which was remarkable for the immense number of small arms deposited there—numbering one hundred and fifty thousand stand, ready for immediate service. They were placed in racks ranged in longitudinal and transverse rows; the walls were also decorated with an endless combination of figures, formed by the ingenious arrangement of old armour, pistols, and other weapons. The upper story was formerly used as a depository for camp equipage, but in later years was appropriated to the reception of military stores.

On Saturday, October 30th, the warden whose duty it was to examine the building went over it at four o'clock in the afternoon, and found every thing apparently safe, but about half-past ten, a sentry, on the ramparts next Tower Hill, observed a large body of smoke ascending as if from the centre of the Armoury, and he immediately gave the alarm by discharging his musket. In the course of a few seconds the whole of the garrison and officers were out, and immediately afterwards the Armoury was discovered to be on fire. Unfortunately, very little water was at hand, from its being low tide and the ditch being empty, rendering the Tower engines comparatively useless. From the dryness of the place, coupled with the massive timbers in the building, the total destruction of the Armoury became inevitable, and in less than a quarter of an hour after the discovery, an immense body of fire raged with uncontrolled fury. The drums beat the alarm, and messengers were despatched in all directions to the various fire-stations for the engines. A number of these speedily arrived, but although there were nearly two thousand men in attendance to work upwards of twenty engines, which were ready to pour hundreds of tons of water per minute on the fire, before they could be put into operation, from want of water, the entire building was in flames, both eastward and westward, simultaneously threatening destruction to the Chapel and the Jewel Office, the latter of which shared the fate of the Armoury. Mr. Pearce, with several constables, proceeded to this place, and speedily removed the Regalia, the whole of which was saved, and conveyed to the house of the Governor, Major Elrington. At this period the sight was one of the most magnificent which can possibly be conceived. While the fire was thus raging, hundreds of the soldiers were employed in removing the new patent muskets, not a single stand of which was lost, those destroyed being the old

lock and flint muskets. As soon as water could be obtained, the steam-engine attached to the garrison was set in motion, which throughout the rest of the morning kept continually at work, forcing the water into the various reservoirs, while the Southwark Bridge Float and the Rotherhithe, which came up at the turn of the tide, poured forth immense bodies of water, but with no effect; for, exactly as the Tower Clock struck the hour of one, the clock tower and roof of the building fell in with a tremendous crash, and for a few seconds the burning pile was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke and dust, and upon its clearing away the flames ascended to an extraordinary height, illuminating the whole of the atmosphere for miles round. All attention was now directed towards the White Tower and the Church of St. Peter. The leaden water-pipes, running from the roof of the former, were melted, and the frames of the windows had ignited, but a plentiful supply of water having been obtained, the exertions of the firemen and soldiers were directed to it, and it was only by copious streams of water being poured upon it that it was rescued.

The fire continued to rage for several days, and excited the most intense interest amongst the inhabitants of the Metropolis, multitudes of whom have been admitted by ticket to view the ruins, which present a melancholy spectacle of utter desolation, involving a loss of upwards of a million sterling. The origin of the conflagration is still enveloped in uncertainty, but it is generally attributed to flues which passed under Bowyer's Tower. The rapid succession of fires in public buildings will, it is to be hoped, lead to the adoption of effective measures for the preservation of our remaining national monuments. However utilitarians may harangue as to the uselessness and expense of these establishments, they supply to each generation, in the most vivid and tangible form, the history and manners of past ages, and to both the governors and governed of each, silently proclaim lessons of salutary warning and encouraging truth. With some of these, ingeniously delineated by the author of "*Babylon the Great*," we take our leave for the present of the TOWER OF LONDON.

"The cumbrous and gloomy masses of the Tower," he observes, "with their tarnished walls and mud-choked ditch, speak alike of crimes that have been perpetrated, of glories that have passed away, and of new grandeurs and new usages that have arisen. There, the once gorgeous halls, in which kings have issued their mandates, and nobles bowed the knee, are now converted into storehouses for those warlike instruments which England wields with such

power and success, when justice or vengeance, or pride or folly, or any other other incentives to national strife, calls her to the battle-field. Those courts, which once were grand with the chivalry of England, and graced with the beauty of her loftiest dames, are now abandoned to the loitering yeoman, or the solitary sentinel.

“Even here, however, there is a lesson which is cheering as well as moral:—the place where plots were aforetime hatched, as well against the safety of the kings of England, as against the liberties and lives of their subjects,—where patriotism has been immured from the light of the sun, and where blood too pure and ardent in its love of man for the age, has been spilt, is now devoted to the peaceful, the exhilarating, and enriching labours of commerce. Royalty has sped westward, and all that is fashionable in life has followed; but old father Thames still sweeps along by the Tower, and the burthen of his every wave is provision to a thousand of the human race. The great may shift their places of abode, and alter the forms of their observances; but wherever Providence places the elements of utility, thither will mankind throng and prosper.”

THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

This eminent sculptor died at his house in Belgrave Place, on Thursday evening, the 25th ultimo. He had returned from erecting his fine statue of the late Bishop of Norwich the day before; looked well, and conversed cheerfully till the evening, when he became suddenly ill, sank down in his chair, and expired without a groan.

He had finished the model of the head of the Duke of Wellington for the colossal equestrian statue for the City of London, having had a last sitting from the Duke just before he went to Holkham; and he had recently given the finishing touches to an admirable bust of Lord Melbourne. These were the last models he put his hand to; and it is said by one whose judgment is entitled to respect, that they both rank among his finest works.

Sir Francis was a very remarkable instance of the rise of talent from obscurity to eminence. He was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, in 1782. His father was what is called a small farmer; and it is stated that young Chantrey frequently took charge of the milk, butter, and eggs from the farm to Sheffield market; and it is still remembered, that the butter often exhibited strong indications of the modeller's art. His genius was, however, doomed to remain in ob-

scurity for some time longer; he was apprenticed to a carver and gilder, (in Sheffield) in whose service young Chantrey's genius had not a single opportunity to display itself. Fortunately for him, however, he had an uncle in London, who was butler to the late Miss D'Oyle: to the metropolis, therefore, the young aspirant came, and was received with great kindness by his uncle. It is curious to remark, that he commenced his career as a portrait painter. In this line, however, he did not do much: the bent of his talent was for modelling, and he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy on the recommendation of Banks, R. A., the celebrated sculptor, about 1809. In this excellent school of art he prosecuted his studies with such assiduity and effect, that, in 1816, he was elected an associate of the academy, and in two years afterwards became, by election, a member of that body; and from that moment to his last, the greatest good fortune appears to have attended all his professional efforts, as the list of his works, and the wealth he realized by them, will sufficiently prove. From the moment he commenced modelling busts, it was evident to good judges that nature had given him singular power to succeed in that branch of art. His very first essay was successful: this was a head of Horne Took. It is still in existence, and displays decided marks of no common talent. In portrait sculpture nature had formed him to excel: he gave a new era to that class of sculpture; nothing like the truth of nature, elegance, and taste of arrangement, especially in the hair of his busts, had ever been seen in Britain, and even now nothing to compare with them is to be found in the continental schools of arts. Amongst his busts, those of the late Marquis of Londonderry and of Sir Walter Scott may fairly be considered as *chefs d'œuvres* of portrait sculpture.

The great value of Chantrey's statues consists in the intellectual character of the heads: the mind of the original predominated in his likenesses; which circumstance contributed more than the improving touch of art to elevate and refine the lineaments. The faces of his figures *thought*; the eyes were eloquent of meaning, and the mouth expressed the transient emotion of the happy moment when he seized the living resemblance. His style of modelling was masterly, elegant, and bold without: the outline and play of the features in his busts are brought out by means of the light and shade produced by the forms in marble; in effect, he *painted* with his chisel. No sculptor of any age, perhaps, has executed a greater number of busts and statues, or produced finer likenesses of the countenance. His figures, on the contrary, are conventional, not character-

istic. Invention was not his forte: his only ideal work was the exquisite group of two sleeping children, in Lichfield Cathedral, and for this Stothard furnished the design. The colossal statue of Watt, in Westminster Abbey, is one of his grandest works. He drew with taste; as his sketches of Dove Dale, which were engraved, testify.

Sir Francis Chantrey was born in 1782, and consequently had passed his fifty-ninth year: he was married, and has left a widow, but no children. He was a man of shrewdness and penetration, and remarkable for *bonhomie*: he was not only an agreeable companion, but a steady friend, and a kind master.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, who originally filled the humble office of rough hewer of marble, and up to the present time was occupied with the business of the studio—his numerous literary productions being the produce of his leisure hours solely—has been with Sir Francis twenty-eight years; and Mr. Heffernan, who has cut in marble almost every one of Chantrey's busts, literally from the first to the last, has been engaged during thirty years.

CHEMISTRY.

At the present day, Chemistry is a science of vast extent and magnificence; it is a necessary branch of every liberal education, and contributes as great a share towards increasing the resources or adding to the welfare of mankind, as all the other sciences united. The votary of Chemistry is not immured in the close and noxious laboratory, to waste his life in calcining metals and forming compounds under certain planetary signs and influences, or in pursuing the other fantastic chimeras of bygone ages. The scene is gloriously changed! He is free to enjoy the bright sunlight of philosophy and the society of truth; the wondrous book of Nature is open to his view, and to gain a knowledge of its contents, he tests every page by experiment. The proceeding is laborious and uncongenial to the aspiring mind that would fain soar amidst the seductive regions of theory and hypothesis, but it is the basis of the science of Chemistry.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to furnish a concise definition of this science, but some faint idea of its objects may be gained from the following general outline.

Chemistry is that branch of natural knowledge which teaches us the properties of the elementary substances, or in other words, of those forms of matter which are simple and undecomposable; these have the property of uniting with each other in various ways, and

of forming compounds, which, again uniting with each other, form more complete compounds: it inquires into the laws which affect, and into the powers which preside over, their union, and determines the exact proportions in which it takes place: it discovers the method of separating them when combined, and of presenting each again in a pure or insulated state, and endeavours, throughout, to apply all such varied knowledge to the explication of natural phenomena, and to useful purposes in the arts of life.

Chemistry investigates the wonderful and ceaseless changes which are constantly going on in the atmosphere, provides the means of ascertaining its density, temperature, and moisture, examines the cause of dew, rain, hail, and snow; instructs man how to reason calmly upon the awful phenomena of the tempest and the thunder-storm, provides the means of averting its terrors, determines the elements of which the atmosphere is composed, and the active part which they enact in the vast laboratory of nature.

Chemistry directs attention to the vegetable kingdom, traces the curious and intricate changes attendant upon the germination of a seed, the growth of a plant, and the elements which they have the power of absorbing from the soil and the atmosphere for their support; discovers that even the decay of a plant is attended with beneficial results, and that the elements into which it is resolved, may again become active in producing living and luxuriant foliage. Further, it teaches us the curious fact, that although the varieties presented by the vegetable world are so widely different in external structure and character, yet they are, with very few exceptions, constituted of the same elements, which are but few in number, and whose proportions are only very slightly varied.

Chemistry discovers that the bones composing the wonderful skeleton upon which the animal body is supported, owe their great strength and firmness to the presence of two highly inflammable substances united with an element which is found in the atmosphere, and that the softer solids of the animal body consist of the same elements which are found in the vegetable kingdom, though combined in other proportions.

By this science, man is enabled to determine the nature and properties of the rocks and strata which constitute the surface of the globe; to ascertain their relative durability and fitness for the purposes of the architect and the builder, to separate them into their component parts, and to employ these in a pure or an artificially combined state, as cements, building materials,

porcelain, or pottery. Descending into the bosom of the earth, Chemistry points out the endless variety of metallic ores; instructs man how to assay and reduce them to the state of metals, which are fashioned into innumerable forms of utility and beauty.

Heat is the powerful agent employed in these and numberless other processes, and it is obtained by the combustion of coal, an invaluable mineral production, from which a gaseous substance is extracted, and employed as a means of brilliant illumination.

Chemistry teaches us that the sand beneath our feet, when mixed with the calcined ashes of plants, and exposed to the intense heat of a furnace-fire, produces the astonishing substance called glass, which, when spread into sheets, is set in the apertures of our dwellings to exclude the rude winds, but to permit the cheering rays of light to enter. Various additions being made to its components, it is employed for the manufacture of drinking vessels and ornamented articles of the most elegant design and skilful workmanship, which appear upon our tables in place of the uncouth wooden bowls employed in domestic use by our forefathers. The same substance is employed by the astronomer to form lenses of prodigious power, by which, properly adjusted, he is enabled to watch the motions and penetrate the abysses of the starry heavens; without glass, many of the sublime truths of astronomy, the researches concerning heat and light, the nature of numerous aeriform bodies, would have remained unknown, nor could the naturalist have investigated the forms and appearances of that wonderful part of the creation whose extreme minuteness eludes the observation of the unassisted eye.

To the action of fire upon various mixtures of sand and clay, we are indebted for all those beautiful and elegant services of porcelain which adorn our tables and add to our comforts and luxuries. All the brilliant and lovely colours with which porcelain is tinted, are produced by chemistry, from metallic bodies; it presides also over the production and permanence of the vivid and varied dyes which tint the fabrics of the loom; it points out to the manufacturer the method of simultaneously producing many together upon his goods, or of instantaneously destroying them all, leaving a surface of exquisite whiteness: our modern habits and fashions have rendered the chemistry of dyeing, calico printing, and bleaching, of the greatest commercial interest and importance; and these arts, in conjunction with those of metallurgy, glass and porcelain making, contribute not only to the gorgeous splendour of the princely

court, but to the neatness and comfort of the peasant's cottage.

Thus does Chemistry enable us to work singular and important changes upon all forms of matter, causing each in turn to minister to our wants or our luxuries; the great and rapid advances which have of late years been made in this and other sciences, may be referred to the steady pursuance of the plan of inductive reasoning laid down by Lord Bacon in his *Novum Organon*, or new method of studying the sciences.

Previous to the appearance of this singularly acute and profound work, (and indeed, for a considerable period afterwards, for its principles were only admitted with extreme reluctance,) the state of philosophy was deplorable, and he who could frame the most fanciful theory or incomprehensible hypothesis, or mystify his doctrines, in the highest degree, appears to have been regarded with the greatest veneration. Truth was either entirely and wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of self-aggrandizement, or her fair proportions so distorted and mutilated, as to be almost undiscoverable. Experiment (saving alchymical experiment) was hardly ever resorted to, because the philosophers of the day deemed its practice far beneath their dignity, and held in sovereign contempt those who advocated or made experiments to elucidate the phenomena of nature, styling them "a tribe of idle curious people," and asserting that "a philosopher should go no further than the contemplation of things, leaving the execution thereof to another set of men, though he should have a certain theory thereof, in order to judge pertinently of them."

It was at length discovered that this state of affairs could not exist; that the contemplation of things was not incompatible with practical execution, and that the "lover of wisdom" could suffer no real degradation in the eyes of his fellow-men, by resorting to experiment. At the present time, the greatest philosophers are the most laborious experimenters; nothing is considered beneath their notice, and the most simple facts and observations have frequently given birth to discoveries and inventions of the greatest importance and practical utility.—*Recreations in Chemistry.*

Slow Progress of the Sciences.—One of the chief causes that has obstructed the advancement of the sciences, has been an inattention to the principal end which should be kept in view in their cultivation; the end I mean is public utility, or what contributes to the convenience and happiness of life. Instead of attending to this, most men have no other object in the pursuit of knowledge, but to gratify a transient curiosity, or to give a variety to their amusements, or to serve the purpose of vanity and ostentation, or to gain a subsistence in the profession they live by.—*Gregory.*

NEW BOOKS.

Poems by William Cowper, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and seventy-five illustrations engraved by J. O. Smith, from drawings by John Gilbert. In two vols. London: Tilt and Bogue. 1841.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery, collected by himself. In four vols. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1841.

The well-known productions of these kindred spirits most appropriately appear together in new and splendid attire, not less worthy of the advanced state of the fine arts than of the sublime truths taught in sweetest poesy, by Cowper, pre-eminently designated "the Christian poet," and James Montgomery, on whom, in this respect at least, the mantle of Cowper has descended. It would, indeed, be a waste of words to attempt to eulogise the poetry of these volumes, occupying as it does a permanent and distinguished rank in our national literature, despite the denunciations of English critics and Scotch reviewers; for,

"Where acknowledged merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain."

But the interesting biography and critique of Dr. Dale, and the revelations contained in the preface to his works, by Mr. Montgomery, suggest points of resemblance in the characters and fortunes of the two poets, which it is interesting to note, and equally, with the character of their writings, tend to demonstrate that Mr. Montgomery, among many competitors, is the legitimate successor of Cowper in ethical and didactic verse, and in the union of the purest Christianity with the most attractive and animated poetry.

The marked hostility of the Reviews to both of our poets, and the contemptuous disregard for the snarling sarcasms of the critics, displayed by the much-abused but common sense public, in the rapid demand for successive editions of each of their works—are not less amusing than instructive, and afford in themselves presumptive evidence of their family likeness and sterling value.

"Cowper's first volume," says Dr. Dale, was denounced as, "in general weak and languid, having neither novelty, spirit, nor animation to recommend them. He never rises to any thing that we can recommend or admire; he says nothing new, sprightly, or entertaining; travelling along on a plain, level, flat road with great composure; drawn through the dull, dry,

and tedious volume, which is little better than a dull sermon in indifferent verse." Dr. Southey characterizes this as one of those defunct criticisms that deserves to be disinterred, and gibbeted for the sake of example.

The following extracts, among others, are selected to meet the charges of the "Monthly Review," who looked in vain for language strikingly humorous, or strikingly elegant.

THE DRAWER WITH A LONG BOW—CAPTAIN BOUNCE.

"Can this be true?" an arch observer cries;
'Yes, (rather moved) I saw it with these eyes';
'Sir, I believe it on that ground alone,
I could not had I seen it with my own."

THE IDLER.

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands."

TRUTH.

"The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure.
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of eternal plan appears;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies."

And now for the parallel in Mr. Montgomery, who pleasantly informs us, in his introduction to "*The Wanderer of Switzerland*," that after issuing a third edition of two thousand copies, within a few months of its first appearance, "a check came, which threatened nothing less than annihilation to all my labours and all my hopes."

"The Edinburgh Review," of January, 1807, denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation, as no mortal verse could be expected to survive. After designating it as "a feeble outrage on the public," the reviewer predicted "that in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or of any other poems in this collection,"—a prognostic as true, probably, as Mr. Montgomery pithily observes, as any thing else in the entire paper, and worthy of honourable mention on the appearance, in the present series, of a thirteenth edition, three and thirty years after the work had been left for execution. Yet this early volume contained the following verses to the memory of a good man:—

"Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watched thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransomed captive fled.

* * * * *
And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walked with God.

Till his Master from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind;
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropped behind?

Grave! the guardian of his dust;
Grave! the treasury of the skies;
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay,
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!"

A striking correspondence is observable in the effects of the early sorrows which afflicted both of them, and, however varied in their origin, were equally formidable to their delicately constructed minds. Possessing the rich susceptibilities of genius, their quick perception of the beautiful and sublime, and their highly cultivated moral sensibility, became so many avenues to mental suffering, and peculiarly unfitted them to encounter the rubs and jars of ordinary life. Cowper, tenderly trained from infancy, soon sunk in the unequal struggle, and only conquered the world by christian faith. Thus he sings, with touching pathos;—

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd,
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant climes.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force, soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

Montgomery, earlier inured to misfortune, and better taught to appeal from the judgment of men to a higher tribunal, survived the rude shocks encountered at the outset of his career, and, like Judah's royal poet, the outpouring of his woes terminates in confidence and triumph:

"There is a winter in my soul—
The winter of despair;
Oh when shall spring its rage control?
When shall the snow-drop blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of comfort on my heart,
But quickly pass away:
Thus northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn,
That never turns to day!
But hark! methinks I hear
A still small whisper in my ear.
"Rash youth, repent:
Afflictions from above
Are angels sent
On embassies of love.
A fiery legion at thy birth,
Of chastening woes, were given,
To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
And plant them high
O'er yonder sky,
Transform'd to stars, and fix'd in heaven."

To the same sources may be traced the deep-welled sympathy for the oppressed and helpless of human kind, which flows through the poetry

of Cowper and Montgomery. From the keen reminiscences of the boyish cruelties perpetrated on himself at the public school, where he was doomed to spend the joyous years of youth in bitter exile from the treasured delights of a happy home. The former has delineated, with impassioned earnestness, the deep unpitied, because unknown, sufferings inflicted by the petty tyrants, who most delight to gratify their brutal passions when they can be indulged in with impunity. "At the boarding school where I was sent," said Cowper, "I had hardships of various kinds to compete with, which I felt more sensibly in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home. But my chief affliction consisted in being singled out from all the other boys by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object on whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to conceal a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me." It is these sufferings which prompts and gives emphasis to the enquiry to parents:—

"Why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown,
For one whose tenderest thoughts all hover round your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lacerate your heart and his;
The indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home."

His powerful appeals on behalf of the negro race, and his eloquent denunciations of the inhuman slave trade, are universally known, and have contributed more towards the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, than the living actors in the accomplishment of that great achievement of duty over interest, are perhaps capable of estimating.

Mr. Montgomery has nobly seized and well sustained the standard of the abolitionists, and sharing in the glories of their bloodless victory, he has emblazoned their triumphs in immortal song. He too has descended from loftier themes, to describe the pitiable cruelties inflicted on the hapless orphan offspring of the poor, by callous parish vestries, or by parents unworthy of the name, devoted to the degrading, demoralizing, and destructive avocation of the chimney-sweeper; and in this field of benevolent toil, he has at length succeeded in awakening the attention of the public and the legislature, to the worse than useless waste of human life and happiness involved in the employment of climbing-boys, and has earned, in this humble cause, laurels more precious and imperishable than the brightest diadems that ever graced the brows of the mighty ones of earth.

[To be continued.]

Original Poetry.

POETICAL EMBLEMS.
BY MRS. CAULTON.

PURITY—THE WHITE WATER LILY.

A blue and gentle stream, so still and calm,
With hanging trees beside—it is a balm
To the tired heart to wander there alone,
And let the world's rough tales be hush'd and gone;
There is a rustling murmur of the leaves,
Whose gentle touch the gliding wave receives,
And when the sun's bright rays stream in between,
And gladden all the waters, then are seen
The pure white lilies on their cars of green.

Ye are so beautiful, ye pearl-like flowers!
A placid saint-like loveliness is yours;
Ye only dwell in waters clear and still—
Ye shrink from storm and darkness, and ye fill
Your pure white chalice with those radiant beams
Your own bright god, in noontide glory, streams;
Ye live but in his love, for when the West
Receives his light, then ye, who were so blest,
Sink mournful in the glassy wave to rest.

Oh, flowers of beauty! could I only see
The same abiding trusting love in me—
The same calm purity within my breast,
What freedom then were mine, what holy rest!
Oh, not on earth's rough waves can Innocence
A perfect garment from her stores dispense;
But in the world where storms can ne'er distress,
And sin defile not, may my spirit rest,
Clad in the "white robes of His righteousness."

HUMILITY—THE COMMON BROOM.

The clarion sounds its shrilly note,
And brightly shines the quivering lance,
While belted knights go proudly by,
To earn their sovereign lady's glance;
There are proud banners waving high,
And knightly pennons gaily blent,
And childhood blithe, and manhood grave,
Are hastening to the tournament.

Lo, many a lordly baron's crest
Is blazoned on a glittering shield,
The 'Dragons' fierce, the rampant 'Bears,'
To neither will the 'Eagle' yield;
But 'midst them all, none loftier wears
His helmet, where his badge is set,
Than that black knight, with kingly mien—
Our England's own Plantagenet.

And what his badge?—what crest wears he,
To which all others must give room?—
A simple plant, with yellow flower,
Planta Genista,* common broom;
And many a castle, many a field,
Where foemen meet in fiery wrath,
That little wilding flower has seen,
The foremost in the battle path.

* The Planta Genista was first worn as a crest by the father of our Henry II., and it gave the name Plantagenet to the Princes of his royal house.

The royal race has passed away,
Nought of it but the name remains,
The plant which gave that name we see
Yet blooming on our native plains.
The tale is told, nought will I say
Of any moral there may be,
Yet still no strain could ever give
Such lesson of "Humility."

On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's house, when he was captain-general and commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the Mediterranean. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with lemon and orange-trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the fountain were the following ingredients, viz.: four hogsheds of brandy, eight hogsheds of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime-juice, thirteen hundred-weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malagar. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and in all probability more than six thousand men drank from it.

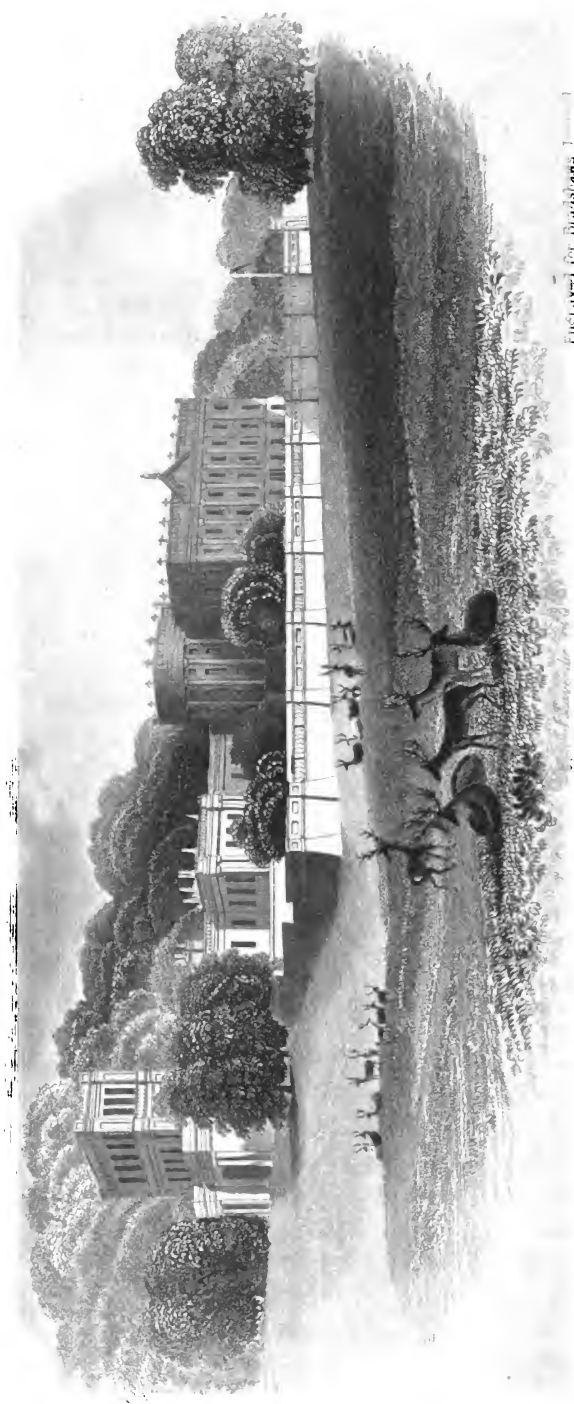
A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into sickness and in poverty. The doctor told him he should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label:—"These must be used as necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe could administer.

We deem an apology due to our readers for the imperfect manner in which the printing of the previous Numbers of the Journal has been executed. Our arrangements not having been fully completed at the outset, we were necessitated to employ steam power in their production, which has disappointed our expectations. The superior typographical appearance of this Number, however, will, we trust, redeem the pledge we gave in our introductory address, and we are solicitous that the succeeding Numbers shall, in this and all other respects, exhibit a progressive improvement.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, Dolier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



THE PALACE OF THE Viceroy, CALCUTTA.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 7.]

SATURDAY, 18TH DECEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE.

(With an Engraving.)

"I always loved thee and thy yellow garb,
October dear! and I have hailed thy reign
On many a lovely, many a distant plain;
But here thou claim'st my warmest, best regard.
Not e'en the noble banks of silver Seine
Can rival Derwent's—where proud Chatsworth's towers
Reflect Sol's setting rays—as now yon chain
Of gold-tipp'd mountains crown her lawns and bowers.
Here countless beauties catch the ravish'd view,
Majestic scenes, all silent as the tomb,
Save where the murmuring of Derwent's wave
To tenderest feelings the rapt soul subdues;
While shadowy forms seem gliding through the gloom,
To visit those again they loved this side the grave."

CLIO RICKMAN.

The Palace of Chatsworth, with its magnificent park, forms an extra-parochial hamlet in the hundred of High Peak, Derbyshire, lying at nearly equal distances (from two to three miles) from Baslow, Rowsley, and Bakewell, and has for three centuries formed the princely country residence of the noble family of Cavendish.

This potent and illustrious house derives its origin from one of the branches of the De Gernons, "men of great note divers ages since, in the counties of Norfolk and Essex." Roger de Gernon, in the reign of Edward II., having acquired, by marriage with the heiress of John Potton, the lands of Cavendish, in Suffolk, his descendants assumed the name of Cavendish. Sir John Cavendish, the son and heir of Roger de Gernon, was Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in the reign of Edward III. and Richard II. As he returned from suppressing an insurrection at York in 1381, he was seized by a mob at Bury St. Edmunds, and

beheaded, together with Sir John of Cambridge, prior of St. Edmundsbury, to revenge the death of Wat Tyler, "that arch rebell," who was slain by John Cavendish, Esq., cousin to the Chief Justice. From Roger Cavendish, Sir John's next brother, descended Sir Thomas Cavendish, the third person and second Englishman who circumnavigated the globe.

Sir William Cavendish, fifth in lineal descent from the Chief Justice, was gentleman usher to the ill-fated Cardinal Wolsey, after whose death, Henry VIII. appointed him to "be his servant, as he had been with his former master." At the suppression of the religious houses, Sir William was appointed one of the commissioners to visit them, and soon after he was made one of the auditors of the Court of Augmentation, instituted for the suppression of monastic establishments. Three manors in Hertfordshire were the reward of his services, and he was appointed treasurer of the chamber and privy counsellor. In the reign of Edward VI. he exchanged his manors for lands belonging to the dissolved priories in Derbyshire and eight other counties; and having married for his third wife, Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, Esq., and widow of Alexander Barley, Esq. of Barley, he became possessed of their extensive estates. After his death his widow married, first, Sir William Saint Lo, "Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, and possessor of divers faire lordships in Gloucestershire," and subsequently, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the fourth and last husband of this extraordinary woman,

who, says Dugdale, "being a person, as well politick as faire and beautiful, in time she became mistress of a very vast fortune by her successful matching with several wealthy husbands. Surviving the last, and abounding in riches, she built those noble houses of Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Old Cotes, all in Derbyshire."

In the ancient hall at Chatsworth, Mary Queen of Scots frequently resided in the years 1570, 73, 77, 78, and 81, under the custody of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, who, in October 1570, here entertained Sir William Cecil and Sir Walter Midmay twenty days, when employed in certain negociations between Mary and Queen Elizabeth. On the return of Sir William Cecil to court, he wrote to the Earl that "the Q's Ma^y is pleased y^e your L. shall, when you see tymes mete, suffer y^e Quene to take y^e ayre about your houss on horseback, so your L. be in company, and not to pass your own houss above one or twoo myle, except it be on y^e moores." This permission was extended to several journeys to Buxton Wells, at Mary's earnest solicitation, during which the Earl strictly prohibited the country people from visiting the Wells.

In the latter part of his life, the Earl and Countess lived very unhappily, and their disputes ultimately ended in an open rupture. The Earl was relieved by death from his imperious dame, who, having secured the Queen on her side, had compelled him, although one of the greatest peers in the realm, to submit to the receipt of only five hundred pounds per annum out of his own estates, after which they appear to have lived separate.

Bishop Overton, in a long letter, in which he labours to effect a reconciliation, quaintly enough remarks to his lordship, "Some will say, in y^e L. behalfe, the countesse is a sharp and bitter shrewe, and therefore lieke enough to shorten y^e lief if shee should kepe your company: in deede, my good Lo. I have heard some say so; but if shrewdnesse or sharpnesse may be a just cause of sep'a'con betweene a man and wief, I thincke fewe men in *Englande* would keepe theire wives longe; for it is a common jeste, yet true in some sence, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and ev'ry man hath her; and so ev'ry man might be ridd of his wief that wold be rydd of a shrewe."

Lodge gives the following summary of the character of this lady: "She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; she was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with *Elizabeth* and

Mary, always to the prejudice and terror of her husband. She lived to a great old age, continually flattered, but seldom deceived, and died immensely rich, but without a friend."

The Countess had issue by Sir William Cavendish only, three sons and the same number of daughters; of the former, the second, William, was by James I. created Baron Cavendish of Hardwick, in 1604, and in 1614 he was advanced to the dignity of the Earl of Devonshire.* The second Earl of Devonshire was the second son of the first. His tutor was the celebrated Hobbes, the philosopher, who, in that capacity, travelled with him through France and Italy, and enjoyed the friendship of the Earl throughout his short but distinguished career, which terminated in 1625, leaving his young widow, daughter of Edward Lord Bruce, and a descendant of the Scottish kings, with three young children, and his immense estates heavily encumbered by the splendid style in which he had lived. With truly noble resoluteness and judgment, the Countess devoted her energies to the duties of her position, and during the minority of her eldest son, she paid off the debts on the estates, and successfully terminated several expensive law suits. She committed the education of the third Earl to the tutor of his father, Mr. Hobbes, who, after a course of three years private instruction at his own house, travelled on the continent with his pupil three years more. On their return, the aged philosopher became a permanent resident at Chatsworth, until the commencement of the Civil War, when, having rendered himself obnoxious to the popular party, he retired to Paris, whither his patron, the Earl, soon followed him, when he found his services could no longer avail his unfortunate monarch.

On the restoration of Charles II., Hobbes found a welcome asylum at Chatsworth, and commonly spent his summers there, and his winters in London. In November 1679, the Earl removed from Chatsworth to Hardwick, when Mr. Hobbes earnestly requested that he might be carried to the same place; he was conveyed thither on a bed or litter. He died at Hardwick on the 4th of December following.

* His younger brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, purchased the fee of Bolsover Castle from the crown in 1618, and having rebuilt it, resided there until his death, two years after its completion. He was succeeded by his son Sir William, who was created a Baron by James I. by the title of Lord Ogle; he was subsequently made Viscount Mansfield, and by Charles I. Baron Cavendish and Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He distinguished himself by a series of active services in the royal cause during the Commonwealth, for which he was, by Charles II., honoured with the dignities of a Marquisate and of a Ducal Cornet: the title is now extinct. The present Duke of Newcastle belongs to the Clinton family, and derives his title from Newcastle-under-Lyne.

St. Evremond, in one of his letters to Waller, dated from Chatsworth, details some interesting particulars of this extraordinary man, whom he found, as he expresses it, "like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising." He says,

"I now write to you from the Earl of Devonshire's, where I have been this fortnight past, paying my devotions to the Genius of Nature. Nothing can be more romantic than this country except the region about Valois, and nothing can equal this place in beauty but the borders of the lake.

"It was not, however, so much the desire of seeing natural curiosities that drew me hither: there is a certain moral curiosity under this roof which I have long wished to see, and my Lord Devonshire had the goodness to indulge me by a very kind invitation: I need not tell you that I mean the great philosopher Mr. Hobbes, so distinguished for the singularity of his sentiments and disposition. I arrived a little before dinner, notwithstanding which the Earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. Hobbes that day. 'As he does not think like other men,' said his lordship, 'it is his opinion that he should not live like other men: I suppose he dined about two hours ago, and is now shut up for the rest of the day: your only time to see him is in the morning, but then he walks so fast up those hills that unless you are mounted on one of my ablest hunters you will not keep pace with him.' It was not long before I obtained an audience extraordinary of this literary potentate, whom I found, like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising. He was entrenched behind a battery of ten or twelve guns, charged with a stinking combustible called *tobacco*. Two or three of these he had fired off, and replaced them in the same order. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against me, that I was hardly able to maintain my post, though I assumed the character and dignity of ambassador from the republic of letters. 'I am sorry for your republic,' said Hobbes, 'for if they send you to me in that capacity, they either want me or are afraid of me: men have but two motives for their applications—interest and fear; but the latter is in my opinion most predominant.' I told him that my commission extended no farther than to make him their compliments, and to enquire after his health. 'If that be all,' said he, 'your republic does nothing more than negotiate by the maxims of other states, that is, by hypocrisy: all men are necessarily in a state of war, but all authors hate each other upon principle: for my part, I am at enmity with the whole corps, from the Bishop of Salisbury down to the bell-man: nay, I hate their writings as much as I do themselves: there is nothing so pernicious as reading; it destroys all originality of sentiment. My Lord Devonshire has more than ten thousand volumes in his house: I entreated his Lordship to lodge me as far as possible from that pestilential corner: I have but one book, and that is *Euclid*, but I begin to be tired of him; I believe he has done more harm than good; he has set fools a reasoning.'—'There is one thing in Mr. Hobbes's conduct,' said Lord Devonshire, 'that I am unable to account for: he is always railing at books, yet always adding to their number.'—'I write, my Lord,' answered Hobbes, 'to show the folly of writing. Were all the books in the world on board one vessel, I should feel a greater pleasure than that Lucretius speaks of in seeing the wreck.'—'But should you feel no tenderness for your own productions?'—'I care for nothing,' added he, 'but the *Leviathan*, and that might possibly escape by swimming.'

"As he had frequently changed his political principles, I did not think it of consequence to enquire into his ideas of government; but in the course of conversation I found that he looked upon the principal engine of administration to be Fear. 'All government,' said he, 'is in itself an evil: it is nothing but the continual imposition of terror and inflictions of punishment: it must be owned that it is an evil which the natural depravity of men has rendered necessary to the existence of society; but still, it cannot in itself be looked upon with any other sensation than

such as are excited by the view of its several instruments—the scourge, the gibbet, and the jail—the sight of majesty inspires me with no other ideas than such as arise when I see the lowest executioner of the civil power.'—'That is,' said Lord Devonshire, 'you have the same respect for the king as the hangman.'—'Pardon me, my Lord,' returned Hobbes, recollecting himself, 'the king is a very worthy gentleman: you know I had the honour of teaching him philosophy at Paris.'—'Oh, Mr. Hobbes,' replied his Lordship, 'in that respect your royal pupil does you much honour.'

The fourth Earl and first Duke, after a regular course of studies, made the tour of Europe, attended by Dr. Killigrew, who was subsequently master of the Savoy. He sat in the House of Commons, immediately after the Restoration, as member for the county of Derby. During the Dutch wars he attended the Duke of York, and was present at that memorable engagement, on the 3rd of June, 1665, when the Hollanders lost two and thirty ships of war. Four years afterwards, he accompanied Mr. Montague in his embassy to the court of France, and during his residence at the capital of that kingdom, he distinguished himself by his personal courage. As a member of the House of Commons, he was a strenuous assertor of the rights of Parliament: he had an honest heart, an able head, and great fluency of expression. He remained a member of the Commons House of Parliament until the death of his father. So attached was he to that estimable and interesting patriot, Lord Russel, that he sent a message to him by Sir James Forbes, declaring that he would come to his prison and exchange clothes with him in order to effect, if possible, his escape. A nobleman of such principles was not likely to contemplate with satisfaction, the accession of a prince like the Duke of York, bigoted to the dominion of a foreign priesthood and insisting upon the divine right of the crown. The noble Earl was, accordingly, a determined advocate for the Bill of exclusion, and by this and other public acts incurred the hatred of the misdirected monarch, James II. It is stated that soon after the accession of that prince, his lordship having in the king's presence chamber met with Colonel Colepepper, by whom he had been insulted, took him by the nose and led him out of the room. For this action, a prosecution was commenced in the court of King's Bench, and his lordship was condemned to pay a fine of £30,000, and was committed to prison. On his making his escape, a precept was directed to the sheriff of Derbyshire, to raise the *posse comitatus*, and take the Earl prisoner to London. The Countess Dowager offered to deliver up to the king bonds and acknowledgments to the amount of double the fine, which her ladyship held for money lent by the Earl's father and grandfather to the

Royal Family in their deepest distress ; but this offer was rejected. The Earl was at length induced to give his bond for the £30,000. This bond was found among the papers of James after his abdication, and returned to the Earl by King William. After this affair, until his Lordship's attention was again called to the great political events of the Revolution, he employed himself in consultations with architects and with their plans for the magnificent edifice of modern Chatsworth, exemplifying the richness of his taste by devising and collecting ornaments for this beautiful structure. The conduct of the King had, in the meantime, alarmed and disgusted his subjects, and the Earl of Devonshire took the lead with other eminent patriots in inviting over the Prince and Princess of Orange, to whom he pledged his support throughout their noble purpose of delivering the nation from the tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, under which it was suffering.

As soon as his Lordship received intelligence of the Prince's landing, he marched at the head of his retinue to Derby, where many of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of that and the neighbouring counties, resorted at his Lordship's invitation, and were nobly entertained by him. Having received the Prince's declaration, he read and explained it to the mayor and commonalty of Derby, and then produced a paper drawn up by himself, and signed by the nobility and gentry with him, in which they declared, that if the King should refuse to consent to the meeting and sitting of a Parliament, freely and duly chosen, they would, to the utmost, defend the Protestant religion, the laws of the kingdom, and the rights and liberties of the people. Not long after a new declaration was drawn up at Nottingham, which, after enumerating the various illegal acts and arbitrary proceedings of the King and his ministers, and making proper observations upon them, concluded with signifying the intention of his Lordship and friends to join the Prince of Orange. In consequence of this a regiment of horse was formed, under the command of the Earl of Devonshire, who, from that time forward, exerted himself with the utmost zeal and spirit in the cause of the Revolution.

Soon after the accession of William and his Queen, his lordship was admitted into the Privy Council, and made Lord Steward of the household. He was also appointed Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, and created Knight of the Garter. It reflects the highest honour on his memory, that while he displayed an abhorrence of Popery, he was too conscientious a friend to religious liberty, to entertain the most distant idea of persecution ; and he sometimes fearlessly reminded King William, that he came

over, not to persecute the papists, but to defend the Protestants. The Earl attended King William to the Congress of the princes of Germany, held at the Hague, in January, 1609, and was in the shallop or royal yacht with him, when he and all his attendants were in the most imminent danger of perishing. When the congress met, few of the sovereign princes who assisted at its deliberations, equalled the Earl in the magnificence of his furniture and plate, and the splendour of his entertainments. In May, 1604, his Lordship was created Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. In the preamble to the patent, their Majesties expatiate in his praise, and acknowledge how much they were indebted to his assistance in restoring the ancient rights and liberties of the nation. Repeatedly during the absence of the King, his Grace was named in the Royal Commission for conducting the business of the Crown ; and on the accession of Queen Anne, he retained the favour of that princess. It was chiefly owing to the Duke of Devonshire, that the bill against occasional conformity (which was, in fact, a bill tending to abolish all freedom in religious matters, and would have been a disgrace to a free country) miscarried in the House of Lords. His Grace was nominated one of the commissioners to treat with the commissioners of Scotland concerning a union between the two kingdoms ; and when, after the miscarriage of the first negotiation, the design was resumed in 1706, both the Duke and his eldest son, the Marquess of Hartington, were put into the commission. In the celebrated case of Ashby and White, which concerned the rights of electors, and implicated the dignity of both Houses of Parliament, his Grace distinguished himself by his public spirited declarations in the House of Lords, while his son, the Marquess, did the same in the Commons. His Grace was also one of the sixty-one peers in a majority against thirty, who, upon a division, after long and violent debates relative to the danger of the Church, resolved, that "the Church of England is now, by God's blessing, in a most safe and flourishing condition, and that whoever goes about to insinuate that the Church is in danger under her Majesty's administration, is an enemy to the Queen, the Church, and the Kingdom."

After an active political life spent in promoting the civil and religious liberties of the country, this patriotic nobleman expired at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, London, in the 67th year of his age, in 1707. His Grace united to a liberal mind, great political foresight, and was considered a wise and resolute statesman. He possessed an elegant and discriminating taste, which he had much enriched by obser-

vation and reading. Chatsworth remains as a monument of his love of the fine arts, and the Revolution of 1688 is a historical proof of his ardent attachment to the liberties of his country. He was the author of an ode on the Death of Queen Mary, and a work entitled "An Allusion to the Bishop of Cambray's Supplement to Homer." The following inscription is said to have been left by his Grace to be inscribed upon his monument:—

Gulielmus, Dux Devonie,
Bonorum Principium subditus fidelis,
Inimicus et inivus Tyrannia.

William, Duke of Devonshire,
A faithful subject to good Sovereigns,
Inimical and hateful to Tyrants.

William, the second Duke of Devonshire, succeeded his father both in his title and his estates and honours; he married Rachael, the daughter of William, Lord Russell, by whom he had five sons and six daughters; he was succeeded by his eldest son William, the third Duke, who, like his predecessors, had a considerable share in the administration of the affairs of the kingdom. His son and successor filled several important offices under George II., and as Lord High Chamberlain assisted at the coronation of George III. In 1762, he resigned all employments in England dependent on the crown, being disgusted, it was said, at the high degree of favour and influence possessed by the Earl of Bute. William, the fifth Duke, maintained the independent spirit of his father, and held no public situations under the crown, excepting that of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Derby, an office necessarily attached to his extensive possessions in that county.

The present illustrious proprietor of Chatsworth entered upon the dukedom in 1811, and is now fifty-one years of age. Endowed with a liberal and highly cultivated mind, his Grace has devoted his princely revenue to the patronage of literature, the fine arts, and that judicious style of living, which renders the very luxuries and embellishments of educated life the channels of public benefit.

Chatsworth owes much of its modern interest to the enlightened judgment and unremitting zeal with which the Duke has carried out the magnificent conceptions of his ancestors, in the additions made to the edifice, and the erection of the splendid conservatory; he has also, in a still higher degree, enriched the interior with a collection of the most superb works of art, both in sculpture and painting. Indeed, the history of his life is identified with that of his princely abode, and in our next number, we purpose to resume such biographical notices as may illustrate the character of this representative of the noble House of Cavendish.

ANCHORETS

Were a class of persons celebrated in ecclesiastical history, who generally passed their lives in cells, from which they never removed. Their habitations were, in many instances, entirely separated from the abodes of other men, sometimes in the depths of wildernesses, in pits or caverns; at other times, several of these individuals fixed their habitations in the vicinity of each other, when their cells were called by the collective name of *laura*; but they always lived personally separate. Thus the *laura* was distinguished from the *cœnobium* or convent, where the monks lived in society on a common stock; and the anchorit differed from a hermit, although his abode was frequently called a *hermitage*, inasmuch as the latter ranged at liberty, while the former rarely, and, in many instances never, quitted his cell. But a convent was sometimes surrounded by a *laura*, to which the more devout or the more idle of the monks would ultimately retire.

Paul the Hermit is said to have been the first person who devoted himself to this kind of solitude. In all ages and in all countries, retirement from the world has been considered as facilitating the attainment of a virtuous life, as adding strength to strong characters, and enabling the mind to follow out great ideas without interruption. The prophets prepared themselves in solitude for their tasks; the Pythagoreans, Stoics, Cynics, and Platonists recommend the self-denial and the quiet happiness of the solitary sage. Vasari calls solitude the delight and school of great minds.

In many parts of the East, where a sombre religion throws over life a melancholy shade, it has been thought, from time immemorial, a religious act to quit for ever the busy world, and even to add bodily pain to the melancholy of solitude. This spirit, which still prevails in the East, passed over, with many other Oriental ideas, doctrines, and customs, to the early Christians, and the state of the world, in the beginning of the Christian era, was peculiarly fitted to favour its growth. The continual prevalence of bloody wars and civil commotions, at this period, must have made retirement and religious meditation agreeable to men of quiet and contemplative minds. Accordingly, we find, in the first centuries of our era, very eminent and virtuous men among the anchorites, as St. Augustin. This spirit, however, as might have been expected, soon led to fanatical excesses. All the horrid penances of the East were introduced among Christian hermits; and we find, at the close of the 4th century, Simeon Stylites passing thirty years on the top of a column, without ever

descending from it, and finally dying there. In fact, the spirit of retirement raged like an epidemic among the early Christians in the East.

In Egypt and Syria, where Christianity became blended with the Grecian philosophy, and strongly tinged with the peculiar notions of the East, the anchorets were most numerous; and from those who lived in cells, in the vicinity of a church, such as Moore describes in the Epicurean, the convents of a later period sprung, which were filled with inmates anxious to escape from the tumult and bloodshed, which marked the beginning of the middle ages.

Early in the seventh century, the councils began to lay down rules for the order of anchorets. The Trullan canons say—"Those who affect to be anchorets shall first, for three years, be confined to a cell in a monastery; and if, after this, they profess that they persist, let them be examined by the bishop or abbot, let them live one year at large, and, if they still approve of their first choice, let them be confined to their cell, and not be permitted to go out of it but by the consent and after the benediction of the bishop, in case of great necessity." Frequently, at this period, the monks of various abbeys would select from among them a brother, who was thought to be most exemplary in his profession, and devote him to entire seclusion, as an honour, and to give him the greater opportunity of indulging his religious contemplations.

In Fosbrook's *Monachism*, 4to, 1817, the ceremony by which the anchoret was consecrated to seclusion from the world is described at length. The cells in which the anchorets lived were, according to some rules, only twelve feet square, of stone, with three windows. The door was locked upon the anchoret, and often walled up. The cell which is said to have been occupied by St. Dunstan, at Glastonbury, was, according to Osborn, in his life of that monk, not more than five feet long, two and a half feet broad, and barely the height of a man. Here the recluse passed his time in ingenious self-torture;—in eternal silence, heavy chains, severe flagellations, singing psalms in cold water during winter nights, &c.

This species of devotion, originally introduced, as we have said, from the warm climate of the East, found many more adherents in the south of Europe than in the north. With the revival of science, and the consequent diffusion of more liberal views, the strictest kind of anchorets have almost entirely disappeared. Few men now retire to any seclusion more strict than that of a convent. Some persons, who pass a solitary life in the neighbourhood of Rome, call themselves *anchorites*; but in India, the practice still prevails in all its severity.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1842.

[The name of Mrs. Ellis, the editress of the *Juvenile Scrap Book*, is a sufficient guarantee for the literary contents of the volume, of which it is not the least praise to observe, that it is more decidedly *juvenile* than its predecessors. This does not necessarily imply that it is childish; on the contrary, every page is rich with the thinkings of matured experience, conveyed in appropriate, because simple and nervous diction. The engravings are, as usual, of the highest order in beauty and variety; and three of them, the *Swiss Cottage*, the *Temple of the Clitumnus*, and *Melton Mowbray*, are very judiciously selected to illustrate the following discussion of a topic, which, in the present age of exhibitions of paintings and publications of engravings, presents to many elder as well as juvenile winter parties,

A PUZZLING QUESTION.]

"What is the meaning of picturesque?" said little Jessy to her sister Jane; and she hesitated and blushed as she spoke, for all the young ladies of her acquaintance talked about this thing and the other being "picturesque," and yet Jessy could never tell exactly what they meant. Perhaps Jane, though several years older, was not much wiser; for she looked as if the question had never occurred to her before, while drawing her chair close to her sister's, she glanced over the same set of pictures, most prudently waiting to make up her mind what picturesque really meant, before she gave her answer.

"Perhaps you don't know either," said Jessy, rather pleased to suppose any one as ignorant as herself.

"Yes," said Jane, looking still more earnestly at the pictures, "I do know, at least in part; but I want to find out how to explain it to you. There," said she with an air of triumph, as she drew forth an engraving of a splendid sea view, with a high cliff broken into bold majestic crags, "that is what I mean by picturesque."

Jessy looked a good while, and admired the view very much; but observed, with a shake of her head, "No, Jane, that will not do—that picture is sublime, not picturesque."

"Here, then," said Jane, as she drew out another; and this time it was a ruined castle, with festoons of ivy hanging from the walls, and broken arches, and hoary turrets, showing that the structure had once been of great importance, magnitude, and grandeur.

Jessy, however, was still unsatisfied—for this she pronounced to be romantic.

"Then I have another that will surely satisfy you," said Jane; and she took up a picture of a sweet and fertile valley, watered by a smooth river, upon whose soft and verdant banks were peaceful herds grazing, amongst the birch and willows that grew along the sides of the stream.

"I should rather call that picture, lovely," said Jessy. "They are all picturesque in their way, but one is more sublime—another more

romantic—and another more lovely. I want to find, if it be possible, something that will convey an idea of what is picturesque of itself, and by itself."

"Can I assist you?" asked their governess, who at this moment joined them, and who had heard the last remark. "See here," she added, selecting the picture of a Swiss Cottage, "now this is neither sublime, nor romantic, nor lovely—and yet it is highly picturesque. Perhaps more so than any of the others."

"And why is that cottage picturesque?" said Jessy.

"I believe I must make you a very simple answer," replied the governess, "and say, because it makes a picture."

"But why does it make a picture?" asked Jessy again, who was never satisfied without fully understanding what was to do her.

"Because there is such an arrangement of light and shade as to give what is called strong relief—that is, to throw out every object, as it were from the canvass, and make it appear like a real substance raised up from the rest."

"Then a painting of a square box might be picturesque," observed Jessy.

"It might," said the governess, "be picturesque in a certain way; just as two or three colours dashed upon a wall, would be a painting. But to paint is one thing, and to paint so as to give pleasure is another. I should scarcely call anything a picture, which did not contain a sufficient number of images to constitute a scene, or a sufficient variety of forms to make an object that was pleasing, both to the eye and to the mind. Now this Swiss Cottage fully exemplifies my meaning. The breadth of the projecting roof casts a shadow, almost like blackness, upon the space below, and this is again relieved by those old-fashioned balconies, stairs, and irregular projections, which are so common in both houses and cottages abroad. The figures on the ground, with their broad-brimmed hats, seem to partake of the same character; and the very massiveness of this style of building produces a strength of light and shade, which by bringing them apparently nearer, throws the distant objects still farther off; so that the whole appears to occupy a much larger space than it really does, and the objects look as if you might even walk in amongst them, and see what lies beyond.

"This is what I understand to be the meaning of picturesque in its simplest sense. It has, however, a higher meaning when applied to scenery; just as a common stanza containing lines, that rhyme, and words of a certain length, may be called poetry; while the highest order of poetry is that which affords pleasurable

sensations of the most elevated character to the mind."

"You mean then," said Jessy, "the bold wild sea view."

"No," replied the governess, "you were right in calling that sublime. You were right also in the others; for the ruin is more properly romantic, and the valley more lovely. I mean that there is a higher order of what is picturesque, than any mere building can present, in as much as natural objects afford us higher gratification than those which are produced by art. Yet, after all, I believe it is to the blending of both, that we are indebted for some of our finest paintings. And here, in this view of an Italian Temple, you behold what I would explain. Had the temple stood alone, the picture would have been incomplete: had the temple been wanting, it would have been poor: again, the figures only would have been wholly unmeaning; yet without the figures, the picture would have been tame and dull."

"Then it is only on the continent," said Jessy, "that we find what is truly picturesque."

"By no means," replied the governess. "It is true, we find on the continent a greater number of those irregular buildings, like the Swiss Cottage, as well as scenes more rich in the architecture of ancient times; more beautiful specimens of sculpture; and memorials more striking of the vastness and the grandeur which distinguished the works of art, when Italy and Greece were in the zenith of their glory. But with regard to the true picturesque, or, in other words, the most agreeable blending of all which constitutes a true picture, our own country is far from being deficient.

"There are valleys and dells in Eng. and so lovely, and so richly cultivated, that they possess a beauty of their own, not surpassed by that of any other country; while the pleasing aspect of the neat cottages which grace the landscape, are such as no traveller can find elsewhere. The broad smooth rivers too, which so often beautify the scene, though less rapid and turbulent in their course than those which are so celebrated in other lands, are better calculated to reflect upon their glassy surface the deep shadows of the adjoining woods, whose rich and massive foliage constitutes one of the most striking features in our native scenery.

"It is, in short, the general character of English scenery which we describe as picturesque. A village church; the gables of an ancient mansion; the smoke of cottage chimneys ascending through the trees; a simple bridge spanning a peaceful river; the fisherman holding his patient watch; and the old willows which form a leafy fringe to the banks of so many of our streams, are all portions of a pic-

ture, and form a whole which never wearies the eye, or fails to interest the mind.

"It is such scenes as these which constitute the charm of our home views, which surround us in our familiar paths, and which the traveller may wander far to find surpassed elsewhere."

THE NURSE CHILD;

OR, BENEVOLENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(By Mrs. Copley, *Authoress of "The Young Folks of the Factory," &c.*)

"Look, Emily, there goes Mr. R——, the banker, in his new carriage. It is an elegant carriage, is it not?"

"Yes, beautiful.—I saw it yesterday standing at the door of Downton's library. Mrs. R—— was in the carriage, and they were bringing her out books and tracts to look at; as I happened to be passing by at the time I had a full view of the carriage, inside as well as out. I never in my life saw anything so exquisitely fitted up, though without anything that might be considered ornamental."

"The friends, you know, never allow anything like finery, but, in general, they spare no expense to have everything complete and comfortable, and the best of its kind."

"I admire their taste, but many of them are immensely rich—the R——'s, for instance—and can afford to have just what they please."

"Suppose, Emily—I don't imagine such a thing ever will be—but suppose it were, that papa was as rich as Mr. R——, and could afford to keep his carriage, I should like just such a carriage and such a pair of horses; should not you?"

"I don't care much about it. I will tell you what I should like better, to be able to do as much good in the neighbourhood as they do. I heard Mrs. R—— order two dozen of a half-crown book for distribution, and you know they are continually buying flannel, calico, and stuff to make up for the poor, and they are the chief support of the British School, and the Bible Association, and Mr. R—— has given hundreds, if not thousands, towards building the Infirmary. They really live to do good, and that is more than enjoying a carriage or any other luxury."

"Yes, indeed it is, and I think that is the chief thing for which I should desire riches. To be a benefactor to others must be a real source of happiness."

"But that happiness, my dear girls," said the mother of Julia and Emily, "is not confined to the opulent any more than an elegant carriage is essential to enjoyment. It is, in some instances, extensively enjoyed by persons in very humble circumstances, and might be

much more than it is by all of us, if, instead of suffering our benevolence to evaporate in idle wishes for more abundant means, we would set ourselves in good earnest to make the best possible use of the means already within our power. For instance, Emily, though we cannot afford to give away two dozen half-crown books, there are many excellent and instructive books at the price of a penny, and even of a farthing. A very small amount of care, frugality, and self-denial—say in the articles of ribbons, gloves, or trinkets—would provide for the purchase of several dozens of such books; and though we cannot, like Mrs. R——, order in whole pieces of flannel, calico, and stuff, to give away, a little extra exertion in early rising and general diligence, would enable us to make up several garments, which are often a more valuable relief than even giving the materials, for poor mothers have but little time, and, too often, but little skill in needle-work."

Julia and Emily did not deserve the character of idle, extravagant, or thoughtless girls, yet these hints of their mother led them each to perceive that there was room for improvement in these respects, and that, by vigorous and persevering efforts, which they immediately not only resolved to make, but actually began making, they might greatly extend their sphere of benevolent pleasure. By way of encouraging their praiseworthy efforts, their mother related to them a simple story, drawn from the stores of her youthful reminiscences.

"You recollect, on our journey two years ago, our staying a few days at M——."

"Oh! yes, Mamma, that pretty town where you spent your youth. We have several sketches of the beautiful views in its vicinity."

"Perhaps some from the park of Lord——, the scenery of which is singularly romantic and beautiful. The W—— road, which passes along the skirts of the park, is for more than half a mile narrow, and completely over-arched with trees, which intercept the view, except as here and there a glimpse of the river is caught, when the beams of the sun or of the moon play upon its surface, and cause it to glitter through the foliage. This terraced avenue terminates in a rude bridge thrown across the valley, and constructed of huge masses of unwrought stone, which seem to be loosely laid together. On crossing the bridge, an extensive and beautifully diversified prospect bursts upon the view. The road by which it has been reached, presents a fine but uneven row of stately trees, running at midway height along the side of a lofty hill—the upper part rising in a gentle slope, verdant, and partly wooded; its summit crowned by the noble mansion of the titled owner of the estate; the lower de-

scending, by a steep rocky declivity, to the broad majestic river, whose course the eye can trace for several miles, studded, but not crowded, with vessels, both of commerce and of pleasure, and taking in two considerable towns, with their elegant bridges. In the surrounding distance, on either side of the river, appear several villages and hamlets, and three or four gentlemen's seats. But it is to a humble dwelling that I am about to introduce you. At the foot of the bridge I have described, is the entrance to a rustic cottage on the banks of the river, fitted up by the noble possessor of the estate, for the accommodation of fishing parties. The convenience and pleasure of his own family and friends were no doubt previously contemplated; the accommodation, however, has been extended more widely, and any respectable parties, on application at the park lodge, readily obtain permission to occupy the cottage for the afternoon or the day. Besides the part inhabited by the family who keep the place in order, there is one large room handsomely furnished, and capable of receiving a large party, besides several pent-houses and arbours, all free for the accommodation of visitors, who bring their own provisions, and, for a trifling remuneration, are waited upon by the people of the house, and furnished with plates, tea-things, or whatever of that kind they may require. During the summer months, these people clear many pounds by the donations of visitors, and as they live rent free, and have the produce of a considerable garden, it is considered a comfortable maintenance.

This cottage was once visited by sorrow; and where is the abode, whether cottage or palace, that sorrow has never visited? It was towards the close of the last century, on a keen March afternoon—the narrow ivy-clad windows of the cottage were darkened, and many little circumstances indicated that it was the house of mourning. Presently the gate opened, and there came forth two groups of girls, dressed in white, each party bearing a little coffin. They ranged abreast of each other, and took the road to the village church, the bell of which was heard tolling in the distance. With sad and mournful steps followed a respectable-looking middle aged pair, dressed in deep mourning, and after them several decent women, whose countenances indicated neighbourly sympathy, rather than the deep sorrow of personal bereavement. In about an hour the procession returned—the bearers separated at the gate. The mourners, too, having once more repeated the offer of assistance, and the expressions of sympathy and consolation, dropped off one by one. She who lingered last, had tarried to remove from the chamber such vestiges of the

mournful scene as might inflict an additional pang on the already lacerated heart of the bereaved parents. She then quietly replenished the fire, set on the kettle, placed the tea things, and took her leave.

Two hours or more had elapsed, and the repast remained untouched; the kettle had expended its contents in steam—the fire was reduced to a few dying embers—day had departed, and the gloom of the apartment was broken only by a moonlight beam, permitted to enter through a hole in the closed shutters—and Joseph Mansfield and his wife still sat side by side in mournful silence—interrupted by occasional bursts of grief—probably almost insensible to the scene around them—absorbed in their own agonized reflections, and, perhaps, conscious of some unavailing efforts to soothe each other's sorrow; for oft when the heart is wrung with anguish, even the sentiment of resignation or consolation, in the attempt to give it utterance, dies on the lips. The mourners might have remained much longer in this trance-like condition, but that their reverie was broken by the sound of a horseman approaching their dwelling. Rachel Mansfield started from her chair, and exclaimed—"It is the doctor's horse! I know the sound—but why should he come here *now*? He tried his utmost, but it was not the will of God that he should do them good, and—it is too late now." A gentle tap at the door, succeeded by lifting the latch, and entering with a quietness and gravity unlike his usual wont—for Mr., or as he was generally called in the villages, Dr. Seymour, was habitually brisk and cheerful in his manners—indicated that he had not forgotten that he was entering the abode of sorrow, and was not incapable of respecting the sacredness of grief. He silently pressed the hand of each sorrowing parent, brushed a tear from the corner of his eye, and, groping his way to a chair, apologized for his perhaps unseasonable intrusion. A sense of the courtesy due to others aroused the mourning pair from their stupor. They almost unconsciously resumed their wonted activity, and set about enlivening the cheerless room. A faggot was soon blazing on the hearth—the kettle was replenished, and the doctor invited to partake the refreshment of tea. Perceiving the influence of benevolent activity in alleviating, or at least beguiling, sorrow, Mr. Seymour accepted the offer, on condition that his friends would join him in the repast. They did so, and while thus engaged, Mr. Seymour disclosed the object of his unexpected visit.

"Mrs. Mansfield, I know you love to do good."

"Yes, sir, any good I can; but there is little

in my power now. It is not as it used to be when we had the farm. But dear, why should I speak about the farm? This place, if we can but have the heart to attend to it, will bring as much as we want for ourselves—and we have none but ourselves to provide for now. We thought much of leaving the farm for the sake of our children, and now—but, sir, did you say I could do *any* good?"

"Yes, my friend, and to see the afflicted helping the afflicted, is a sight that God approves. You know the soldier's widow at Millbrook—she is very ill."

"Poor thing! I heard she was ailing; but I have been so taken up with my own troubles that I never thought to inquire after her. Can I do anything for her, sir?"

"Not for her immediately. She is not in destitute circumstances, and the people with whom she resides are very kind and attentive to her. But she has a nurse-child, whose parents are abroad, and such is her present state, that it is essential for the child immediately to be removed from her. It must be weaned—abruptly weaned—and there is no one about her competent to undertake the task. It is a delicate child, and will require great attention. I know no one more competent than yourself. Will you undertake it for a week or two, till we see the event of the poor woman's illness?"

It was a startling proposal, for how could she, who had just laid her own children in the grave, rouse herself and transfer her attentions to the child of strangers? But a few moments' consultation between the mourning pair, led to the conclusion that the charge of the poor little nursing seemed a task assigned them by Providence, and, perhaps, might tend to soothe rather than aggravate their sorrows. The charge was therefore accepted, and while sedulously and tenderly performing the various duties which it involved, the mourners fully verified the sentiment, that if intent on doing good, it is impossible, in any circumstances, to be absolutely wretched. For some days, hopes were entertained of the recovery of the poor young widow, but her constitution had been broken by grief and hardships, and hence she had not strength to repel an attack of disease, which, in ordinary cases, would not have proved fatal. She had been in a foreign land, and there had lost her husband on the field of battle, and had borne and buried a posthumous infant; and she had become foster-mother to the child of one of the officers, the life of its mother having fallen a sacrifice to the alarms of war. The babe and nurse were sent to England, and placed in the neighbourhood of Mr. Seymour, with whom its father had formed an acquaintance at one of the military hospitals, and

whom he requested to undertake the superintendence of his child until his return, which he had reason to anticipate would shortly take place.

On the death of the soldier's widow, it was agreed that little Hannah Evans should remain with the Mansfields, who became exceedingly fond of her, and, as she advanced in growth and vigour, and began to walk and talk, fancied they could discern in her a degree of resemblance to their own lamented twins. Of these they could now speak with composure and resignation. How dear, how sweet, how engaging they had been—how completely identified with each other in their pursuits and pleasures and pains—the circumstances under which each began to pine and fade—the progress of their sickness, and their death within two days of each other—these were the frequent topics of tender recollection; and at three years of age—the age at which the children had died—the little Hannah had become so familiar with their names and histories, that she seemed to have an impression of having herself known and loved them, and she would sit by the hour together on the knee of one of her foster-parents, and talk of Henry and Nancy, and her own mamma, and the world of happy spirits in which she fancied them, surrounded with such images of felicity as her nurse had described, and as her tender imagination could conceive, and all looking down with kindly feeling upon her. To the glee some child these conversations conveyed only feelings of pleasure, for she had never known the separating pang, and she wondered, when talking of things so pleasant, to observe that the countenances of her friends wore a pensive and tearful aspect. Who can tell what are the speculations of childhood, taking its own simple ideas of things, on witnessing the conflicting emotions which the same things excite in riper years? There was another topic to which the attention of the little girl was sometimes directed, which awakened feelings of a more mingled character. She was told of her papa, that he was a gentleman and a soldier, and that he would some day come home, and she would be taken to live with him. It was not easy to convey to the mind of a child the idea that an entire stranger could be more to her than those with whom were associated her earliest, her constant feelings of delight, attachment, and gratitude. She knew no other home than the fishing cottage, nor could her nurse describe to her the residence of her father—indeed no one about knew whether he had a settled residence in England. Nothing was known of him but his name, and that he was an acquaintance of Mr. Seymour; as to his

being a soldier, the very little that Hannah knew of soldiers, awakened only feelings of dread and disgust, for a party of the volunteers of the neighbouring town had spent a day at the fishing cottage, and had given a great deal of trouble—had damaged the furniture of the parlour, and trodden down the flower beds, and overturned the bee-hive, and terrified the little girl by pretending to shoot her. She did not like soldiers, and as her papa was a soldier she would not like to live with him. Such was the tenor of the last conversation she had on the subject with Mr. Seymour, who occasionally called at the cottage to see how she went on, and from whom Mrs. Mansfield regularly received her payment. He took his leave, telling the child that he should go to London in a week or two, and should bring her some nice presents from her papa, who loved her dearly, and who was not like the rude soldiers who had displeased her.

A few days after, the life of this gentleman was cut short by a melancholy accident. He was riding a spirited horse, which took fright, and threw him, and fractured his skull. He survived the fall only a few days, in a state of insensibility. This lamentable affair produced a great sensation in the neighbourhood, for Mr. Seymour was highly respected for his professional talents and skill, as well as for his amiable and gentlemanly manners. Happily he was an unconnected young man. He left no parents to bewail the heart-rending stroke—no widow or family plunged into sudden calamity. So the excitement soon passed away—almost as quickly as the parting waves close over a vessel engulfed in the mighty deep—another man of professional skill and agreeable manners, soon stepped forward to take up a lucrative practice, and Mr. Seymour was forgotten, or chiefly remembered by the poor, to whom he had ever been most humane and attentive. Some of them still survive to speak with gratitude of his kindness. But perhaps there was no family more sensibly affected by Mr. Seymour's death, than the inhabitants of the fishing cottage. He it was that had placed little Hannah under the care of the Mansfields; by him all her expenses had been paid, and they knew no other person in all past transactions about the child, or to whom they were to look for future responsibilities. The period for a half-yearly payment was near at hand, and it was not without feelings of anxiety that Mrs. Mansfield regarded the uncertainty that rested on its being regularly made, for the cottage that year had been much less productive than usual, partly in consequence of unfavourable weather, and partly owing to the long absence of the family from the mansion, who

were supposed to be under the necessity of retrenching. Besides, Joseph Mansfield of late had been, at times, very much indisposed, and poor Mr. Seymour had been somewhat apprehensive of the return of a mental depression, under which he had formerly laboured. He would sometimes sit for hours together without speaking, and could scarcely be roused to attend to the cultivation of the garden, which had, heretofore, been his care. To be sure, they lived rent free, and the fruit trees were very productive, but the surplus could not always be disposed of to advantage—in short, the pay of little Hannah was the chief dependence for such things as must be bought, and if that should fail, where were they to look for a supply?

And it did fail; for among Mr. Seymour's papers there was nothing found to indicate the quarter from whence future payments were to be obtained. His book contained entries to Captain Evans, for attendance on his child under the usual diseases of children; but these were regularly marked off as paid on the very same day that the nurse had received her half-yearly payments. Within the last half year, the child had had the measles—that alone remained on the book uncanceled; and it was hoped, vainly hoped, that it might in some way or other form a clue to the parent or his representative. Mrs. Mansfield had in her possession a certificate of the child's birth, written on the blank leaf of an elegant present bible, which was given them with her clothes, but it expressed no more than that—"Hannah, the daughter of John Evans and Margaret, his wife, was born at Antwerp," such a date, but it furnished no means of addressing any of the parties, or making further enquiries. On each time of the payment becoming due, Mrs. Mansfield had been directed by Mr. Seymour to take the child to the clergyman and churchwardens of the parish, and obtain their signatures to a statement with which he furnished her, that the child was living. This she had regularly returned to him with the half year's account, which was always paid two or three days afterwards; but to whom the attestations and accounts were forwarded, or from whence the money was obtained, she had never known, nor had it occurred to her as a matter of any importance to inquire.

The child still frolicked about, unconscious of any change in the footing on which she was placed. She ran in with the same eager delight as ever to announce the arrival of the cuckoo, or the opening of a rose-bud, or the approach of a party of visitors in an hour boat. Little booted to her, that, instead of new garments, suited to each successive season, her

old ones were eked and made to serve again. She observed, indeed, with some surprise, that Mrs. Mansfield was often doing needle-work or clear-starching, which she had not been accustomed to do, and the Sunday table did not always afford a pudding, as heretofore, and the butcher's cart was often suffered to pass on without a purchase, and oftener still, a very small purchase of meat was provided, of which Mrs. Mansfield could not be persuaded to partake, but divided it between her husband and the little girl; and when parties had visited the place, the tea leaves and coffee grounds were boiled down with more care than formerly, and the little remnants of fresh tea and loaf sugar they left, were hoarded for special occasions; and she sometimes asked a question which was only replied to by a burst of tears, or by the finger being held up to enforce silence; but she did not clearly understand that all these things were indicative of poverty, still less did she in any way connect them with herself. She had, indeed, an indefinite perception that trouble brooded on the mind of her kindest, dearest, only friend, and she often tried to soothe it by the fond endearments of childhood, or by some little attempt to assist in what she saw going on. The neighbours would sometimes inquire whether little Hamel's father had been heard of, and whether Mrs. Mansfield ever expected to get her money. If she had no such expectation, they wondered why she should continue to burden herself—why she did not give up the child, or seek assistance from the parish for its maintenance. Mrs. Mansfield was not the sort of person to satisfy impertinent enquiries, or to discuss her conduct with persons not at all capable of understanding the principles and motives by which she was actuated. She had, however, formed her own determination never to part with the child so long as she could keep it from starving. The laborious and self-denying exertions she from time to time endured, in the prosecution of her benevolent object, were little suspected by the "wonderers," or even by the child herself, though she was becoming every day more observant, and more capable of tracing things to their true causes.

For a considerable time Mrs. Mansfield continued to indulge a hope that enquiry would be made after the child, when it was found that the application for payment ceased, or that the father might return; and she endeavoured to keep alive these hopes in the mind of her husband, even when they had almost abandoned her own. He was fond of the child, and her little winsome prattle seemed essential to his comfort; and yet his wife could not help fearing that, if their difficulties should increase,

and all hope of being ultimately reimbursed for the expences should fail, he might waver as to the propriety of continuing to support her, and that thus, though her benevolent intention might not be altogether frustrated, it might prove a source of domestic disquietude. That no money had been paid was pretty evident, when little Hamel was seen dressed in the clothes which the neighbours recollected to have been worn by Mrs. Mansfield's own children, eked and mended as long as possible, and at length replaced by her own best chintz gown, which they considered it a sin and a shame to cut up, and which, besides, was far too large a pattern to look well upon a child. How much more common is it to make remarks on the conduct of others, than to assist or even encourage them! Among those who wondered that Mrs. Mansfield should dress up the child in such an odd old-fashioned way, there were some who might have afforded her real assistance in the work of benevolence, from the cast off clothes of their own little family, but most likely they did not think of it!

[To be continued.]

NEW BOOKS.

Poems by William Cowper, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and seventy-five illustrations engraved by J. O. Smith, from drawings by John Gilbert. In two vols. London: Tilt and Bogue. 1841.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery, collected by himself. In four vols. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1841.

The second volume of Mr. Montgomery's works contains his well known "*Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*," originally contributed to the "*Chimney Sweeper's Friend and Climbing Boy's Album*," a volume which, although its title may excite the smile of the thoughtless and gay, is fraught with the most horrible details of this "villanous trade, which cannot be taught without cruelty, learnt without suffering, or practised without peril to life and limb, under the most humane master and by the most obedient scholar," and which, if practised in any other country than our own, would lead us simultaneously to form associations, and to compass sea and land, to extirpate the atrocious system.

Notwithstanding the recent enactment for the total discontinuance of the evil practice, no provision appears to be made for the substitution of other means than the employment

of children for cleansing chimneys, and we fear that unless the law is vigorously carried out by the local authorities throughout the provinces, and heartily seconded by every head of a family in the kingdom, it will become a dead letter. It was only two mornings previous to our perusal of Mr. Montgomery's interesting preface to the "Soliloquies," that we noticed a diminutive climbing boy, not more than five years old, hobbling with crippled limbs after his master, whose grim and savage physiognomy forcibly recalled to our recollection the trial of another of his tribe for manslaughter, before Baron Maule at Liverpool, at the Spring assizes in March last, where it was proved on oath, by several witnesses, that the monster in human form had, to save a few minutes labour, forced his hapless boy into the flue of a large steam boiler furnace, whilst the bricks were red with heat. It was in the stillness of the Sabbath dawn—the poor victim of his master's heartless idleness and cruelty had none to whom he could appeal for deliverance but God and his merciless tyrant; in the latter pity was extinct, and death was commissioned to withdraw the suffering child from the further endurance of such unnatural bondage. One touching feature in his case strikingly illustrates the habitual terror under which climbing boys are compelled to undergo their daily martyrdoms; although severely burned, he died of suffocation, and might have escaped if he durst, but rather than encounter his master's anger, he had folded up his little sooty jacket, and laid himself down on it to die.

To enforce this subject on the hearts and consciences of all, it is only necessary for each to make the inward appeal which the poet, standing in the high court of humanity and truth as the champion of outraged childhood, has embodied in the introductory prologue to the soliloquies, and which, as the subject possesses a present interest, we quote entire: it is designated

A WORD WITH MYSELF.

"I know they scorn the Climbing Boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it;—brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art,
But let his country bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowahip, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes! let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse
If I the fatherless forsake."

Returning from this digression, it would be an easy and pleasant task to trace out the harmony in taste and feeling which, in common, pervades the poetry of Cowper and Montgomery. Their favourite themes are truth, virtue, the exercise of pure and elevating affections—the cultivation of the rich and hallowed felicities of home, of the loftiest patriotism, and of the most universal benevolence, based upon the immutable principles of Christianity. Under the deep and solemn convictions of its divine revelation, and its essential adaptation to minister relief to the wants and woes of a disordered world, both of them frequently rise beyond mere poetic sublimity; and standing on some "delectable mountain," they appear to converse with Bunyan's "shining ones," and with their heavenly telescopes, to view and estimate the tiny perishable interests of time by the reflected glory of eternity.

Standing on such an eminence, Cowper thus exults in the perfect freedom of an emancipated mind:—

"There is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the power
Of earth and hell, confederate, take away;
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whose tastes, can be enlaved no more:
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from heaven;
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God."

The intellectual and spiritual freedom thus magnificently portrayed by his predecessor, Montgomery was early compelled to rest on, for on two occasions he was deprived of all other liberty by a singular train of circumstances, none of which, however, reflect dis-

honour on any but the prime movers in these attacks upon his character, at the opening of his career in public life. In the introduction to the present edition of his "Prison Amusements," Mr. Montgomery briefly details the history of his wrongs—for wrongs they unquestionably were, however the chief actors may have attempted to justify themselves at the time. He says,

"The first number of the *Iris* (succeeding to the *Sheffield Register*) was published by myself, and a friend whose name did not appear in the imprint, on the 4th of July, 1794. He, however, soon becoming weary of the vexation, and alarmed by the peril to which we were exposed in the conduct of an independent journal, at the end of the first year retired from the conflict, leaving me in possession of a field, every inch of which was to be maintained either by inflexibly passive resistance, or by alternate aggression and defence, against numerous adversaries banded against my predecessor, and whose disappointed vengeance fell upon me,—more from the misfortune of having stepped into his place when he left the kingdom, than for any offences that I had committed, or any personal spleen against myself.

"Little more than a month after I had become connected with the newspaper, I was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business-orders were received. There I found a poor-looking elderly man, whom I recollected to have seen in the street a little while before; when I was attracted both by his grotesque appearance, and his comical address as a ballad-monger. He stood with a bundle of pamphlets in his hand, crying out in a peculiar tone, "Here you have twelve songs for a penny!" Then he recapitulated at full length the title of each, thus: "The first song in the book is"—so and so; "The second song in the book"—so and so; "The third song"—so and so, and on he went, "so and so," to the end of the catalogue. He now offered me the specimen of an article in his line, and asked what he must pay for six quires of the same. I immediately replied that I did not deal in such commodities, having better employment for my presses; he must therefore apply elsewhere (I believe I named a place where he might be served). "But," he rejoined, like one who had some knowledge of the terms used by printers, "you have this standing in your office."—"That is more than I know," was my answer. Taking up the printed leaf, I perceived that it contained two copies of verses, with each of which I had been long familiar, but had never seen them coupled in that shape before; at the top of the page was the impression of a wood-cut (Liberty and the British Lion), which I recognised as having figured in the frontispiece of an extinct periodical, issued by my predecessor, and entitled "The Patriot." The paper also, of which a large stock had devolved to me, was of a particular kind, being the material of certain forms for the registration of freeholds, under a still-born act of parliament, printed on one side only, and which had been sold for waste. On discovering this, I went up into the office, and asked when and for whom such things as I held in my hand had been printed, as I had no knowledge of the job. "Oh, sir," said the foreman, "they were set up ever so long ago by Jack," (Mr. Gales's apprentice, who had not been transferred to me,) "for himself, and to give away to his companions; and the matter is now standing in the types just as it was when you bought the stock in the office."—"Indeed," I exclaimed; "but how came the ballad-seller, who was bawling out his twelve songs for a penny the other day, to have a copy?"—In explanation of this he stated, that he had formerly known him, when he himself was an apprentice in an office at Derby, from which such wares were supplied to hawkers. Hearing his voice in the street, he had called him in for old acquaintance sake, and, in the course of talking about trade, had shown him an impression of Jack's songs, by which he thought his old acquaintance might make a few pence in his strange way. "Well then," said I, "let the poor fellow have what he wants, if it will do him any good; but what does he mean by six quires?"—"Not quires of whole sheets, but six times twenty-four copies of this size," was the information which I received on this new branch of literature. I then went down stairs, and told my customer that he might

have the quantity he wanted for eighteen pence, which would barely be the expense of the paper and working off. He was content, the order was executed, the parcel delivered by myself into his hand, and honestly paid for by him. Away then he went, and I saw no more of him. I have often said, when I have had occasion to tell this adventure of my romantic youth, (for adventure it was, and no every-day one, as the issue proved,) that if ever in my life I did an act which was neither good nor bad, or, if either, *rather good than bad*, it was this. I repeat the statement here, as the only feeling of my mind at the time, and as the conviction of my mind at this hour."

And when the question was settled at Doncaster sessions, in January, 1796, whither the indictment was traversed from Sheffield, it occupied the court nine hours, three of which were occupied by the jury in considering their verdict. Mr. Montgomery was found guilty, first of publishing; and subsequently, when one of the magistrates (not the chairman) had directed the jury to infer the intention of the defendant from the contents of the publication, they pronounced him guilty in general terms, and he was sentenced to *three months imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds.*

"Of my second offence, trial, and imprisonment, I should not feel myself justified, at this distance of time, to republish any detailed account. However political prejudice may have disqualified each of us from being a judge in his own cause, it was a personal affair between the prosecutor, a magistrate, and myself, the writer of a paragraph in the *Iris* reflecting hardly upon his conduct in quelling a riot at Sheffield, on the 4th of August, 1795. For this a Bill was found against me at Barnsley Sessions, in October following: I traversed to Doncaster Sessions in January, 1796. There the trial came on, and, after an extraordinary scene of contradictory evidence on both sides a verdict was given against me, and I was sentenced to *six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the King, and to give security to keep the peace for two years.* Neither of the prosecution, the verdict, nor the sentence did I ever complain, considering all the circumstances; because, according to the law of libel, there was ground for the first, conflicting testimony that was deemed to warrant the second, and the third could not be altogether vindictive. There and then, though very disproportionately matched, my prosecutor and I joined issue on the same ground in an open court of justice, face to face, and witness against witness. It was a fair "stand-up fight" between us, in which I was overcome, the jury being umpires; for I count as nothing the fictions of the indictment, the speeches of counsel, and the part which the magistrates took to influence the proceedings.—We cannot now meet on equal terms: he has long ago passed beyond the judgment of fallible man."

In his apartment in York Castle we find him thus apostrophising the "Gentle Moon:—"

At this moment, dost thou see,

From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me,—

Thinks, and drops a feeling tear!

On a brilliant beam convey

This soft whisper to his breast,—

"Wipe that generous drop away;
He for whom it falls is blest.

"Blest with Freedom unconfin'd,
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul;

Who can chain the immortal Mind?
None but he who spans the pole."

Since the days of primitive Christianity, no age has been so distinguished as the present for missionary zeal—the flame of which had only begun to burn in Britain, as the light of Cowper was quenched in the darkness of his

later years and of his death. Mr. Montgomery has, both by his tongue and pen, been the honoured instrument of spreading sound information on this interesting branch of Christian philanthropy, and of stimulating the British churches, of every name, to efforts and sacrifices commensurate with the vastness of the missionary enterprise. On this absorbing topic, his well-known poem "Greenland," occupies a distinguished place, but in his later effusions many shorter passages might be selected, which would alone establish his claim to the title of the poet of Christian Missions. From the "Pelican Island," we select the following graphic and touching delineation of one of the miseries of heathenism,—infanticide :—

I saw a woman, panting from her throes,
Stretch'd in a lonely cabin on the ground,
Pale with the anguish of her bitter hour,
Whose sorrow she forgot not in the joy
Which mothers feel when a man-child is born ;
Here was an infant of her own scorn'd sex :
It lay upon her breast ;—she laid it there,
By the same instinct, which taught it to find
The milky fountain, fill'd to meet its wants
Even at the gate of life,—to drink and live.
Awhile she lay all-passive to the touch
Of those small fingers, and the soft, soft lips
Soliciting the sweet nutrition thence,
While yearning sympathy crept round her heart :
She felt her spirit yielding to the charm,
That wakes the parent in the feeblest bosom,
And binds her to her little one for ever,
If once completed ;—but she broke, she broke it,
For she was brooding o'er her sex's wrongs,
And seem'd to lie amidst a nest of scorpions,
That stung remorse to frenzy :—forth she sprang,
And with collected might a moment stood,
Mercy and misery struggling in her thoughts,
Yet both impelling her to one dire purpose.
There was a little grave already made,
But two spans long, in the turf floor beside her,
By him who was the father of that child :
Thence he had sallied, when the work was done,
To hunt, to fish, or ramble on the hills,
Till all was peace again within that dwelling,
— His haunt, his den, his any thing but home !
Peace? no, till the new-comer were despatch'd
Whence it should ne'er return, to break the stupor
Of unawaken'd conscience in himself.

She pluck'd the baby from her flowing breast,
And o'er its mouth, yet moist with Nature's beverage,
Bound a thick lotus-leaf to still its cries ;
Then laid it down in that untimely grave,
As tenderly as though 'twere rock'd to sleep
With songs of love, and she afraid to wake it ;
Soon as she felt it touch the ground, she started,
Hurried the damp earth over it ; then fell
Flat on the heaving heap, and crush'd it down
With the whole burden of her grief ; exclaiming,
" O that my mother had done so to me !"
Then in a swoon forgot, a little while,
Her child, her sex, her tyrant, and herself.

Turning from this horrid picture, the dark realities of which are enacted in ten thousand well attested forms of revolting barbarity in every country where the humanizing light of Christian truth has not yet penetrated, the poet seeks for relief in the only consideration which can, to our limited view, reconcile the condition of the successive generations of the

heathen, with the reign of Infinite benevolence, ever educing good out of evil, triumphing over every antagonist power, and travelling onward, age after age, in the greatness of his strength, "mighty to save."

The poet, wrapt in the contemplation of the promise that in Christ all nations should be blessed, beholds the murdered infant's spirit rise to heaven—

Caught from its birth up to the throne of God ;
There, thousands and tens of thousands, I beheld,
Of innocents like this, that died untimely,
By violence of their unnatural kin,
Or by the mercy of that gracious Power
Who gave them being, taking what He gave
Ere they could sin or suffer like their parents.

And as he witnesses the overflowing bliss enjoyed by these infants, rescued from ignorance and suffering, and from becoming—

" Such fiends incarnate as that felon sire,
Who dug its grave before his child was born—
Such miserable wretches as that mother
Whose tender mercies were so deadly cruel !"

he triumphs in the thought that—

—In the rapture of that hour, though songs
Of cherubim to golden lyres and trumpets,
And the redeem'd upon the sea of glass,
With voices like the sound of many waters,
Came on mine ear, whose secret cells were open'd
To entertain celestial harmonies.
—The small, sweet accents of those little children,
Pouring out all the gladness of their souls
In love, joy, gratitude, and praise to Him,
—Him, who had loved and wash'd them in his blood ;
These were to me the most transporting strains
Amidst the hallelujahs of all heaven.—
Though lost awhile in that amazing chorus
Around the throne,—at happy intervals,
The shrill hosannas of the infant-choir,
Singing in that eternal temple, brought
Tears to mine eye, which seraphs had been glad
To weep, could they have felt the sympathy
That melted all my soul, when I beheld
How condescending Deity thus deign'd,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings here,
To perfect his high praise :—the harp of heaven
Had lack'd its least but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it,
And sing, from feelings all their own, what men
Nor angels can conceive of creatures, born
Under the curse, yet from the curse redeem'd,
And placed at once beyond the power to fall,
—Safety which men nor angels ever knew,
Till ranks of these and all of those had fallen.

In conclusion, the sentiment of Mr. Dale, as to Cowper's works, may, with equal force, be applied to those of James Montgomery : " there are few among our poets (Milton himself is scarcely an exception) whom the Christian parent may commit with such implicit confidence to the intellectual companionship of his child ;" and at this season of giving and receiving tokens of esteem or affection, we opine that, with the exquisite wood engravings of the one, and the illustrations on steel of the other series of volumes, and the general beauty of the "getting up," it would be difficult to select a more appropriate Christmas present than either or both of them.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,
(Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery.")

As the fragrant wind that floateth
'Mid the summer-hours,
Stealing odours, while it giveth
Sweets to leaves and flowers—
Thus thy beauty haunts my spirit,
Fraught with bliss to me,
Though it from my bosom beareth
All my heart to thee.

As the mystic sea-shell ever
Murmurs to the ear,
As the stars above us never
Quit their glorious sphere—
So in absence does my memory
Bear thine image still;
So thou seemest ever near me,
Spite of thought or will.

If in sleep appear an angel,
It doth wear thy face;
When it fadeth with the vision,
Thou has ta'en its place.

I see thee in the crowded city,
And in wand'ring lone:
Thus in absence, sleep, or waking,
I am all thine own.

TO A FIELD DAISY.

Low droops thy tiny head, my pretty flower,
As thou dost gather in thy globe-like form,
Unable to resist the power
Of the approaching storm.

Thy silv'ry fringe, expanded on the plain,
Is lovely to the eye, thou fairy king;
Why dost thou tremble at the rain
And hide thy blossoming?

Does some bright spirit 'bide within thy cell,
Some fairy rev'ler of the starry sky,
Who oft sports gaily in the dell,
Unseen to mortal eye?

Scarce did the windows of the golden sun,
His spangled rays of light upon thee shed,
Than thou didst wake, beloved one,
And raise thy little head.

Now thou art closed, and mournful to the sight,
Drooping thy head, weigh'd down with dewy tears,
Like a poor melancholy wight,
O'erladen with his years.

But cheer thee, pretty one, for when the storm
Which hovers o'er thee has but pass'd away,
Again thy tiny fragile form
Will open to the day.

Our pleasures and our pains are mix'd together—
Sorrow and joy o'er each exert their power;
We both are subject to the weather,
Weak, drooping flower.

Life has its changes—every plant that grows,
Is sometimes tainted by the earth's dull breath;
It springs, it flourishes, and grows,
And like man meets with death.—J. H.

MAJORCA is the Eldorado of painting. There every thing is picturesque, from the peasant's hut, which has preserved in its minutest construction the tradition of the Arab style, to the child with its ragged drapery, exulting in its "pompous slovenliness." The character of the landscape, richer in vegetation than that of Africa is in general, has as much of breadth, of calm and of simplicity. It is green Helvetia under the sky of Calabria, with the solemnity and silence of the East. In Switzerland, the torrent which runs everywhere, and the cloud which is ever passing, gives to the prospect a mobility of colour, and so to speak a continuity of movement, which painting is not always happy in reproducing. Nature there seems to mock the artist; at Majorca she seems to wait for him and invite him. There vegetation affects lofty and fantastic forms; but it does not display that extravagant luxuriosity under which the lines of the Swiss landscape too often disappear. The ridge of the rock stretches its well defined outlines on a brilliant sky, the palm bends itself naturally on the precipices, without the capricious breeze deranging the majesty of its foliage, and all, to the smallest stunted cactus by the roadside, seems to rest with a sort of vanity for the pleasures of the eye.

He who can tell his money, has arithmetic enough; he is a true geometer who can measure a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer who can cast the rise and fall of others, and turn their errant motions to his own advantage; the best optician who can reflect the beams of a great man's favour, and cause them to shine upon himself.—Burton.

Dr. Zimmerman, the celebrated author and physician, known in England by his works on Solitude and National Pride, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, Sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but the dose he administered to the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery.—"Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, Doller Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 8.]

SATURDAY, 25TH DECEMBER, 1841.

[PRICE 1½d.]

SCENES OF THE SEASON; OR, OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN A NEW LIGHT. BY M. P. HAYNES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

"And well our Christian sires of old
Lov'd when the year its course had rolled,
And brought bright Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
* * * * *

All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."—SIR W. SCOTT.

Time—the ceaseless traveller—has nearly reached another stage upon the road to eternity. Another year of fortunes made, of hearts broken, of tears shed, and of wrinkles carved, has almost closed. The joys and the fatigue, of the few ancient festivals which still remain, are over—we have enjoyed the "Michaelmasse goose," which was strangely called "the emblem of meere modestie," and the palate already inclines to the "Christmasse capon," and to that

— "Exalted pye, whose high renown,
Danes, Dutchmen, Russians, with applauses crown."

Soon will the rustic *mummers*, in strange and unsightly habiliments, unwittingly perpetuate, by their pranks, a remnant of the ancient *Saturnalia*; and when the grave folk of the village look slightly on their grotesque evolutions, they will not know, that *mumming* was erst the practice, every Christmas, in the king's court, and in the halls of lords and of squires. A law against *mumming* was passed by Henry VIII., but in 1348, "eighty tunics of buckram, forty-two vizors, and a great variety of

other whimsical dresses," were provided to make "mummers" at the court of the great Edward the Third. At a much later period, "the squires' wardrobe was ransacked for dresses of all kinds." Corks were burnt to blacken the faces of the fair, or to give them deputy mustachios; and every member of the family, except the squire himself, underwent some strange transformation.

Soon shall we feel the warmth of the *yule-log*!—soon will its blaze shed brightness on our hearths, and light up pleasure in our hearts. And yet, how much has this ancient custom declined! Few are the houses in which the master now says, as he did of old,

"Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas-log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring."

But in the cold north, where the greatest portion of old Christmas customs still lingers, the log of the season will yet be selected—the largest and most cross-grained elm block that can be found will be chosen,—and music will attend the lighting of it—

"As the psaltries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending."

It is true that the ancient "*Lord of Misrule*," or "master of merry sports," no longer reigns, as formerly, "in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal;" the baker no longer presents the children of his customers with the *yule-dough*, or baked baby of paste; plumb porridge has

fallen into disuetude, and the cook may now neglect to have the "*Hackin*," or great sausage, boiled before day-break, without incurring the anciently enforced penalty of being "seized by the arms of two young men, and run round the market-place till she was ashamed of her lazyness."

The misanthropist gourmand, when he looks back upon the revelry of Christmas in the olden time, may exclaim—

"Gone are those olden days of yore,
When Christmas was a high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more—
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

If such a lugubrious mirth-seeker would cease to judge of Christmas jollity only by an attempted comparison of them with joys which he never felt or shared, he would soon discover that England's Christmas is still sufficient to make the indwellers of the isle proud of the larders and of the hospitality of Englishmen. The boar's head, encircled with rosemary and bays, and with a pippin gracing his tusks, whilst a lemon reposes in his mouth, no longer grins ghastly on our festal board; but have we not far daintier substitutes? But, in fact, it seems on all hands agreed, that at Christmas, abundance yields to delicacy, and the substantial edibles which are the glory of a truly English eater, gain an ascendancy in every well-stored home (alas, that it should be of such brief duration!) over the forward arrogance of Indian curries, or the coquettish instability of the fripperies of an insinuating French cuisine. Moreover, the cheer of the season derives "something more exquisite still," from the ideas of companionship, of friends, and of home, with which it is so entwiningly surrounded. He is indeed to be pitied who, on Christmas day, is compelled to dine *alone*! Life must be a perfect wilderness to him, for whom it provides no companion in this season of holy commemoration and of social enjoyment. A being thus isolated, though surrounded with wealth, must be insolvent as regards the luxury of the mind; and unless abandonment has closed his heart to the feelings of friendship and of love, his misery is scarcely exceeded by that of the poor outcast of fortune, who may want a Christmas dinner, but has a companion in his destitution. Or when years of bereavement have passed over the head of some imprudent or devoted one—when Christmas after Christmas has spoken to him loudly in his solitude, of the follies which have left him thus lonely—when memory paints, in tints of merited brightness, the charms of the circle in which he once moved, and of which he was the pride—when conscience tells him that his errors have been the bars which have kept closed

against him the portals to preferment—to friendship, to the tenderness of a sister's affection, and to the wider circle of blessings which surrounds a parent's home—how blithely must the carol sound in his ears, and how voluptuously must its sweet notes thrill through his frame, when at length *that Christmas* has arrived, which is the "herald of great joy," and which, if it will not restore him to his long vacant place in the circle of his family, or of former friends, will at least see him, and one well worthy of his love, engaged in laying, broad and deep, the foundations of the fabric of future felicity to themselves, and to all whom they call their own.

These reflections do but ill assort with the Christmas pleasures of a coarser kind, of which we have become the celebrants. A short stroll through London, a brief visit to the market-place of any town, or even to the lath-windowed shop of the village butcher, will show, that in 1841 Christmas is still much like what it was, when Poor Robin described it one hundred and sixty-four years ago:—

"Now grocers' trade is in request,
For plums and spices of the best;
Good cheer doth with this month agree,
And dainty mouths must sweet ned be.
Mirth, with gladness, doth abound,
And strong beer in each house is found;
Minced pies, roast beef, with other cheer,
And feasting, doth conclude the year."

Various are the shifts which poverty makes to secure its Christmas feast. To the man with money, money comes; and from no one is so much, comparatively speaking, unprofitably, if not unjustly, extorted, as from him who has the least to lose. Of this, the "Christmas geese and gin clubs," held in the metropolis, and other towns, are signal proofs. By paying so much weekly, the members of these clubs secure to themselves "a goose and a bottle of gin" for dinner on Christmas day. Their first loss is, that they pay more than the market price for the said goose; their second, and far greater loss is, that on each of the six or ten nights before Christmas, on which they go to the public house to pay their subscription, they spend *something*, which will, ere the close of the club, probably amount to nearly, or quite as much, as the stated price of the desired bird and its accompanying flagon. A moment's reflection will exhibit the true tendency of this fictitious prudence, and of this specious delusion, which is practised under the plea of personal comfort and domestic economy. In reality, the practice amounts to a man lending his money, and paying an enormous interest to the borrower, in order that he, the lender, may receive the—by no means inappropriate,—present of a *goose*, in lieu of his lent

money. Those who flock to these *geese* clubs, pay a poor compliment to their wives; for, in fact, they tell them that the landlord of a tavern knows better how to guard their money, and to furnish their table, than they do,—a reflection upon their housewifery, upon their honesty, ability, and affection, which is more likely to occasion jars and quarrels than to promote the happiness of the Christmas festival.

But let us turn from this folly of the present time, to the customs of other days, which linger with us still. We mean to the use of boughs and slips of evergreen, which

“—deck the unused candlesticks,
And pictures hanging by the wall.”

The origin of this custom is not clear. By some it is supposed to have been suggested by the frequent figurative expressions in holy writ, relative to the “*Branch of Righteousness*,” &c. Others are of opinion that these boughs were used in commemoration of the first Christian church which was erected in Britain, and which consisted of “*wrythen wands*,” or branches. Others again, with Dr. Chandler, derive the custom from a Druidical practice, by which “the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the spirits of the groves might repair to them, and remain unripped with frost, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their favourite abodes, in which worship was so fervently offered.”

The old churches of England contain in their records, very ancient entries “for holy and joye at Christmasse.” Not only were these boughs hung in the old oak pews, and inserted in the quaint carvings and grotesque figures in the churches, but even the fountains and public buildings were similarly furnished. In houses the practice was general—

“The windows, mantels, candlesticks, and shelves,
Quarts, pints, decanters, pipkins, basons, jugs,
And other articles of household ware,
The verdant garb confess.”

No reason is assigned for the ancient continuance of these boughs in the houses until Good Friday, upon which day they were always removed. It is not improbable, that in the times so prolific in signs and emblems, this removal of faded branches had some far-fetched allusion to the great Calvary event of that day, so solemn in the Christian dispensation. But whatever might have been the origin, or the purpose of these decorations, a strange use was somewhat profanely made of a reference to them, by which it is shown that the art of puffing is no novelty. A “*Carol*,” published in 1729, “dedicated to Queen Caroline and the Princess Carolina, and all the Royal Family,” traces the use of green boughs at Christmas to

“the bush of thorn,” mentioned in Deuteronomy, chap. 33, v. 16; and then, with more adroitness than poetry, the writer, who was a dealer in tea, says—

“That ‘bush of thorn’ appears to me,
The same that yields best Peko-tea.”

On reference to some of the old Roman Catholic works, these boughs are looked upon as emblems of the victory achieved by the Redeemer’s coming, over the dynasty of the powers of sin, and as apt symbols of the ever verdant hope which sheds its cheering lustre on the Christian’s path. But apart from these researches, it is pleasant when “Nature puts her deepest livery on,” and when, amidst the season’s desolation, no flowers are seen but those of the dead nettle, the coltsfoot, the black hellebore, which may occasionally be discovered, even beneath vegetation’s temporary shroud of snow—it is pleasant *then*, to gaze upon the evergreen, which seems to tell that spring is coming; or which, to the more serious, may speak, as its colours fade, of the fleeting nature of man’s pleasures, and even of his own mutability, as, anciently, a warning voice occasionally whispered in the ears of monarchs at their banquets, that they were mortal.

To compensate the reader for the solemn conclusion of this paper, our next shall be devoted to the blithesome “*Carol*,” and the welcome misletoe, beneath the white berries of which so many a coy maiden has felt her face grow red.

CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE.

[With an Engraving in No. VII.]

The principal approach to this “*Palace of the Peak*,” as it has been justly designated, is guarded by a neat lodge, near the New Inn of the pleasant village of Edensor, in the church of which repose the mortal remains of the first Earl of Devonshire, under a splendid alabaster monument. From this entrance into the park the road ascends to a high point of ground, from which Chatsworth and its surrounding scenery are first beheld. Descending from this elevated situation, and approaching the river Derwent, the house is seen to great advantage; behind it, rises the noble amphitheatre of

“Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o’er the hills;”

and extending to the remote and barren Peak by a succession of delightful woody scenery, combines to produce an imposing and magnificent effect. About a quarter of a mile from the house, the road is carried over the river by an

elegant stone bridge, of three arches, built by Paine, and said to be designed by Michael Angelo. For nearly a mile from the bridge the Derwent is expanded in breadth by means of a stone weir, over which the stream is precipitated, and forms a cascade highly ornamental to the Park, which is about eleven miles in circumference, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and water, and stocked with Spanish and south down sheep, cattle, and fifteen hundred head of fallow and brown deer.

The modern hall was erected by the first Duke of Devonshire, under the direction of Talman, the comptroller of the works to William III., and architect of Denham House, Gloucestershire, and old Thoresby House in Nottinghamshire. In 1692 the works were surveyed by Sir Christopher Wren, by whom it is thought the designs were furnished for two of the fronts. The entire conception of the architect and his noble patron has only been completed by the present Duke, who, availing himself of the talent of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, has added an elegant northern wing and several other buildings; exclusive of which, the structure consists of four nearly equal sides, with an open quadrangular court. The sides of the court have open balconies, guarded by stone balustrades, which are divided into different sections, by twenty-two intervening parts, forming pedestals, on which are placed stone busts of some of the most distinguished men of the reign of Queen Anne. The principal front is highly ornamented; it is rich without being tawdry, well proportioned, light and elegant in appearance; the other sides, though not equal to this, conspire to produce an impression favourable to the ability of Talman.

The principal entrance on the west, is by a flight of steps to a terrace, which extends the whole length of the building; the south front is approached by a double flight of steps, from which the visitor is conducted to the spacious Great Entrance Hall. This apartment is paved with mosaic work, in black and white marble; the approach to the staircase lies between two rock of variegated marble; the steps are of rocks amethyst, ornamented with richly gilt balustrades, and the walls and ceiling are richly adorned with paintings, by Verrio or his assistant Laguerre. These artists and Sir James Thornhill, who was a disciple of the same school, were almost exclusively employed in painting the walls and ceilings of Chatsworth House, and the visitor becomes wearied with the monotonous repetition of the meretricious productions of men, who sacrificed nature and truth to the folly and fashion of their times, and who have here rung an endless succession

of changes on gods and goddesses, saints and sinners, without taste or feeling, whilst splendid colouring is made to supply the place of elevated design and grandeur of conception.

From the entrance hall the visitor passes into a long gallery, which is one of the most attractive and interesting in Chatsworth. Nearly a thousand original sketches by the most eminent Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, and Italian masters cover its walls, and form an assemblage of drawings which can hardly be surpassed in the kingdom. This gallery conducts to the richly ornamented chapel, which is redolent of the fragrance of the cedar wood employed in its furniture and decorations; the altar-piece, sculptured by Caius Gabriel Cibber, is formed of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire, and has been designed to represent Faith, Hope, and Charity; the latter figure, however, is wanting. The carvings in wood are reputed to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, and the paintings are by Verrio, and are generally considered the most successful efforts of his pencil. The family occupy the gallery of the chapel during service, connected with which is the music room containing the chapel organ.

Without enumerating the suite of State-rooms, through which visitors are conducted, we may observe that they are spacious, lofty, and elegantly furnished; many of them contain portraits of distinguished characters, by the great painters who have flourished since the reign of Charles II.,* and all of them abound with specimens of carvings in wood by Gibbons and by Watson, a Derbyshire artist, scarcely his inferior, although less known.† Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than these decorations. There is, particularly, a net containing dead game, by Gibbons, which exhibits the perfection of the art, whilst fruit and flowers, carved with a delicacy which rivals the production of nature herself, are flung around in the most graceful manner—here hanging in elegant festoons from the ceiling, and there suspended on the walls and by the sides of the doors. "All the wood carving in England," says Allan Cunningham, "fades away before that of Gibbons at Chatsworth. The birds seem to live, the foliage to shoot, the flowers to expand before your eye. The most marvellous

* To these the present Duke has added an extensive collection of the works both of ancient and modern masters, for which an appropriate gallery has, we understand, been recently fitted up.

† The obscurity of Watson may be chiefly owing to his exclusive employment at Chatsworth; it is not improbable that he was aided by designs furnished by Gibbons. Be this as it may, it is a singular fact, that while the agreements and payments made to Watson and other artists have been carefully preserved, there are no entries or records to intimate that Gibbons was employed at all in the execution of the carvings actually ascribed to him here.

work of all is a net of game; you imagine at the first glance that the game keeper has hung up his day's sport on the wall, and that some of the birds are still in the death flutter."

The Library is a splendid room, fitted up in a style of great magnificence, and enriched with a most extensive collection of books, and with the chemical collection and apparatus of the celebrated Henry Cavendish.* The chimney piece, of statuary marble with wreathed

* The Hon. Henry Cavendish, son of Lord Charles Cavendish, nephew to the third Duke of Devonshire, and great-uncle to the present Duke of Devonshire, died on the 24th of February, 1810, at his house at Clapham. His remains were removed from thence to be privately interred in the family vault, in All Saints' Church, Derby. This gentleman had rendered himself familiarly conversant with every part of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy: the principles of which he applied, nearly fifty years ago, to an investigation of the laws on which the phenomena of electricity depend. Pursuing the same science, on the occasion of Mr. Walsh's experiment with the torpedo, he gave a satisfactory explanation of the remarkable powers of electrical fishes; pointing out that distinction between common and animal electricity, which has since been amply confirmed by the brilliant discoveries in galvanism. Having turned his attention very early to pneumatic chemistry, he ascertained, in 1766, the extreme levity of inflammable air, now called hydrogen gas. On this discovery, many curious experiments, and particularly that of aerial navigation, have been founded. In the same path of science, he made the important discovery of the composition of water by the union of two airs; and thus laid the foundation of the modern system of chemistry, which rests principally on this fact, and that of the decomposition of water, announced soon afterwards by M. Lavoisier. As the purity of atmospherical air had been a subject of controversy, Mr. Cavendish contrived essential improvements in the method of performing experiments with an endiometer; by means of which, he was the first who showed that the proportion of pure air in the atmosphere is nearly the same in all open places. The other and much larger portion of our atmosphere, he sagaciously conjectured to be the basis of the acid of nitre; an opinion that he soon brought to the test by an ingenious and laborious experiment, which completely proved its truth; whence this air has now very generally obtained the name of nitrogen. So many and such important discoveries spread his fame throughout Europe, and he was universally considered as one of the first philosophers of the age. Among the labours of his later days, is the nice and difficult experiment by which he determined the mean density of the earth; an element of consequence in delicate calculations in astronomy, as well as in geological enquiries. Even in the last year of his life, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, he proposed and described improvements in the manner of dividing large astronomical instruments; which, though not yet executed, promise very great advantages. These pursuits, together with readings of various kinds, by which he acquired a deep insight into almost every topic of general knowledge, formed the whole occupation of his life, and were, in fact, his sole amusement. The love of truth was sufficient to fill his mind. From his attachment to such occupations, and the constant resource he found in them, together with a shyness and diffidence natural to his disposition, his early habits had been secluded. His manners were mild, his mind firm, his nature benevolent and complacent. He was liberal without being profuse, and charitable without ostentation. He possessed great affluence, which was to him rather a matter of embarrassment than of gratification; but however careless about its improvement, he was regular in its management and direction. He was born October 10, 1731, and died in 1810, at the age of 79, leaving the greatest sum in funded property which perhaps any person ever possessed, amounting to £1,200,000. His writings on subjects of science appeared in the *Philosoph. Trans.* of 1766 and subsequent years.

foliage columns, is surmounted by a large mirror fixed in veined marble jambs. The windows are formed of immense plates of glass, almost imperceptibly joined, and appear, at first sight, as if open to the lawn; the recesses between them and the ends and west side of the library, are fitted up with mahogany book-cases, having mirror pannels over them. Above these a gallery surrounds the room, supported by bronze columns, and guarded by a balustrade of the same metal, to which there is an ascent by a secret staircase in the wall. In addition to the appropriate and splendid furniture, the library is adorned with two porphyry vases from the quarries at Elfdålen in Sweden, placed on pedestals of black marble, from the Duke's mills at Ashford, which are exquisite specimens of this fine production of the Peak. An honourable station has also been assigned to two remarkable fossils of extraordinary beauty; the one a specimen of Fel-spar from Labrador, the other Dogtooth spar, enshrining copper pyrites from his Grace's copper mine at Acton, near the river Dove. Connected with this apartment are the ante and the cabinet libraries, both of which are fitted up with corresponding elegance.

As a further illustration of the general magnificence of the State rooms, we may observe, that the dining room is nearly sixty feet in length, twenty-five feet wide, and the same in height; it is lighted by five windows of plate glass; the door frames are of alabaster, with which the walls are also lined; the whole are enriched with gilt mouldings, and the piers between each window are inlaid with plate glass mirrors, extending from the floor to the ceiling. When illumined by the splendid chandeliers, a thousand lights are reflected from the gorgeous array of massive plate—the collars, stars, and tiaras of brilliants—and the brighter eyes of the fair and noble guests who here partake the hospitalities of Chatsworth. The pencil rather than the pen must be employed to describe the dazzling splendour of such a scene.

Among the numerous additions to Chatsworth, which will long remain a lasting memorial of the talent and genius of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and the taste and munificence of the sixth Duke of Devonshire, the noble Sculpture room claims the pre-eminence; it is upwards of one hundred feet in length, thirty in width, and twenty-two feet high; the walls are lined with the most chaste and delicate Derbyshire marble, and the light is admitted from the ceiling; but the beauty of the room is eclipsed in the contemplation of the unrivalled assemblage of the exquisite works of art which adorn its interior. To this collec-

tion the chisel of Canova has contributed largely; one of the most remarkable is the statue of Madame Letitia Buonaparte, the natural ease and grace of which, and the taste and disposition of the drapery, are inimitably fine. A bust of Petrarch's Laura, by the same artist, is full of excellence, and exhibits a most touching expression of countenance, in which loveliness, purity, tenderness, and affection are blended together. Even a brief delineation of the remainder would, however, greatly exceed our limits, and we must therefore content ourselves with a copy of the list of sculptures, printed for visitors to the hall. In addition to those named, there are the following:—

A statue of Mary Queen of Scots, in Maltese stone, by Westmacot.

Venus Filatrice, or the Spinning Girl, by Schadow.

Bust of George the Fourth, by Chantrey.

— the Duke of Devonshire, a colossal statue, by Campbell.

— Canova, a colossal statue, by himself.

— Alexander, by Rennie.

— Lord George Cavendish, by Nollekins.

— Lady Cavendish, by ditto.

— the late Duke of Devonshire, by ditto.

— Francis, Duke of Bedford, by ditto.

— Hon. Charles James Fox, by ditto.

— Buonaparte, a colossal statue, by Canova.

— Alexander, a colossal statue, an antique.

— Ariadne, an antique.

— Apollo, a colossal statue, an antique.

— Homer, Sappho, Venus, and Faninis.

— Pœlius Augustus, and eight other antiques.

— Vitellius, and five other antiques.

— Lucius Verrus, a colossal statue, an antique, copied from the original one in Rome.

The head of a Bacchante, by Gott.

The head of a Bacchante, by Canova.

Hebe, by Canova.

Ceres Lores, by Canova.

A Vestal.

Cupid and Psyche, by Finelli.

Mars and Cupid, a colossal statue, by Gibson, a pupil of Canova.

Venus and Cupid, the latter extracting a thorn from the foot of the former, by Tenerani.

Copy of the Venus de Medici, by Canova.

Endymion, by Canova.

Germanicus and Agrippina, two antiques, purchased at Wanstead House.

Greyhound and Whelps, by Gott.

Latona, with her two children, Apollo and Diana. She is represented as having entreated Jupiter to change the people of Caria into frogs, for having insulted and refused her a draught of water; this exquisite group is by Pozzi.

Battle of Castor and Pollux, with Lynceus and Idas, by Schadow.

Castor and Pollux carrying away Phœbe and Talaira, daughters of Leucippus, who were to have been married to Lynceus and Idas, by Schadow.

Talthyebous and Eurybates, two of Agamemnon's heralds, taking away Briseis from Achilles, by Thorwaldsen.

The death of Achilles, by Albacini.

Venus Musidora, by Wyatt.

Venus Genetrix, by Thorwaldsen.

Two scenes from Homer's Iliad, by Thorwaldsen.

Egyptian's Head, in Derbyshire black marble.

Two light coloured urns, from Verona, rare.

Several Vases, particularly a large and beautiful one by Barteleina, which is worthy of notice.

Two remarkably fine Lions, each weighing four tons,

carved out of solid blocks of statuary marble, nine feet long by four feet high.

Antique Marble.

Adonis and his Dog.

Discobolus.

Table of green Siberian Marble, given to His Grace by the Emperor of Russia.

The Emperor Nicholas and his Empress.

Mars, a colossal statue, by Rennie.

The Princess Borghese, Buonaparte's sister, by Campbell.

Ganymede, by Tadolini.

Cardinal Gonsalva, by Thorwaldsen.

Cupid wounded, by Trentanova.

Bronzes. Peter the Great, on horseback, Mercury, Bacchus and Socrates.

Casts of Rousseau, Hobbes, and three other heads.

In the Sculpture room are also displayed a great variety of antique and modern columns of jasper, verde and giallo-antrio, breccia, alabaster, and marbles of every name; splendid tables of Labrador spar, Siberian jasper, and antique fragments of bassi releivo, of rare and surpassing interest. Passing over a room devoted to the display of an extensive cabinet of fossils and minerals, collected by the late Duchess of Devonshire, and classified by White Watson, Esq., F. L. S., of Bakewell, we hasten to an inspection of the richly embellished pleasure grounds, which, with the gardens, extend over eight acres, and have been laid out in lawns, shrubberies, fountains, and cascades, under the direction of Mr. Paxton, of merited celebrity in landscape gardening and horticultural science. His most remarkable improvement is the erection of a large *tropical conservatory*, in general design resembling the nave and side aisles of a cathedral. Its height is sixty feet; length two hundred and seventy two feet; and width, one hundred and twenty feet; and it occupies above an acre and a quarter of ground. The entrances are at the ends, through porches treated as greenhouses; and through it a carriage drive is made, forming part of a general drive through the pleasure-grounds. This vast conservatory rises from a glade in a lofty wood, nearly in the centre of the pleasure grounds; and, according to the experience of Mr. Loudon, is "unquestionably the largest structure of the kind in existence or on record." "It is heated by six fires, all of which, and the means of access to them, the places for fuel and ashes, are underground; and the chimneys carried in a tunnel up the side of a hill to a distance of nearly a furlong, so that not the slightest appearance of artificial heating, or smoke or sheds, is visible either within the house or exterior to it."* The whole has been designed by Mr. Paxton; and Mr. Loudon reports highly of "the scientific, elegant, and substan-

* Gardner's Magazine, August, 1830.

tial manner, in which it is executed." Within this airy structure magnificent aloes, stupendous palms, talipats, bananas, and other giants of tropical vegetation are luxuriating; with flocks of tropical birds, heightening, with their brilliant plumage, the enchantment of the whole scene!

The Arboretum (the only one seen by Mr. Loudon, of sufficient size,) is flourishing. "Near the palace, many auracarias and deodar cedars are planted, alternating with Portugal laurels, trained on stems six feet high, with heads cut into round balls, so as to resemble orange trees," as treated in the gardens of the Tuilleries and at Versailles. A new line of separation has been formed between the pleasure-ground and the park: it consists of miniature terraces, rising one above another, planted with tender climbers and other ornamental shrubs, trained to a trellis, and covered with a blue-striped canvas curtain during winter and spring nights. The grand cascade has also been extended and improved.

In the kitchen-garden there is usually much earlier forcing, grapes being required at table all the year round; and in winter and spring, three thousand pots of strawberries are forced annually. The vines in the vineries are classified: thus, we have one house filled with the Cascon Hall muscat, another with Hamburg grapes, the common muscat, Frontignan, &c. By these, and similar arrangements with green-gage plums, Flemish pears, &c. the management is so simplified, "that even the number of bunches of grapes that each vine is to bear, or dozens of fruit that are to be allowed to remain on each wall-tree, after thinning, are predetermined by Mr. Paxton the preceding autumn or winter, according to the strength of the tree and the ripeness of the wood." Mr. Paxton's improvements in building hot-houses, with ridge and furrow roofing, are likewise very important.

Both the grounds and the park are rich in forest scenery, and abound with rare specimens of the beech, the chesnut, and the elms, among the younger striplings of which, are several planted by the hands of royal visitors, who have been the guests of Chatsworth, including the King of Denmark, the present Emperor of Russia, when Archduke Nicholas, and Her Majesty, when Princess Victoria.

Another interesting object is the erection of four stones of a Doric column from Cape Colonna, in Greece, brought to this country by Sir Augustus Clifford, who presented them to his noble relative, the proprietor of Chatsworth. They are placed upon a square base of stone; and in three of its sides is inserted a tablet of marble, upon which are inscribed the following

appropriate lines, from the pen of Lord Morpeth:—

"These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,
They rear'd aloft Minerva's guardian shrine;
Beneath them roll'd the blue Ægean deep,
And the Greek pilot hailed them as divine.

Such was, e'en then, their look of calm repose,
As wafted round them came the sounds of fight;
When the glad shout of conquering Athens rose
O'er the long track of Persia's broken flight.

Though clasped by prostrate worshipper no more,
They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here;
Though distant from their own immortal shore,
The spot they grace is still to freedom dear."

We cannot more appropriately terminate this notice of Chatsworth, than by quoting the delightful poetical prose of Mr. Rhodes, to whose elegant description of **PEAK SCENERY**, and to Mr. Glover's Peak Guide, we are indebted for many interesting particulars in the foregoing sketch. Mr. Rhodes, in a reminiscence of his last visit to Chatsworth, observes, that it revived the recollection of one of the most delightful days he ever passed within the precincts of the Peak of Derbyshire.

"The morning," he says, "was cheerless and unpropitious, and the whole of the landscape on both sides of the road was obscured by a thin sprinkling of rain, which was continued without the least intermission from the town of Sheffield to the village of Edensor, where, on our arrival, the sun broke out with unusual splendour; the clouds suddenly dispersed, and the moisture spread on all around us was soon dissipated by the warm rays of the sun. The shower had fallen with a dewy softness, and the leaves of the trees and the grass in the meadows were every where gemmed with lucid drops, that sparkled with light. As these disappeared, the foliage had a brighter glow, and the verdure assumed a fresher and a livelier green; the air had an additional sweetness, and every breeze that blew, loaded with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, came upon the senses with a delicious softness. As we strolled through the park every object we beheld appeared to feel the influence of so delightful a transition: the deer, and the various groups of cattle which every where adorned the scene—the birds that sported among the branches of the trees—the swallows as they skimmed the air or dipt the wing in water, seemed all inspired with new life and actuated by a more elastic impulse. The myriads of insects that but a few hours before had no evident existence, were sporting in the beams of the sun, richly enjoying a state of being, which, though brief, was full of happiness. We participated in the general felicity, and gladly resigned ourselves to that luxury of feeling—that fulness of enjoyment—which pervaded all around us: we rambled through

the house, the park, and the gardens, in that frame of mind which peculiarly fitted us to derive pleasure from every thing we saw. Some groups of well-dressed females, who were perambulating the grounds, apparently as happy as ourselves, imparted animation and elegance to the sweet scenery of Chatsworth Park: I know not that I ever beheld the fair forms of nature under a more lovely and cheering effect. On our return from the top of the cascade, where a water-temple stands, which might with peculiar propriety be dedicated to the God of Mischief, we seated ourselves beneath some tall spreading limes, by the side of a little lake of water as clear and unruffled as a mirror, from whose polished surface the surrounding objects were reflected with a fresher and a brighter colouring than nature herself had on. Suddenly the lake became partially agitated, an effect evidently produced by an impulse from beneath: shortly there burst from the surrounding bubbles a pillar of water, that rapidly ascended to the height of more than ninety feet: this column, as it left its parent-bed, was white as the foam of the ocean; upwards, it became one connected and transparent pillar, and when, at its extreme altitude, it separated into falling particles, it formed a gracefully-descending line, through which the rays of the sun passed, converting every drop of water as it fell into a lucid gem. The motion, and the rapid play and change of light with which the descent was accompanied, produced an effect brilliant and sparkling beyond conception; and a graceful arch of vivid colouring, clear and beauteous as the rainbow in the sky, was thrown upon the banks of the lake and on the light foliage of the trees that adorned its margin. It was indeed a fairy scene of beauty and of brief delight, and like some lovely vision of enchantment, while we gazed upon it, it faded and passed away."

HOSPITAL MISERIES.

[Translated from the Russian, for Bradshaw's Journal.]

Nicolas Stepanowitsch, a wealthy lord, who resided in the vicinity of Moscow, wishing to distinguish himself, and to acquire the reputation of generously expending his fortune, had founded an hospital for the sick of his village. The Governor of the province, during a circuit through that part of the country, had intimated to Stepanowitsch that he intended to dine and pass a day with him. The lord, delighted with so honourable a distinction, invited all his neighbours, and made every preparation for the reception of his Excellency.

—"But am I to be eternally waiting for

the doctor," said Nicolas. "Troschka, go, and tell him I have been out of patience, waiting for him these two hours.—Ah! I see him.—My dear Doctor Iwanowitsch, there is no way of speaking with you."

"I ask your pardon for my delay," said the doctor, saluting Rosslaw and Surski; "I have come to visit the hospital."

"It is for that very purpose I have sent for you. Well, is every thing in order?"

"I believe so."

"That's right, that's right. In the province there has been a great talk of my hospital; we must be careful not to belie our reputation before his Excellency. Is the pharmacy in order, and well arranged?"

"Every thing is as usual, Nicolas Stepanowitsch."

"Every thing is as usual! I must be more explicit and clear—it is to-day that the Governor is coming! Hear me now, my dear sir—we must put the best leg forward."

"I have had the honour to inform you that every thing is in order."

"But in the hospital?"

"The floor and the ceiling are washed,—the linen is clean—"

"Have they also taken care to hang over the beds the labels, indicating the nature of the diseases?"

"Although that is not altogether necessary, since the hospital contains but ten beds, I have hung up three labels, in order to please you."

"Are the inscriptions in Latin?"

"In Latin and Russian."

"That's right, that's right; and how many patients have we?"

"At present, we have not one."

"What! not a single one?" exclaimed Stepanowitsch, in the greatest consternation.

"No, my lord; two days ago I sent away the last—it was the coachman, Elias."

"And why did you send him away?"

"Because he was cured."

"And who told you that he was cured?—how did you know that? Is it possible?—not a single patient!"

"My dear friend, what harm is there in that?" said Surski.

"How can you ask such a question? You hear—not a single patient! Must I show empty rooms to the Governor? Go, my dear Doctor Iwanowitsch; God bless you! you bring me pretty news, indeed!—not a single patient!"

"In the name of heaven, what would you have me do?"

"What would I have you do? Allow me to ask one single question—for what do you obtain your remuneration? Every year you

receive a thousand rubles, with apartments, food, and an equipage—and not a single patient! Is that the way to behave?—what does this mean? I must allow that my sister was in the right—see what it is to take a Russian doctor—not a single patient! Oh, my God, my God! Indeed you are too good; I thank you very much. You have given me a fine treat—not a single patient! Bravo, my Russian doctor, bravo! But, cost what it may, I will have a German doctor,—yes, sir, a German doctor! We shall have plenty of patients then. Merciful heavens! not a single patient! Yes, laugh, gentlemen, laugh; you have not a hospital to show the Governor!"

"What do you think of it, doctor?" said Surski; "could we not procure some sham patients, to help us out of this difficulty?"

"Indeed, that is an ill-timed pleasantry."

"I speak seriously. The Governor will not examine the patients too closely; the great point is, that the beds be not empty."

"That is not a bad idea. Troschka, tell my steward to come here immediately."

"What is your project?" inquired the doctor.

"Listen: perhaps we may yet find a way of getting out of this difficulty. It does not require much reflection—it is no great matter to lay in bed a whole day."

"What?—you wish—"

"Silence, do not disturb me. It is good! I am decided. Doctor, in the name of heaven, go home; but never let this happen again. We will find a way to have patients without him. Listen, Parfen," continued Nicholas, addressing himself to the steward, who had arrived; "it is true, then, that we have no patients in the hospital at the present moment?"

"Thank heaven, my Lord, we have not a single one."

"Thou art a fool—an ass—to the very marrow. Merciful heavens!—what! must I show the bare walls to the Governor? I must absolutely have some patients; do you understand me?"

"Good, my Lord; but where would you have me get them?"

"That is of no consequence; but have them I must."

"Very well, my Lord."

"Hear, Parfen—you are very much altered; are you really quite well?"

"Oh yes, my Lord, and I thank God for it."

"You would do well not to neglect yourself. I assure you that you look very bad in the eyes—in fact, Parfen, you are ill. Will you not allow me to cure you?"

"Oh, my gracious master, Nicholas Stepanowitsch, have pity on me. Unquestionably you will find sick folks enough without me."

"I doubt not; but go and find them,—lose no time."

"But what are your orders, if I should find any body that will not come willingly?"

"Fool! must we ask their leave? Go, run through the village, and bring to the hospital the first person that you see, whether he will or not. Perhaps I am not master on my own estate!"

"Unquestionably, my Lord; but would it not be as well if I were to look out for some half-dead men for this job?"

"That is not a bad thought; at all events, you must mind to take none but sickly-looking persons. There is only the Dropsical Section for which we have need of a man very big or fat."

"Allow me, my Lord, to propose the sexton; he is of a very respectable corpulence, and his face is admirably bloated."

"That is right; endeavour to persuade him."

"I warrant you, for a ruble and a half, he would be for twenty-four hours not merely sick, but dead, if you wished it."

"Give him a ruble in silver. But don't you know of any attenuated wretch for the Consumptive Section?"

"Oh dear, yes; it could not happen better. The cobbler Andrew has got a bit of flesh on his bones—you could not find a second like him in all the village."

"Ah! that is true, that is true! You speak of gold, my dear Parfen; I will not forget you, only see that every thing is quickly arranged. Already we have two patients; as to the others, I leave them to your choice. But above all, desire them to be quite easy while they are in the hospital,——"

"Certainly, my Lord."

"—That they do not make the least movement, that they do not take off their cotton caps, and that they moan most piteously."

"Just so, my Lord."

"Now go, and may heaven assist you! You laugh, Surski. I know very well how ridiculous this is; but what can I do? I wish to be distinguished for something. My neighbour Burkin has a stud equal to mine; the princess Sorin has an orangery more extensive than mine; but nobody has ever yet dreamt of having an hospital. Is it not so, my friend? Besides, these things are now the fashion—no, it was not the fashion that I was going to say—"

"According to the spirit of the age," interrupted Surski.

"Yes, according to the spirit of the age. An hospital, brother, do you see, is an economical establishment,—that is to say—what do they call it?—stop—"

"Philanthropic," said Surski.

"That's it, that's it,—philanthropic! And

these establishments are now in vogue. Who knows, when the Governor has seen it, perhaps its fame may reach the ears of the Emperor, and then — in fine, man purposes, and God disposes—what is to be, will be. But only think if I were to show an empty hospital, what the consequence would be!"

The guests had now arrived, and were seated at table. After dinner they followed their host into the garden, from whence they repaired to the orangery, the stud, and the hospital. The Doctor, engaged in a conversation with his bride, Pelagic, whom he was endeavouring to persuade to defer the day appointed for their marriage,—after having followed the company into the orangery, remained there with his friend Surski, to whom he had confided his troubles. In the midst of their conversation, Surski exclaimed,

"But I must go and see our host. See how agitated my master is!—What is the matter with you, Nicholas Stepanowitsch," added he, running to meet him.

"What is the matter!" replied Nicholas, with a half-stifled voice. "Nothing, absolutely nothing. I am to be for ever dishonoured, ruined, buried alive—nothing but that."

"How is that?"

"You do well to ask me! Ah, blessed saints! at least give me time to breathe,—the fools! the dogs! the knaves!"

"You frighten me, tell me what has happened."

"A trifle, I tell you. All my cares, all my anxieties, the vast sums I have lavished on my hospital, all are gone to the devil!—a learned doctor!—he a doctor!—he is but a scoundrelly barber. This moment he shall leave my house."

"Oh! oh! it is your hospital that troubles you?"

"My hospital! what hospital? I will no longer have a hospital. To-morrow I will demolish this cursed building; I will not leave one stone upon another."

"But tell us at least the cause of such great excitement."

"The cause is, that I have been mortally chagrined, that is all. Just imagine me showing all my establishment to my guests; and the hospital in its turn. First of all we entered the pharmacy; they all admired the good order which prevailed—the boxes, the gallipots, were all ranged, like soldiers, rank and file. It was a pleasure to behold it. The noble Marshal loaded me with compliments; he said I was a liberal-minded proprietor, the benefactor of my race, and that this establishment was an honour to the government. I bowed,—I thanked him,—and I thought within myself,

'Wait, my friend; you shall see something worth seeing when you enter the patients' rooms. We entered—the corridor was all right and clean; no fault could be found. '*First Class—Chronic Disorders*,' cried the Steward; '*Room No. II.—Dropsical Patients*.' I opened the door—I cast my eyes upon the bed—and I saw—I know not what I saw—I saw the fleshless, consumptive Andrew! I backed out of the room, and went to the other door. The Marshal himself read the inscription: '*Room No. II.—Consumptive Patients*.' I entered, and the others followed me, and —. Indeed I thought the earth would open under me. By heavens!—the fat sexton. 'How long have you been troubled with consumption?' inquired the Marshal, laughing. 'For ten years,' replied the sexton. 'Poor wretch! you seem to suffer very much,' said the fool Burkin. Suffer, indeed!—a belly as big as a water-butt. The Marshal could no longer restrain himself—the company burst out into roars of laughter. As for myself, I know not how I managed to get off, for I have no remembrance of any thing that happened afterwards, until the very moment that I met you."

"But what great harm is there in that?"

"Can you ask me such a question! How do you think I can show myself after such an occurrence?"

"Oh, my dear sir, how can they imagine that you hire patients at so much the day? The labels have been misplaced,—that is all."

"You think then that I may say —"

"Certainly. What is more simple than that one of the stupid boys about the place has taken one bill for another. But I will go and see the company. Go in yourself, and explain the error that has been committed; and if you wish to make them leave off laughing, laugh louder than them all together."

THE NURSE CHILD;

OR, BENEVOLENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of '*Cottage Comforts*.' 'The Young Folks of the Factory,' &c.)

[Continued from our last.]

For two or three years after the death of Mr. Seymour, the little family at the cottage still struggled on, retaining their respectability of appearance, and a considerable portion of their accustomed comforts; and this almost entirely in consequence of that elasticity of aptitude and energy, which seems peculiarly conferred on females, to fit them for their especially allotted task; not merely of bearing the vicissitudes and ills of life themselves, but of soothing and supporting others under them. Joseph Mansfield was neither an idle, an unkind, nor an extravagant

husband; and yet, when his health and spirits failed, and circumstances in general were not as propitious as formerly, and every article of daily consumption had more than doubled its accustomed price, it did not seem to excite his surprise that his wonted comforts were continued to him, or to present itself to his mind that they were the produce of his wife's unwonted labour and sacrifices.

The little girl was becoming, though not less expensive, more companionable and useful. While attending to her household cares, Mrs. Mansfield had instilled into the child the principles of thriftiness and care, and had taught her to do many little things, by which, although trifling in themselves, children might learn to save their mothers many a valuable minute, and, at the same time, greatly increase their own pleasures, and be acquiring valuable knowledge. She could dust the parlour, wash up the tea things, fetch the milk, feed the poultry, gather up the eggs, weed the flower beds, and though in these and similar employments, she was at first allowed to "make believe" at helping, it was not very long before she really did help, and took upon herself a little daily round of duties. From her kind nurse she also received the rudiments of reading, needle-work, and knitting. In the former, for want of suitable books, her progress was not great, but she soon obtained a pretty good notion of needle-work, and in knitting, she became a proficient; so much so as to be employed in knitting socks for a shop in M——, the neighbouring town; and great was the little girl's delight, when her own earnings amounted to money enough to buy her a pair of stout shoes, which she greatly needed. Perhaps the thought then began to possess her infant mind, that if so much work was necessary to procure the means of supplying one of her wants, her kind benefactress must have worked a great deal more to supply them all, for she seemed daily more and more sensible of her obligations, and more earnestly desirous of being able, in some degree, to requite the kindness she received. It was not one of the least arduous, or least acceptable of her services, that of entertaining her "daddy," as she was taught to call him, when either the weather, or indisposition, prevented his going abroad to work. On these occasions he would sink into gloom, bordering upon melancholy, from which nothing seemed to arouse and divert him so much as the prattle of the child. She sometimes even succeeded in inducing him to go out and try to work in the garden, when he had fancied himself quite unable to do so. Such an effort invariably proved beneficial to his health and spirits, as well as a relief to his anxious partner, who

sometimes, and not without reason, apprehended that he might become altogether dispirited and helpless.

When Hannah was in her seventh year, and poor Mrs. Mansfield began to comfort herself by thinking that the chief difficulties of supporting her had been surmounted, and that there was now little reason to apprehend that she should be compelled to relinquish her benevolent undertaking, a new and unexpected reverse was experienced. Lord —— sold the estate, which was not hereditary, and a new family took possession of it. Most of the old tenants were displaced, and all who, like the Mansfields, had held situations under the old occupants. The new comers had people of their own to put into all such places. Several months' notice, however, was given, and a fair, indeed, liberal allowance, was made for any improvements made by the tenants, at their own expense. The cottage had been kept in the nicest order, not merely the visitors' parlour, but the rooms occupied by the family. This had been done almost entirely by Mrs. Mansfield herself, and little had she thought, when she was colouring or painting a room, or putting up shelves, that she was working for other people; she did think that she was settled there for life; however, she was one of the sort to make the best of things as they are; and when the first feeling of grief and disappointment at leaving the cottage had subsided, she rejoiced at having done as much on the premises as she had, for, as she often observed, "she had not bestowed a brush of paint or whitewash, or a nail in a roof, for her own convenience, that was not at least paid for twice over." She could not but wish that poor Joseph had retained his former energy and delight in the garden, and then they might have had much more to receive than they had; but the few pounds that did come, though a poor compensation for leaving the place, provided for the expenses of removal, and the purchase of such things as were necessary on entering a new habitation.

On leaving the fishing cottage, Joseph Mansfield engaged himself to a respectable tradesman in the neighbouring town, to take care of a small farm, or rather a few fields and a barn—for the concern was so small as hardly to be dignified with the name of a farm. It seemed rather hard for Mansfield, who had once been a master farmer, to go out as a day labourer, and for his wife, who had been the mistress of two or three servants, to take in needlework and washing, and occasionally to go out to a day's ironing; but it was a great satisfaction to know that they were not reduced in circumstances by their own misconduct. They were enabled to bow to the wise and gracious, though myste-

rious, dispensations of their heavenly Father, and to acknowledge that they had still abundant cause of gratitude and confidence. The recent removal proved, in some respects, an advantage. Living close to a town, Mrs. Mansfield was enabled to obtain constant employment; and a sense of duty and fidelity to his employers, proved a useful stimulus to her husband, and impelled him to many an hour of cheerful labour, which, had he felt himself his own master, would probably have been yielded to morbid gloom. Little Hannah, too, was essentially benefited by the exchange, as she had now an opportunity of regularly attending a Sunday school, where her progress was rapid and satisfactory, and where she was furnished with books, which opened a new source of delight, both to herself and her benefactors. Mrs. Mansfield, wherever she was employed became greatly respected; and without any effort on her part, an interest was awakened in behalf of her little protégé, who was, in consequence, generally supplied with clothing. Miss Bird, an excellent young lady, daughter of Mansfield's employer, and an active Sunday school teacher, became particularly interested in the little girl, and in addition to the instruction afforded on the Sabbath, devoted several hours in the week to teaching her writing, arithmetic, and grammar. The docility of the child and her thirst for knowledge, at once encouraged her kind teacher, and secured her own improvement. In the course of two or three years after being admitted to these privileges, Hannah, in general knowledge, was not greatly behind young persons of her own age, who had been several years at professed schools; she was also so well instructed in common things as to be essentially useful to Mrs. Mansfield, both in assisting her in her various engagements at home, and keeping house during her absence;—she had ceased to be reckoned a burden, and was deemed rather a valuable auxiliary, especially so, on occasions of illness. Mrs. Mansfield spoke with gratitude of the goodness of Providence, in giving them that dear child to be such a comfort to their declining years. If reminded of the kindness they had formerly shewn to a poor little forsaken orphan, both Mansfield and his wife always declared they had been abundantly recompensed; that she was an orphan they had long ceased to doubt, especially since Mr. Bird, who frequently visited London, had made enquiry at the War Office, and had found reference to several officers of the name of John Evans, one of whom had died of sickness, another had fallen in such or such a battle; one had been taken prisoner, and one was described as missing. There was nothing absolutely to identify either of them

as the father of Hannah; but it was most probable that he was amongst the thousands, who, during that dreadful war, were swept away from the earth by the besom of destruction, and the little family learned,—what all of us would find it our wisdom and our happiness to learn,—to cultivate thankfulness for, and enjoyment in, the circumstances by which they were actually surrounded, and not to waste the spirit and feelings in useless lamentation after what was irretrievably past and gone, or in vain anticipations of what, in all probability, would never be realized. Good Mrs. Mansfield was blessed with a large portion of that contented and cheerful spirit which is, indeed, a continual feast; and the constant manifestations of which, shed a benign influence on those around her. The child—children are naturally happy; life to them is new, and replete with sources of enjoyment, but too often imaginary wants and unnecessary troubles are created for them by false indulgence, or by the irritability and caprice of those who govern them; thus happiness is marred, and they acquire peevish, turbulent, repining dispositions—the child imbibed the spirit of contentment, and acquired the habit of finding out and enjoying the best of her circumstances, instead of magnifying and murmuring at the worst; and poor Joseph, though naturally, perhaps, of a more gloomy temperament, learned from the example of his wife, sometimes at least to forget his troubles or to dwell upon his miseries. The little circle had one Sunday evening been unusually happy, reading together several Psalms of gratitude and praise, the 23d, 34th, 103d, 145th, and catching the sentiments and spirit of these delightful and inspired compositions,—they were led to apply them to their own circumstances,—to speak of the benefits with which they were daily loaded, the goodness and mercy that had followed them all their days, and their experience that all things, even the most seemingly adverse, work together for good to those who love God. Perhaps these grateful reflections were not altogether unmingled with a sigh for severed connexions and disappointed hopes, for the most vigorous exercise of faith is not perfectly free from a mixture of unbelief, and even those who know and observe most of the ways of God, have not risen above the need of that quieting declaration, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Among the advantages of their present situation, Mrs. Mansfield spoke of the convenience and comfort of their abode, on account of accessibility to profitable employment through the week, and to the privileges of public worship, and school instruction, on the Sabbath.

"Yes," said the little girl, "if we had stayed at the cottage, I should never have known kind Miss Bird, who teaches me such nice things, and, though we have not such a fine parlour here, we can be quite as warm and comfortable; and now, mother, you are not in fear of company breaking the china, or writing on the paint." "But our beautiful garden, Hannah!" said Mr. Mansfield, with a sigh. The little girl fixed her eye upon him, and an expression of sadness began to overshadow her countenance, when the cheerful matron, with happy adroitness, interposed; "To be sure it was a delightful garden, but then, you know, Joseph, how often you have overworked yourself to keep it in order, and how you used to fret if you had been poorly, and had not done things just in the right time. We have garden enough now for our own use and enjoyment, and not so much care."—"You are right, Rachel, it is all for the best. Well, you need not stay up for me, but I must go down to the farm to look after some ewes, for the night is rather chilly." With affectionate solicitude, the wife reached down her husband's great coat, tied her shawl round his neck, (woollen comforters had not then come into fashion) supplied the lanthorn with a piece of candle that she judged would last an hour or two, and enjoined her good man to hold a piece of ginger in his mouth, to keep the cold from his stomach. The usual time of retiring to rest had arrived, but Mrs. Mansfield felt disposed to sit up for her husband's return, and the little girl, being in a wakeful mood, begged permission to stay with her at least a part of the time. Her request was granted, and the time improved by reading another chapter in the Bible. After doing this, as she turned over the leaves of her own little Bible, she cast her eyes on the register of her birth, and having observed that there were entries of a similar kind on the first leaf of the large family Bible, she begged to exercise her newly-acquired power of reading hand-writing in the perusal of them. Mrs. Mansfield consented, though with a sigh, for those lines contained the records of successive bereavements which had pierced her to the quick. There is, however, a joy in grief—a pleasure in calling up painful recollections—and the good woman indulged herself, as well as chained the attention and interest of her affectionate young auditress, by relating the brief history of the various subjects of those entries; their beauty, their intelligence, their endearments, their sufferings and death; and a lock of hair, or a favourite plaything, was exhibited, which the fond mother had preserved as a precious memorial of each. But there was one named William, "son

of Joseph Mansfield and Rachel his wife, born at Kingston, October 25th, 1786," which did not, like all the rest, bear the affecting addition, "this child died—". The difference naturally excited youthful curiosity, and led to the simple enquiry, "Oh, mother, and what became of little William?" The question touched a heart-thrilling string. Mrs. Mansfield, so remarkable for habitual composure, became so agitated as to frighten the child, who ran to the cottage door to call for assistance, but was recalled by the firm voice to which she was accustomed to yield implicit obedience, which bade her shut the door and compose herself, for that there was nothing the matter. A few minutes of silence ensued—the child waiting in trembling anxiety, while her friend was evidently making a vigorous effort to regain her wonted tranquillity. At length she addressed the child, in tones of mingled firmness and tenderness:—"My dear Hannah, young as you are, I perceive that, in addition to all his other mercies, God has given you to be my friend; He means that I should tell you the griefs that have hitherto been lodged within my own bosom, and that your sympathy should be my solace. What became of that dear boy I know not, nor whether he is living or dead. I charge you never to mention his name, or ask a question about him, in my husband's presence; but when we are alone, you may speak of him. It will afford me relief to do so, for grief shut up is like a fire burning in the bones. My William, my eldest, was a fine resolute lad, but his heart was upon the sea. He never could be induced to take to the farming business, though his poor father tried every thing that either persuasion or authority could do to induce him; for then we had a good farm, and it was likely we might have done well in it for ourselves and our children, and it was natural for his father to wish to bring him forward. William was a good boy, and handy. He would do whatever his father bade him, and he would do it better than a man grown, but all the while it was easy to see that his heart was not in it. What he did was done solely in obedience to his father, and without any delight in the work. His leisure hours were always spent on the brink of the river, watching the navigation, and talking with the barge-men, especially one, who having been a sailor, could tell him about sea voyages. When in the company of this man, all his spirit was roused, and he discovered so much arduous enterprise and resolution, that the old man often said he was a native born sailor, and that all the world could not make a land-lubber of such a noble fellow. Such remarks tended yet more to stimulate his eagerness for the sea, but

neither his father nor myself could bear the thought of yielding him to the dangers of the sea-faring life. At length, old Trueman proposed, by way of a holiday, to take him one voyage to London. As he was not to be absent more than ten days or a fortnight, we reluctantly consented, hoping that the bustle of London, and the sight of real ships, might cure him of his fancy. He returned in safety, much delighted with his enterprise; but from that time, though he said less about going to sea, he was evidently more thoughtful, and spent all his leisure time in reading. He was a good scholar—better than most farmers' sons, for having lived three or four years with his grandmother, in M——, he had attended at the grammar-school, which is free to all the inhabitants. The books he read were chiefly about the voyages and perils of sailors. Perhaps I did not look into them so much as I ought to have done, but my time was fully occupied with my farm and family. About that time began our troubles. There were two dreadfully unfavourable seasons in succession; our crops failed, we had heavy losses among our cattle and sheep, and, for the first time in his life, my poor husband was obliged to beg a delay in his rent. This was granted, but it just set the agent on thinking that we might easily be unsettled. He was trying hard to get out all the small farmers, and get all the land into one great concern. At last he succeeded. When my poor husband saw what it would come to, he said, in a gloomy mood, that the boy might as well go to the sea as stay at home and starve; and about the same time he corrected him very sharply for some trifling fault, and the poor silly boy took his father at his word, and went away. When the poor fellow was first missing, his father went off to M——, expecting to find him with old Trueman, and as he ascertained that the boat had started for London late the previous night, he made sure that our poor boy had gone with it, and on his return told me that it was so, for he was loth to distress me, as I was just then expecting to be confined. True enough, the boy went with the barge, but what became of him afterwards we never could learn, for while at Wapping, old Trueman, sailor as he was, going along a plank from the barge to the shore, on a dark foggy night, slipped into the river and was drowned. Oh! it seems all like a dismal dream to me—the loss of my boy, and the birth of my twins, and our leaving the farm, and my poor Joseph having a frenzy fever, and remaining for months in a state of derangement, and escaping from home, and coming back almost naked and starved, and declaring that he had seen poor William drowned; and

then his becoming calm, and our being placed in the cottage, and our losing the twins, and then you, my child, being sent just at the time to fill up their place. Ah, we can speak of them and find comfort, but poor Mr. Seymour, that is dead and gone, and the other doctor that visited my husband when he was deranged, charged me never to let the name of poor William be mentioned in his hearing, for it was that, that would, in all likelihood, set him off again."

[To be continued.]

THE ANNUALS FOR 1842.

[We were somewhat disappointed in looking over the contents of *Mr. Hood's Comic Annual*, to find that it consisted principally of his late clever contributions to Colburn's Magazine and Bentley's Miscellany, which have long since been read and laughed over by every lover of genuine humour; and the only new feature they here assume is in the addition of some excellent illustrations by Mr. John Leech, an artist, by the way, who is rapidly rising in public estimation. We are willing to attribute this lack of originality to the indisposition of the author, who offers an amusing apology in his preface, for the non-appearance of his laughter-exciting budget for 1841, and facetiously contradicts the current (?) reports that he had turned costermonger, and quitted the world—of letters, or enlisted, like Coleridge, into the dragoons, by informing us, that he was really bargaining by the help of Father Mathew and Bernard Kavanagh, *alias* Temperance and Abstinence, for a renewed lease of life and literature, the first fruits of which he now offers to the public. As a fair specimen of the result of his retirement, we give an excellent letter on

AUTOGRAPHS.]

* To D. A. A. Esq., Edinburgh.

"An Autograph.

"SIR,—I am much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called 'pieces.' The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The man in the iron mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck

smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pellico, with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot-and-water. Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Draco, when Themis requested a few sentences for her album, dipped his stilus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles. The Hebrews write their shpargotua backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls 'An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.' Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph, and sent it bang into Philip's right eye. Some individuals are so chary of their hand-writing as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross;—others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes, as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circumbendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies, as eagles, ships, and swans. Then, again, there are what may be called Mosaic autographs—*i. e.* inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel-walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pin-cushion—as thus:—'Welcome sweat Babby. Mary Jones.'

"When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, 'a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,' he replied, that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was 'done with gunpowder on his left arm.'

"There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope. According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions,—with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles, and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it. King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a keepsake,—royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises. With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of

a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a teaboard with the slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who can write, and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS'—done with a red hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up. Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern book—with samples of stuff and fustian. The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink, or black—or suppose he had it in Sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Monteagle (not Spring Rice), in a feigned hand? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, *i. e.* partially or totally illegible? Would he like it—in case he shouldn't like it—on a slate? With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table,—a paving-stone or a brick-wall,—a looking-glass or a window,—a teaboard or a silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door,—I presume to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and, in the absence of any particular directions for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier-pigeon—or in a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph,—I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.—I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

"THOMAS HOOD."

Original Poetry.

INCHMAHOLM.

A FRAGMENT.

"The Lake of Menteith is a beautiful, circular sheet of water, surrounded by the richest woods and adorned by two islands, on which the ruins of ancient buildings are still to be seen. The larger and more easterly island, called Inchmaholm, consists of five acres, and is decorated by the ruins of the Priory of that name, which was founded by King Edgar. There is still standing a great part of the walls, with one arch, on the north, in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture. There are several trees of ancient and large growth upon the island; in particular a number of Spanish chesnuts, which were certainly planted before the Reformation, and some of which are seventeen feet in circumference at six feet above the ground.

Queen Mary resided for some months at the Priory, when a child of five years of age, during the devastating invasion of the English, 1547, and was afterwards removed directly to France."—*Chambers' Picture of Scotland.*

Inchmaholm! thy groves respond
To the breezes o'er thee sighing,
Mournful music floats around,
Loudly clear—then gently dying.

Now the silver orb of night
Tips the tiny wavelets dancing,
Joyous in her soften'd light,
Gently back her pale beams glancing.

Inchmaholm! at such an hour,
Come o'er thee dreams of other days,
When proud hall and lady's bower
Echoed the minstrel's cheerful lays!

Ancient Isle! say, do the shades
Of friends long gone frequent thee still?
Well known footsteps tread thy glade—
Familiar sounds thy echoes fill!

Sometimes swells the midnight mass
From yonder hoary ruin'd fane!
Whilst forms dim and shapeless pass,
In haste the viewless choir to gain!

Scotland's Queen, whose hapless lot
From pity claims resistless tears—
Say, does she too haunt this spot,
Scene of her earliest, happiest years?

Gentle shade! the place, the hour,
Are sacred to thy mournful plaint;
The very woods and waters pour
Their tribute sad, in murmurs faint.

For, sure, 'tis more than fiction old,
That Nature hath a living tongue,
Whose language words can not unfold,
Sublimest strains have left unsung.

And if indeed that voice divine
Can ever reach the mortal ear;
If, happy, near some favourite shrine,
It linger oft—'tis surely here!

W. D.

Mr. Walker tells a story of George Selwyn, who happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaint-

ance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What, don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cuttee*; "we became acquainted at Bath, you know." "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn, "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

What an unaccountable medley of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The astute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple. Bayle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cock. Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled from head to foot, at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epernon's path, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine-minded Mary of Medicis fainted away whenever a nose-gay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger on perceiving cresses. Ivan the Second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman; and Albert, a brave Field-Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground, on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!

Judge Brackenford, in reprimanding a criminal, amongst other *hard names*, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not so great a scoundrel as your honour—— takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

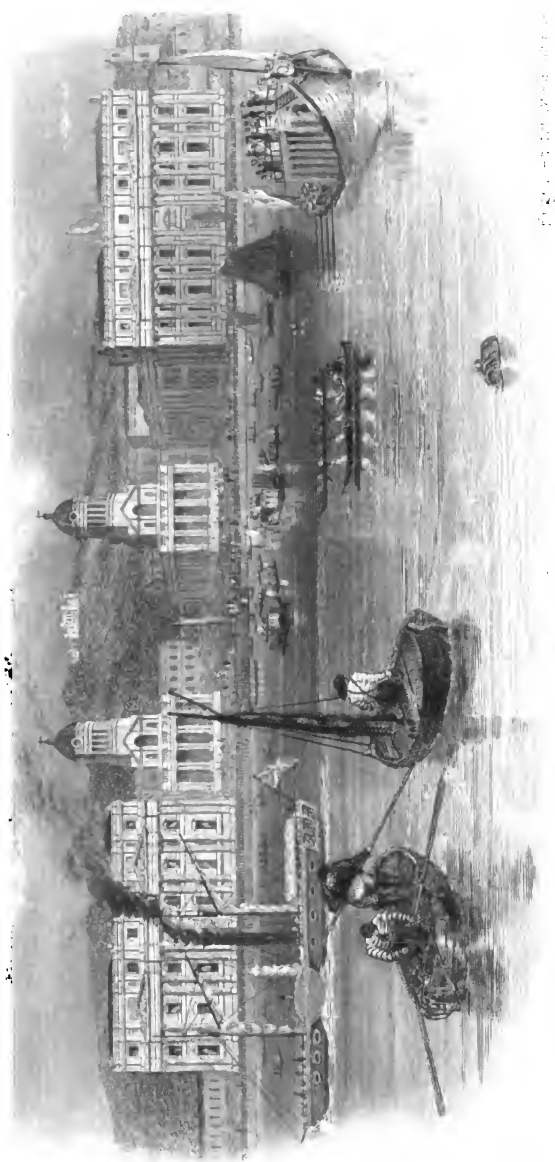
An Irish peasant, on a little ragged pony, was floundering through one of the bogs, when the animal, in its efforts to push through, got one of his feet into the stirrup. "Ah! now," said the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

MUTUAL OBLIGATION.—A tradesman's letter to a debtor:—"Sir, if you will favour me with the amount of my bill, you will oblige me: if not, I must oblige you."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 9.]

SATURDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(With an Engraving.)

Soon after the New Poor Law came into operation, as we were journeying on the top of the stage coach, from Canterbury to Dover, we were delighted with the patriotic zeal of our driver, in pointing out the contrast between the windowless and comfortless new union workhouse and the old poor house, once a noble family mansion, situate on the sloping side of one of the verdant downs near Dover, embosomed among venerable trees, and commanding a delightful view of the lovely valley which was spread out between the mansion and the great highway from the Continent of Europe to the Metropolis of Britain. "There," said Coachee, as we drove past it, "there was something to shew the *furriners* when they entered Old England; the very first thing they *seed arter Dover Castle* was this fine house, and it made one proud of one's country to say, 'See, gemmen, that's the sort of place we English send our poor old folks to, when they can't work no longer and have nobody to keep 'em tidy.'"

The progress of the utilitarian philosophy has not yet extended to the magnificent asylum at Greenwich, for the maimed and aged defenders of their native shores, and it is still our privilege to exhibit to the seamen of every nation under Heaven,—as they enter or depart from the chief port of the island,—this outward and visible token of the estimation in which we hold the warriors of the deep, who

have adventured their lives far in the defence of our happy homes and free institutions; and distant, we trust,—far distant,—will the day be, that shall witness the removal of the old jack tars from this Palace of the Thames.

It would be an interesting employment to conduct our readers back to the days of King Ethelred, when, for want of British sailors, Danish invaders moored their fleets before Greenwich, and stationed their troops on the hill beyond it, from whence they carried devastation and rapine into the adjacent country—to trace the history of the manor of Greenwich from the days of Elthruda, the niece of King Alfred, who presented it to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Ghent, until the reign of bluff Harry the Eighth, who resumed its possession, and added it to another, stiled the "*Manor of Pleasaunce*," within which there are traces of a royal residence as early as the year 1300.—A brief historical glance must, however suffice. Here Edward I. made offerings to the Holy Virgin; Henry IV. dated his will in 1408; Henry V. granted it, in 1433, to his uncle Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who enclosed a park of two hundred acres, embattled and fortified the manor house, and erected a tower where the observatory now stands. At his death it reverted to Edward IV., who enlarged and completed the Palace, which, with the park, he granted to his Queen, Elizabeth, for life.

In this reign the marriage of the infants Richard Duke of York, Edward's second son, and Anne Mowbray, the heiress of the house

of Norfolk, were celebrated at Greenwich, with great splendour.

Henry VII. resided much at this Palace, and here his son Henry VIII. was born, and subsequently bestowed great cost upon it, till he had made it, "a pleasant, perfect, and goodly palaice," suitable for the festivities and magnificence which distinguished his court.* Edward VI. ended his short reign at Greenwich; the Queens Mary and Elizabeth were both born here, and the latter selected it as her favourite summer residence. On the 2d of July the city of London entertained her Majesty with a tilting exhibition, when they mustered fourteen hundred men, arrayed in uniform, who performed a mock fight of three onsets, in imitation of a close fight, "after which, Mr. Chamberlain and divers of the Commons of the city, came before her Grace, who thanked them heartily, and all the city; whereupon immediately was given the greatest shout that ever was heard, with hurling up of caps."† Several curious accounts are preserved of interesting ceremonies, and some important events, which occurred at Greenwich during this reign, for which we must refer our readers to "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses," published by Mr. Nichols, to Strype, and to the itinerary of Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited the court in 1598.

* Hall, in his Chronicles, thus describes the celebration of Christmas at Greenwich in 1527: "The Kyng this yere kept the feast of Christmas at Grenewiche, wher was suche abundance of viandes served to all comers of any honest behavior, as hath been fewe times seen: and against New yeres night was made, in the hall, a castle, gates, towers, and duncion, garnished with artillerie, and weapon after the most warlike fashion: and on the frount of the castle was written, '*Le Fortresse Dangerus*;' and within the castle wer six ladies clothed in russet satin laide all over with leves of golde, and every owde knit with laces of blewse silke and golde: on their heddes coyfes and cappes all of gold. After this castle had been caried about the hal, and the Quene had behelde it, in came the Kyng with five other apareled in coates, the one halfe of russet satyn, spangled with spangles of fine gold, the other halfe rich clothe of gold; on ther heddes cappes of russet satin embroudered with workes of fine gold bullion. These six assaulted the castle; the ladies seyng them so lustie and coragious wer content to solace with them, and upon farther communication to yeld the castle, and so thei came down and dancied a long space. And after the ladies led the Knights into the castle, and then the castle sodainly vanished out of their sightes."

"On the daie of the Epiphanie at night, the Kyng with xi other were disguised after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thing not seen afore in Englande; they were appareled in garments long and brode, wrought all with gold, with visers and cappes of gold; and after the banket doon, these maskers came in with six gentlemen disguised in silke, bearing staffe torches, and desired the ladies to daunce; some were content, and some that knewe the fashion of it refused, because it was not a thyng commonly seen. And after thei daunced and commoned together as the fashion of the maske is, thei tooke their leave and departed, and so did the Quene and all the ladies."

† Strype's Annals of the Reformation.

In 1605 the Princess Mary, daughter of James I., was christened with great solemnity at Greenwich; in 1613 Greenwich House was settled on the Queen (Anne of Denmark) for life; she laid the foundation of the "House of Delight" in the park, now the Ranger's lodge. Charles I. occasionally resided here before the civil war, and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, employed Inigo Jones to finish the building Anne of Denmark had begun.

During the Commonwealth, the Palace was alternately reserved for the Protector, and ordered to be sold, until, at the Restoration, both it and the manor again came into the hands of the crown. The old building erected by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester having become greatly decayed, Charles II. ordered it to be taken down, and commenced the erection of a magnificent Palace of freestone, one wing of which was completed at an expense of thirty-six thousand pounds.

Early in the reign of William III. a project was originated by the Queen for providing an asylum for seamen disabled by age, or maimed in the service of their country. After their Majesties had resolved to found an Hospital for this humane and politic object, various places were recommended for its site. Sir Christopher Wren proposed that the unfinished Palace at Greenwich should be converted to this use, and enlarged with new buildings. His judicious suggestion was adopted, and being appointed the architect, (to his honour be it spoken,) he contributed his time, labour, and skill, and superintended the progress of the work for several years, without any emolument or reward. The foundation of the first new building was laid on the 3d of June, 1696, from which time the Hospital has been gradually enlarged and improved, till it has arrived at its present splendour and magnificence.

Greenwich Hospital, in its present state, consists of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the names of King Charles's; Queen Ann's; King William's; and Queen Mary's. King Charles's and Queen Ann's are those next the river: between them is the grand square 270 feet wide, and in front by the river-side a terrace 865 feet in length. The view, from the north gate, which opens to the terrace in the midway between the two buildings, presents an assemblage of objects uncommonly grand and striking. Beyond the square are seen the hall and chapel, with their noble domes, and the two colonnades, which form a kind of avenue, terminated by the Ranger's lodge in the park; on an eminence of which appears the Royal Observatory amidst a grove of trees. In the centre of the great square

before mentioned is a statue of George the Second, by Rysbrach, carved out of a single block of white marble, which weighed eleven tons, taken from the French by Sir George Rooke. The statue was presented to the Hospital by Sir John Jennings, a former Governor.

King Charles's building stands on the west side of the great square; the eastern part of it, which is of Portland stone, was erected in 1664, by Webb, after a design of his father-in-law Inigo Jones. The front towards the east has in the centre a portico, supported by four Corinthian columns; and at each end a pavilion formed by four columns of the same order. In this range of buildings is the council-room, with an antichamber. The north front of King Charles's building, which is towards the river, contains the apartments of the Governor and Lieut. Governor. This and the south front have each two pavilions similar to those in the east front. The west side of this structure, comprehending the north-west and south-west pavilions, was originally all of brick. It was the first addition to King Charles's palace, being called the *bass building*. The foundation was laid in 1696, and it was nearly completed in 1698. The whole of what is now called King Charles's building, contains fourteen wards, in which are 301 beds. Queen Ann's building, on the east side of the great square, nearly corresponds with King Charles's on the opposite side. The foundation of this portion was laid in 1698, and the greater part of it was raised and covered in before 1728. In this are several of the officers' apartments, and twenty-four wards, in which are 437 beds.

King William's building stands to the south-west of the great square. It contains the great hall, vestibule, and dome, designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren, between 1698 and 1703; to the east of these adjoins a colonnade, 347 feet in length, supported by columns and pilasters of the Doric order, 20 feet in height. The great hall is 106 feet in length, 56 in width, and 50 in height. The painting of this splendid room was undertaken by Sir James Thornhill, in 1708, and finished in 1727. On the ceiling are portraits of the Royal founders William and Mary, surrounded by the cardinal virtues, the four seasons of the year, the English rivers, the four elements, the arts and sciences relating to navigation, and other emblematical figures, among which are introduced portraits of Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, and his pupil Mr. Thomas Weston. The sides are adorned with fluted pilasters, and trophies, George of Denmark, accompanied by various emblematical figures, the four quarters of the globe, &c. The subjects on the sides are, the

landing of the Prince of Orange at Harwich, and of George the I. at Greenwich. At the upper end of the hall are portraits of George I. and his family, with many emblematical figures; among which Sir James Thornhill has introduced his own portrait. The west front of King William's building, which is of brick, was finished by Sir John Vanburgh, about the year 1726. It contains eleven wards, in which are 551 beds.

The foundation of the eastern colonnade, (which is similar to that on the west side) was laid in 1699; but the chapel, and other parts of Queen Mary's building which adjoin to it, were not finished till 1752. It contains thirteen wards, in which are 1092 beds.

On the 2nd of January, 1779, a dreadful fire happened in this part, which destroyed the chapel, with its dome, part of the colonnade, and as many of the adjoining wards as contained 500 beds. The former chapel was designed by Ripley; the present one by Mr. James Stuart, well known by his interesting publications on the antiquities of Athens. It is 111 feet in length, and 52 in width: the portal is extremely rich, and the interior part fitted up in the most elegant style of Grecian architecture. On the sides are galleries for the officers and their families, and beneath, are seats for the pensioners, nurses, and boys. Over the altar is a large painting, (24 feet by 14) representing the shipwreck of St. Paul, by West. Over the lower windows are paintings in *chiaro oscuro*, by Rebecca and other artists. The pulpit is very richly ornamented with carved work, representing Scripture subjects. The organ, which is esteemed a very fine one, was made by Green.

The two pavilions at the extremities of the terrace were erected in 1778, and dedicated to George III. and his consort.

The east and west entrances into the Hospital are formed by two piers of rustic work. On those at the west entrance are placed two large stone globes, each six feet in diameter.

This brief description of the exterior of the Hospital will enable our readers, who have yet to enjoy the pleasure of a trip to Greenwich, to appreciate the sound judgment of the artist in selecting the view presented in our engraving, and to form some adequate conception of the extent and architectural grandeur of this magnificent pile. In a future Number, a sketch will be given of the present state of this institution, with a notice of the paintings which adorn the interior, and of the Park and the Observatory.

SCENES OF THE SEASONS ;

OR, OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY M. P. HAYNES, ESQ.

CHAPTER II.

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our *Christmas* merry still:
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer."

Cozily are we seated by the blazing fire; the children are at home for the holidays; the scattered members of the family have come together from afar:—the field sports of the morning are over,—dinner has been despatched,—wine and walnuts have been discussed,—tea and hot cakes have smoked their little hour upon the tray—and the evening's performance has now fairly commenced. Some are at chess; others, more riotous, have retired to a larger room, to play at blind-man's buff, whilst more than one couple have slyly retired into the corners, and are "manufacturing love," of various degrees of texture, according to the progress they have made in the art. And, oh! how the reviving recollection of their own young feelings, gushes up in the memory of that old grandfather and his partner, when they witness the coy approaches of some youthful relative, to the blushing favourite grandchild, who, in her affection for her "cousin," unconsciously feels the deep passion of a lover! But we will not interrupt the courtship, nor will we stay the romping in the other room, to tell the young gentlemen, who have, for a time, thrown their Lexicons and Grammars aside, that this, their game, was well known to the ancient Greeks, under the name of *Myia Chalki*. No doubt then, as now, the "hood-man," or the person who was blinded, contrived to embrace in his arms no other than some favourite girl, who was not over cautious to keep out of his way. Gay says,—

"As once I played at blind man's buff, it hap't
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt,
I missed the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*—
True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'"

But whilst the young folks are thus enjoying themselves, it must not be forgotten that the "Mistletoe bough in the hall is hung"—that mistletoe which the old Druids, at the beginning of each year, offered to Jupiter, and beneath which many offerings are now annually made to Cupid—that mistletoe which the poems of Virgil show to have been a venerated bough, even by the ancient Greeks. It is by a kind of religious persecution that the mistletoe has become such a domestic favourite. As it was in such high repute amongst the heathen Druids, it was forbidden to be used in the churches;

but in the kitchens it found an asylum. Perhaps it was, in some degree, indebted for this, to the various medicinal qualities which were then attributed to it, and the character for which it long maintained; but it is now entirely banished from our works on *materia medica*. Anciently, it was absurdly supposed to be "the forbidden tree in the middle of the trees of Eden," but there is no clue whatever, to lead to the discovery of the origin of the *osculatory* privilege, for its power of conferring which, it is now chiefly regarded. Glad we are that this privilege is duly esteemed, and that every exertion is made to render it as enduring as possible. For example,—every lucky wight who steals, or rather who, by innocent connivance, is allowed to *take*, a kiss beneath it, ought, thereupon, to take one of the berries from the bough, and when there are no more berries, there ought to be no more kissing. It seems to be considered that this is a law, more honoured in the breach than in the observance; for, upon taking possession of the kiss, the gentlemen care not for the tenure of the berry, and thus the sport continues much longer than it otherwise would. But hark!—there are the "waits"—

"The wakeful *waits*, whose melody (composed
Of hautboy, organ, violin, and flute,
And various other instruments of mirth,)
Is meant to celebrate the coming time."

The origin of this custom is simply told. The Druids preferred the night for the exercise of the most solemn rites of their religion, and the music of the *wakeths* (which is now softened into *waits*, in the same manner as *checkths* is softened into *chess*,) was to summon the people to the worship in the grove. It may also be said, that now, in Christian times, when such pagan darkness has yielded to a purer light, these nocturnal songs are appropriate mementos of that acceptable hour, when

"His place of birth, a solemn angel tells,
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night."

An American has compiled the best English dictionary; an American wrote the best English grammar, and we know of no description of the "waits" of England equal to the following, from a transatlantic pen. He says, "I had scarcely got into bed, when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air, just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighbouring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and ærial, and seemed to accord with quiet and moonlight. I listened, and listened: they became more and more tender and remote,

and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep. In the morning, whilst musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was—

"Rejoice, our Saviour he was born,
On Christmas day in the morning."

The sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter's night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, when 'deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to all mankind." Such reflections remind us of the *first Christmas carol*, "Glory to the highest," which angels' voices sang. Milton speaks of the favoured shepherds who, whilst keeping watch, did—

"By a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear His carol sung."

Strictly speaking, a *carol* means "a song of joy and exultation," and more particularly of joy and exultation associated with religion and thanksgiving. Shakspeare says, "no night is now with *hymn* or *carol* blest." Formerly, the carol singers received from those whose houses they visited, fruits or money; thence an old poet says,—“Here have they pearces, and plumbs, and pence,—ech man gives willinglee.”

As specimens of the simplicity of the ancient carols, we extract the following from a manuscript in the British Museum:—

"When Cryst was born of Mary fre,
In bedlem i that fayre cyte,
Angellis songen with mirth and gle,
In excelsis gl'ia."

Another begins thus,—

"Puer nobis natus est de virgine Maria.
Be glad, lordynge, be ye more and lesse,
I bring you tydyngs of gladnesse,
As gabryel me beyth wetnesse."

These are from "a collection of ancient poems, dated 34th year of Henry 6th," which forms No. 5396 of the Harleian MS. In this singular collection there are other carols: "a Song on the Ivy and the Holly," and "our Lady's Song of the Chyld; soked hyr brest."

Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," by Sir Henry Ellis, p. 371, vol. I., gives a curious carol of the 13th century, which he calls the "Anglo-Norman carol." It celebrates the was-sails of the season in true Bacchanalian style, in French, which is most annoyingly perplexing; but with its inculcation of hard drinking and gross eating, the carol combines lessons

of love and liberality. The following is a translation of the third verse:—

"Lordings,—'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From Heaven a sure reward will find:
From Heav'n, whence ev'ry blessing flows
Who largely gives with willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart;
His fame shall spread throughout the land,
His memory thence shall ne'er depart."

In a volume of carols reprinted from an old copy, in 1621, at Edinburgh, there are some extraordinary specimens of uncouthness. For example, here is the last verse of "Ane Song on the Birth of Christ:—"

"O my deir hert, zounge Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddill in my spreit,
And I sall rocke thee in my her't,
And never more from thee depart.
But I shall praise thee ever moir,
With sangs sweit unto thy gloir,
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that right "*Balulow*."

But leaving the carolers to sing the glad tidings, that "Christ the Lord is born to day," whilst the merry bells of the village mingle their sounds with their vocal harmony, we may remark that, during the Christmas festivities, many a slice of pork pie,—of cold stuffed meat,—or may be, "a turkey with chine," assuredly followed by a lusty jug, or copper can, of sparkling home-brewed ale, to which half a crown, or more or less, may be added,—well repays the village songsters, and their fiddling minstrel.

Affectionately do we cling to these old customs of the olden time. That venerable squire had a noble heart who said, "our old games and local customs had a great effect in making the peasant fond of his home,—and the promotion of them by the gentry made him fond of his lord. They made the times *merrier, and kinder and better*." The cares of a life which, though a short, has not been an even one, have obliterated many a remembrance of the garish days of childhood, the memory of which would be a spring of sweetness;—but well do we still remember the rapture of receiving a Christmas-box! And now that it is our turn to *bestow*, instead of receiving, the very bestowal not only reminds us of the pleasure, but almost seems to restore the delight which was felt, when we ourselves might have seemed the original from whom the poet drew the picture:—

"—Often his cash he shakes,
The which perchance of coppers few consists,
Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul
With joy as boundless as the debtor feels,
When from the bailiff's rude, uncivil grasp,
His friends redeem him, and with pity fraught,
The claims of all his creditors discharge."

* The *Balulow* is said to have been a nurse's song, arising from the words *He bas! la le loup*; or "Hush! there's the wolf."

Apropos of debtors:—for these, provision is made for a good dinner in the debtors' prisons of London. And now, as we close our short, changeful, and sprightly, yet sombre "Scenes of the Season," may we remind those whose plenteous stores are strangers to want, and whose cooks "the light puff-paste with meat delicious fill," that even in this festal season, there is unobtrusive poverty shivering in hunger and nakedness:—may we suggest that one of the most refined enjoyments of one's own fire-side, is the reflection that we have contributed to the happiness of another—and may we not hope that those whom the arm of adversity has not reached, will extend their hand to those upon whom it has heavily fallen, in order that the term "Happy Christmas," may be something more than a mockery to the needy and the stricken.

A TALE OF A PIG.

BY G. E. S.

On Christmas Eve, 18—, three notorious blackguards were assembled round the tap-room fire of the little Red Lion, in our village of B—. One was Ned Shakoe, the town crier, who could never effectually exercise his vocation, unless he were about seven-eighths drunk; the second was Bob Bunce, the shoemaker; and the third, for some reason unknown, rejoiced in the euphonical sobriquet of "Bell Horse."

The occupation of the latter worthy was, at least, as mysterious as his nick-name. Ostensibly he was a hawker of fish, but it was thought that all was fish that came to his net; he was strongly suspected of a penchant for smuggling; more than suspected of poaching; had been taken up three times, on suspicion of hen-roosting, but discharged for want of sufficient evidence to warrant a committal; he was once lame of the off-leg for a full month, in consequence (as he averred) of a fall from his fagot-stack—though it was none of the highest—but it was considered a remarkable coincidence, that, on the very night in which he met with this misfortune, one of Squire Golding's man-traps had miraculously progressed several yards along the garden walk, in chase of a fragment of yarn, very much resembling, in colour and texture, the stockings usually worn by Bell Horse; and it was shrewdly, though very uncharitably, imagined, that if the said trap had not been rather weak in the joints, and minus a fang or two, by reason of age, it would have had something more than an old stocking between its jaws, when the gardener went his morning round;

but all these things, as before observed, were mere suspicions.

But to return to the little Red Lion—awhile the three friends sat in solemn silence, puffing, with laudable industry, their short black-looking pipes, and occasionally moistening their throats from a pewter pot that stood on the table at their elbows. At length this silence was broken by Ned Shakoe kindly enquiring as to the prospects of his companions relative to a Christmas dinner. To all appearance, however, the question elicited no very cheering anticipation, as Bob Bunce shook his head despondingly, and puffed away with renewed energy; and Bell Horse growled out an emphatic "taters, I reckon." But Ned was not to be rebuffed in this way, for a bright thought had taken possession of his imagination; so he repeated the word "taters" with very decided indignation, and expressed his surprise that so honourable a gentleman as his friend Bell Horse should be satisfied with a dinner so every way Irish, and summed up his exordium with asking whether either Bell Horse or Bob Bunce had noticed the fine show of sucking pigs, that had, on the previous day, been exhibited for sale in the shop of Barton, the pork butcher. Thus appealed to, Bob Bunce and Bell Horse could not but acknowledge that the sight had rivetted their attention, and excited their longing desires.

"Well, my hearties," said Ned, warming with the benevolent project he had formed, "what do you say to a lick of pig for to-morrow?"

"What! a sucking pig?" asked Bunce.

"No, my boy, not a sucking pig, but a nice young porker."

"Where's it to come from?" growled Bell Horse.

"Out of Bob Bunce's sty," chuckled Ned Shakoe, with a broad grin that would have delighted George Colman the younger.

"Thankee, Ned," retorted Bob, "that won't do, my boy—the pig must go for rent; you must look somewhere else for your Christmas dinner I reckon."

"Well then," whispered Ned, in a low tone, and casting a furtive glance round the room, to make sure they were alone—"well then, if we can't have your pig, we can have—but, honour bright."

"Honour bright," echoed Bob.

"Honour bright," re-echoed Bell Horse.

"Hasn't old Marks got one about the size of yourn?"

"'Twon't do, Ned; his garden joins next mine, and he'd track us through the hedge."

"Will he though?" chimed in Bell Horse,

"not if we go the back way, through the fields; and so get him out at the bottom of his garden."

"Well," said Bob, doubtfully, "and what shall we do with him then?"

"Take him round to your house, Bob, and cut him up there."

"Umph! what, before he's killed?"

"No, no!" said Bell Horse, who began to warm to the anticipated exploit,—"we can stick him in the sty."

"He'll kick up a row," said Bob.

"He won't," replied Bell Horse.

"What's to hinder him?" asked Bob, enquiringly.

"That's a secret," grinned Bell Horse.

"I won't have anything to do with it," growled Bob.

"You will," replied Ned, "and I tell you what you shall do: you stop at home, and Bell Horse and I will do the job, and then we'll bring him round to your street door. We'll take care that old Marks shan't track us, and he won't think of looking for his pig so near home."

This pretty well settled the bargain, and when they parted at the Red Lion door, it was understood that Bob was to wait up, in the dark, while Bell Horse and Ned proceeded with the more active and energetic measures necessary for the success of their plot.

The night was propitious—the moon was below the horizon, and the stars glimmered fitfully and faintly through the murky atmosphere. "There was just light enough," as Bell Horse remarked, "and none too much," and the pig stealers set about their work skillfully and expeditiously. A hammer and a sharp knife soon settled the business, and the folds of a sack enveloped the stiffening limbs of the for-ever-silenced porker. Stealthily did the two rogues traverse the field that bounded the gardens at the back of our village; swiftly did they glide through the churchyard, which lay in their route; cautiously did they creep along the darkened street; and safely did they deposit their burden on the floor of Bob Bunce's room, which, like that of his celebrated brother of the lapstone, "who lived in a stall—served him for kitchen and parlour and hall."—"There we must leave them, while we just step back to the churchyard."

It so happened, that, silently and rapidly as our two heroes passed through the dreary precincts of the dead, they were not altogether unobserved; and it happened on this wise. Just a week before, 'our village' had suffered an irretrievable loss in the sudden demise of that worthy old gentleman, Jacob Meadows, Esq., or, as he was oftener called—by reason of his diminutive stature and obese bulk—Squire

Dumpy. Now Squire Dumpy—like other little big men—had his whims and oddities, and one of these, was a sure and certain expectation that his body would not be permitted to repose in peace, beneath the green sods of his native village—in other words, he had a supreme dread of a premature and surreptitious resurrection. He had, therefore, like a wise man as he was, extorted a solemn promise from a friend, whom he made his executor, that for a certain number of nights subsequent to his burial, a strict watch should be kept in the vicinity of his grave. It happened, too, that his friend was alike faithful to his trust, and secret in the performance of it, so that, though this was the third night of the watch, none but the parties immediately concerned were aware of its existence. The watchers were two, and for their accommodation, the church porch was allowed to be used as a sentry box, and sundry little indulgencies, in the shape of sandwiches, biscuits, and brandy *ad libitum*, were thrown into the bargain. It is not, therefore, to be greatly wondered at, that a certain degree of obliviousness crept over them towards the middle of the night, which, though it did not altogether close their eyes to external objects, had the effect of rendering them less capable of drawing deductions '*a priori*,' from what passed before them. When, therefore, they observed through the surrounding gloom, two figures, bearing between them an apparently heavy load, tied up, as they fancied they could discern, in a sack, and proceeding evidently from the vicinity of Squire Dumpy's grave, they jumped at once to the very natural conclusion that these were neither more nor less than the wretches against whose machinations they had expressly pitted themselves. It was too evident to themselves that they had slept at their post, and that while they slumbered, the deed had been performed. What was to be done?

"Let's knock 'um down," whispered Jack Armstrong.

"Let's see where they go," advised Sam Carey.

Sam's advice prevailed over the bolder suggestion of Jack; and they followed at a secure distance, till they found themselves suddenly at fault in the vicinity of Bob Bunce's house.

"Where did they go?" said Sam.

"Hush," said Jack.—"I can hear 'um."

"Where?" asked Sam, in a low whisper.

Jack put his finger to his lips, and crept on tiptoe to Bob Bunce's window. A low muttering was heard inside, the purport of which seemed to indicate to the astonished listeners without, the most cold-blooded, disgusting, and unnatural disposition of the villains within.

The corpse they had just disinterred was evidently the subject of their conversation.

"Seems a good fat 'un," said a low voice, which they at once recognized as belonging to Bob Bunce. And the encomium was followed up by two or three loving pats on the bare body. The blood curdled in Sam's veins, and Jack shivered, much as though suddenly seized with the ague.

The next words they could distinguish were something very like "cut him up."

"I think we had better cut," said Sam.

"Wait a bit," said Jack.

"Hands in salt," were the next distinguishable words. Sam's fingers began to itch horribly.

"Feet stewed in vinegar," whispered one, and "toes chopped up for sauce," rejoined another. Sam grew very faint, and Jack's stomach heaved unmercifully, but they stood their ground, and listened with awful intensity.

"Boil his head," and "fry his liver," were the next propositions—it was enough,—nature could bear no more. It was as much as the horrified auditors could do, to withdraw to a safe distance from the vicinity of the wretched anthropophagi undiscovered. The retreat was no sooner accomplished than Sam Carey fainted outright, and Jack Armstrong only stayed a violent fit of retching, by cramming the whole contents of his tobacco box into his mouth at once.

Sam's fainting fit did not last long, for the sharp air of a December morning has a wonderfully reviving effect; and the two frightened watchmen were soon on their way to the house of their employer, who lived a little way out of the village, and who happened to be one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace. Mr. Field—for that was his name—was speedily roused from his sleep, and listened, with becoming patience and wonder, to the mysterious story, of which, however, little could be made. That the body-snatchers—for he did not for a moment call in question the statement that the body of his friend had been exhumed—but that the body snatchers could in reality purpose the mutilation and mastication of it, was beyond the bounds of credibility; the most reasonable inference to be drawn from the statement of his men, was that either some coarse jokes had been bandied by the hardened villains, or that the purport of the words had been altogether misunderstood and misinterpreted. But let this be as it might, it was enough that the grave had been violated, and he forthwith took measures for the rescue of his friend's remains, and the capture of the violators.

Mr. Field's first step was to equip himself for active service; his second, to call up his

man-servants to accompany the expedition; his third, to fortify his company—not forgetting himself—with a dram of something stronger than water; and his fourth, to march in due order to the house of the devoted Bob Bunce. On their way, they called up the constable, who, at the sound of Mr. Field's voice, lost no time in preparing himself for the, to him, unknown adventure. A few words sufficed for explanation, and again the procession moved on.

The village clock struck four, just as the avenging party ranged themselves on each side of the detestable dwelling of Bob Bunce. Not a footfall was heard—not a whisper escaped the lips—not a breath that could give notice of the approach of so formidable a beleaguement. And within, all was silent too. What! had the wretches decamped? No. Hark! footsteps are approaching—the bolt is withdrawn—the door is carefully opened—the two marauders step into the street, and fall into the trap set for them—one struggle, and they are secured. Before the door could be again closed and bolted—so sudden and unexpected was the attack—poor Bob was added to the list of prisoners, and the trio were marched off to the cage. But another arduous undertaking remained to be accomplished; this was nothing less than the removal of "the body" to some place of security. There it lay, still enclosed in the horrible sack, and exhibiting, in length and breadth, the very form of the defunct Squire Dumpy—what mattered it that it was a few score pounds lighter than might have been expected?—they were in no mood to calculate weights to a nicety; and as the awful load was tenderly laid in a wheelbarrow, found on Bob Bunce's premises, and carefully conveyed to the house of Mr. Field, not one of the rescuers entertained the most remote misgiving of its actual identity.

An unusual bustle was observable at the magistrate's mansion, on the morning of Christmas day. Before nine o'clock the prisoners, in the safe custody of constable Headborough and train, were marshalled into the hall of justice, little deeming the charge on which they were apprehended; but conscious of guilt, as far as pig-stealing was concerned. Meantime, the magistrate's clerk arrived, big with the fate of the hapless caitiffs in the hall.

Slowly and reverently did the worthy Magistrate and clerk, with John, Jack, and Sam, enter the chamber of death; fearfully and tremblingly did John, at his master's command, untie the dreadful sack; and breathlessly did every living soul await the terrific disclosure. When—hocus pocus—kind reader, imagine the rest!

* * * * *

"I caution you," said our worthy magistrate, "that you need not answer any questions that are put to you, but if you can account, satisfactorily, for the way in which this pig came into your possession, I shall be happy to set you all immediately at liberty, otherwise, I shall be compelled to keep you in custody till the owner is found."

"Why, please your honour," said Bell Horse, who was spokesman for his fellow-prisoners, "we don't see the good of holding our tongues any longer, and so—only we hope your honour won't be very hard with us—and so we got the pig out Master Marks's sty."

"Oh,—that was it, was it?—Constable, just step into the village, and ask Marks to come down."

"Mr. Marks," said the Magistrate, in a condoling tone, when the old man entered the room, "I am sorry to find your pig has been stolen."

"Stolen! no such thing, your worship. I had just fed it when the constable came to fetch me."

"Hum—an odd business this," said Mr. Field.

"Bother," whispered Ned Shakoe, "hang'd if we didn't go to the wrong sty."

"I think I can give a guess whose pig is stolen, your worship."

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Marks, whose is it, pray?"

"I rather think Master Bunce's is out of its sty, for it generally makes the hem of a noise when I feed mine, and this morning I heard nothing of it; so I just took the liberty of looking over the hedge, your worship, and sure enough the pig was gone."

And so it turned out at last, that the two thieves had actually made a mistake in the garden, and stolen Bob Bunce's pig instead of his neighbour's, and Bob had been the receiver of property stolen from himself. Here was a puzzle for the lawyers! it nearly threw the old magistrate's clerk, as Jack Armstrong affirmed, "into a *perplexity* fit." But the matter ended in the discharge of the prisoners, "pig and piggage."

What became of the redoubtable animal afterwards, deponent saith not, but so numerous were the enquiries of Bob's neighbours as to its general health and condition, that he decamped within three weeks of his adventure, and was never more heard of in B—.

Ned and Bell Horse were more case-hardened, and took the matter very little to heart; but not long afterwards, being concerned in a *bona fide* robbery—if the term be not misapplied—were committed, convicted, and transported.

Reader, if the proverb be not too trite, "Honesty is the best policy."

MEMOIR OF SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

Whilst the periodical press is teeming with notices of this distinguished and lamented sculptor, whose death we announced in a recent Number, it affords us pleasure to furnish our readers with the following interesting sketch, drawn by the masterly hand of E. Rhodes, Esq., of Sheffield, one of Chantrey's earliest and most intimate friends, whose cultivated taste and elegant pen, eminently qualify him to appreciate and describe the achievements of this great artist. In the course of his tour through the Peak scenery of Derbyshire, Mr. Rhodes arrived at the pleasant village of Norton, the birth-place of two brothers, who arrived at high honours in the church, the one being, at the time he wrote, the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield; and which had likewise the honour of being the birth-place of the subject of this memoir.

Sir Francis Chantrey was born on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable but not opulent circumstances, and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. His father was involved in considerable pecuniary losses, chiefly by the conduct of a brother, whom he endeavoured to serve beyond the extent of his means. He saw the property which his forefathers had accumulated, progressively departing from him, his spirits became depressed, and he died in the prime of life, when his only child, the subject of this memoir, was scarcely twelve years old. After his death, his widow remained in the occupation of a farm which had been in the family through a long series of years; and although Chantrey's mother, was left in narrow circumstances, she yet contrived to bestow upon him as liberal an education as her limited means would admit. Being an only child he was naturally the object of the tenderest care and most anxious solicitude of his surviving parent, who retained him about her person until he was nearly eighteen years old. He was intended for agricultural pursuits, but his employment in attending to the concerns of a farm was but little suited to his views and inclinations. At this period of life he is said to have had it in contemplation to study the law, under a respectable solicitor at Sheffield. This is an error into which his biographers have fallen, in consequence of the term factor being understood to have the same meaning in Sheffield as it has in Scotland, where the memoir of this distinguished artist was first published. To the business of a factor, or inland merchant, his views were first directed, but he soon discovered that his inclinations had a different tendency. The drudgery

of a factor's warehouse, the calculation of percentages and discounts, the systematic arrangements and nice methodical management which such a pursuit requires, the mind of Chantrey was but ill fitted to encounter; he therefore relinquished this intention, and apprenticed himself to a Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder, in the town of Sheffield; yet even in this business he soon found that he had but few opportunities of indulging that feeling for the arts, which had now so taken possession of his mind, that it might be said to have become the animating principle of his being, and the sole impulse his heart obeyed.

At this time Mr. J. R. Smith, mezzotint-engraver and portrait-painter, visited Sheffield, professionally as an artist, and being occasionally at the house of Mr. Ramsay, Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling did not escape his observation. He was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius; he took pleasure in giving him instruction, and, some years afterwards, the pupil having become a proficient in the art, perpetuated the recollection of his master in one of the finest busts that ever came from his hands.

He, however, experienced considerable difficulty in making an advantageous use of the lessons thus obtained. His master, supposing, and perhaps with reason, that Chantrey's predilection for the arts would make him a less profitable servant, was but little inclined to promote his pursuits. The whole of his leisure hours, however, were devoted to his favourite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood of his master's house, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly.

It may easily be supposed from the preceding detail, that the connexion between Chantrey and Ramsay was not of long continuance; they separated before the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship, a compensation being made by Chantrey for the remainder of his time. Being now left to prosecute his studies in his own way, he visited London, and attended the school of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, but was never regularly admitted a student.

Painting and sculpture, the sister arts, to one of which he resolved to dedicate his talents, were now presented to his choice, but he was undetermined, and some weeks passed away before he attempted either. Painting had only a secondary place in his affections, but he regarded it as a surer source of profitable employment than sculpture; he therefore hesitated long before he made his election. Perplexed and embarrassed, he left the students' room at Somerset House, returned to his own apartments, "resolved and resolved," spread his

canvas before him, prepared his pallet, took up his pencils, and began to paint: landscape, portrait, and history, by turns attracted his notice and mingled with his contemplations, but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with all his thoughts. This state of suspense prevented him from using the talents he then possessed, and so long as it continued he accomplished nothing. During this period of doubt and indecision he visited the Elgin marbles; these perfect resemblances of nature and simplicity made a strong impression on his mind; the more he examined the more he became convinced of their truth and their beauty; they confirmed him in his own notions of excellence, and he revisited them daily with increased delight. In the intervals that filled up the space between his successive visits to these exquisite productions of art, he repeatedly attempted to paint, but the works of Greece, simple in design,—beautiful in execution,—imposing and grand in effect,—were still present to him: they influenced his choice, and determined him to become a sculptor.

Chantrey's first work in marble was a bust of the Rev. James Wilkinson, which he executed for the parish church at Sheffield. He entered on this undertaking with all the confidence of conscious talent, and the assurance of success, even though previously he had never been employed on marble, and never used either a hammer or chisel on any material of more difficult workmanship than a picture frame. James Montgomery, the poet, beautifully alludes to this early production in a speech delivered at Sheffield, in December, 1822. on the establishment of a Philosophical and Literary Society there. Having briefly noticed several individuals, natives of the place, whose talents and acquirements in science and literature were an honour to the town, he adds—

"Mr. Chantrey was not indeed a native of the town, but having been born at Norton in Derbyshire, four miles hence, within the limits of this corporation, he belongs to us, and is one of us. Whatever previous circumstances, very early in life, may have taught his eye to look at forms as subjects for his thoughts his pencil, or his hand, it was in Sheffield, after he had been called hither from the honourable occupation of husbandry, which kings and the fathers of mankind of old did not disdain to follow;—it was in Sheffield, that his genius first began to exercise its plastic powers, both in painting and sculpture;—it was in Sheffield that the glorious alternative was presented to him, either to be amongst the greatest painters of the age, or to be alone as the great

est of its sculptors; it was in Sheffield, likewise, after he had made the wiser choice, that he produced his first work in marble;—and Sheffield possesses that work, and, I trust, will possess it, till the hand of time, atom by atom, shall have crumbled it into dust.

"This assuredly was the most interesting crisis of the artist's life, the turning period that should decide the bias of his future course. Having employed a marble-mason to rough-hew the whole, he commenced his task, with a hand trembling but determined, an eye keenly looking after the effect of every stroke, and a mind flushed with anticipation, yet fluctuating often between hope and fear, doubt, agony, and rapture; perplexities that always accompany conscious but untried powers in the effort to do some great thing: he pursued his solitary toil day by day, and night by night, till the form being slowly developed, at length the countenance came out of the stone, and looked its parent in the face. To know his joy a man must have been such a parent. The throes and anguish, however, of that first birth of his genius in marble enabled that genius thenceforward, with comparative ease, to give being and body to its mightiest conceptions.

"Were I rich man, who could purchase the costly labours of such a master, I almost think that I could forego the pride of possessing the most successful effort of his later hand, for the noble pleasure of calling my own, the precious *bust* in yonder church. Works of genius and of taste are not to be valued solely according to their abstract excellence as such, but they may become inestimably more dear to the heart, as well as interesting to the eye, in proportion as they awaken thought, feeling, recollection, sympathy. Whether in alliance with the subject itself, the circumstances under which it was undertaken, or the conflict and triumph of the artist in achieving his design, in all these points the plain but admirable monument before us transcends every other that has come, or can come, from the same hand; since the experienced and renowned proficient can never again be placed in a trial so severe, with an issue so momentous, as the youthful aspirant, unknown and unpractised, had to endure in this first essay of his skill on the block that might eternalise his name or crush his hopes for ever. This, I believe, is the true history of the outset of Chantrey, a native of this neighbourhood, who was destined thenceforward, at his pleasure, to give to marble all *but* life; for

"What fine chisel
Could ever yet—cut breath."
SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*."

In recurring to the earlier productions of Chantrey, his colossal bust of Satan, the first

important work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, deserves particular notice. That sublime passage in *Paradise Lost*, where Milton's "not less than archangel fallen," lifting his malignant brow to heaven, pours forth his impious address to the sun,—

"To thee I call, but with no friendly voice,
And add thy name, O Sun! to tell thee how
I hate thy beams;"

afforded our young sculptor a noble opportunity for the display of his talents. Defiance, hatred, and despair, are personified with great force and sublimity in this magnificent head, the whole is finely imagined, and the point of time selected by the artist is admirably adapted both for picturesque effect and grandeur of expression. There is character in the very hair that crowns the head of this bust, and the serpent writhing his folds amongst it, forms an appropriate emblematic diadem for the arch-fiend. This was a daring and a great effort, and as the work of a young artist it excited astonishment and obtained applause. This fine bust has never been executed in marble.

It was many years the fate of Chantrey to experience what most men of genius have more or less endured, the pains of hope deferred, and expectations disappointed. I have sometimes heard him say, when recurring to the discouraging circumstances and the difficulties which he had to encounter when young in art, and totally unknown beyond the place where he lived, that for upwards of six years spent in his professional pursuits, he did not receive as many pounds. But let young artists be cheered by his enduring perseverance, which conducted him through twelve long years of silent labour and privation, to fame and eminence. He modelled in a little retired room, his name and his works known only to a few, and his limited means of subsistence assisted by occasional carvings on wood; yet he never despaired; and here I may use his own words of encouragement to a young artist: "Let none be alarmed because fame is slow of foot; men can no more prevent genius from being known than they can hinder the sun from shining."

When Chantrey was struggling with difficulties and scarcely known as an artist, John Horne Tooke employed him to model his bust. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited in plaster: but he sustained no loss from the humble materials of which it was composed. The ungracious task of arranging the various productions in this branch of art had devolved upon Nollekins, and to no man could the duty of conferring distinction on merit have been more properly confided. He placed the work of the young sculptor, who

was soon destined to excel himself in this characteristic line of art, not on the shelf, (an emphatic expression, denoting beyond the reach of the eye) nor in a dark corner, but between two marble busts of his own, and in a situation so conspicuous, that the peculiar excellencies of this speaking portrait could not be overlooked. John Nollekins is now beyond the reach of human praise; he is gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" but he lived to see and rejoice in the fame of the artist, whose works he had the taste to admire, and the generosity to rank with his own. Commissions to the amount of many thousand pounds immediately followed. That era in the life of Chantrey had now arrived which may be regarded as the commencement of his unexampled career.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

From this time Chantrey's busts attracted more attention than is usually bestowed on such productions. They were universally admired for their identity of likeness, and still more for that happy expression of character which he never failed to attain. More of human nature never invested productions of art: an unaffected simplicity, so strikingly observable in the manners and character of the artist himself, is the soul and charm of all his works. His Horne Tooke, John Raphael Smith, West, Wordsworth, and Sharpe, which may be classed among his earlier productions, would justify a higher strain of commendation than is here indulged. The many excellent busts he afterwards exhibited, established his reputation as a sculptor in that particular walk of art, where in this country few have moved with eminent success. His statue of George the Third, which was undertaken in 1811 for the City of London, and is now the chief ornament of the Council Room at Guildhall, is one of the noblest single figures of modern times: it is easy and dignified in deportment and expression, and Chantrey's success on this occasion established his reputation as a sculptor, and gave him an exalted character in his profession. A monumental group, in memory of Miss Johnes of Stafford, succeeded, which, in design, sentiment, and pathos, is indisputably one of his best and most affecting productions. In this monument he happily succeeded in expressing the difference in the male and female character, under circumstances of affliction, the dignified feeling and manly indignation of the father, the heart-rending and overwhelming sorrow of the mother, and the languor of the expiring daughter, are depicted with a fidelity

to nature, and a force and energy of feeling, that powerfully affect the heart, while at the same time they excite our admiration of the genius and talent that conceived and executed so exquisite a work.

[To be continued.]

THE NURSE CHILD;

OR, BENEVOLENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of "Cottage Comforts," "The Young Folks of the Factory," &c.)

[Concluded from our last.]

A theme so absorbing and heart-thrilling to the mother, and that awakened so lively an interest in her youthful friend, caused the conversation detailed in our last, to be prolonged till Joseph Mansfield's return from the farm. On hearing his footsteps, Hannah affectionately embraced her foster-mother, and glided up stairs to her little chamber. While Mansfield was feeling about for the lock—for his candle had burnt out,—his wife opened the door for him. Casting her eyes along the river, she observed, at some distance, an unusual light, which at first she supposed to proceed from one of the barges; but as it quickly advanced from a glimmer to a blaze, she directed the attention of her husband to it, who immediately gave the alarm of fire. The alarm soon spread; the watchmen sprung their rattles, the fire bell was rung, engines were sent off, and most of the able-bodied inhabitants of the town flocked to the scene of conflagration, but not in time to prevent the entire destruction of—the pretty fishing cottage, formerly occupied by the Mansfields.

The cottage was soon rebuilt, and the cost scarcely felt by the wealthy proprietor; but as some blame was reflected on the persons who had the care of it, they were displaced, and overtures were made to the Mansfields to resume their situation. This they declined, being now established in their present connexions and engagements, and at their time of life, averse to change. The shock, however, seemed to have awakened painful recollections in the poor man's mind. He again discovered a total disinclination to labour, which, though long kindly borne with by his employer, at length necessarily led to the loss of his situation. His morbid gloom increased, and his health gave way. He lingered two years in a state of helplessness and imbecility, dependent entirely on the exertions of his indefatigable wife and her young companion, whose services, during their protracted season of trial, were beyond all praise. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Mansfield found herself greatly impoverished and burdened, by the expenses

of his long illness. She still, however, found sources of consolation, which many would have overlooked. Again she summoned up her energies, and pursued her quiet but laborious way. An excellent situation was offered her as housekeeper in a gentleman's family, but she declined it, in consequence of her fixed determination not to part with her adopted child; so they struggled on together, by ceaseless industry providing for the supply of their wants, and maintaining a respectability of appearance; though often, in that dreadfully expensive time of war, sustaining struggles little known except to themselves, and to Him who never overlooks his creatures, nor ever forsakes or disappoints those who trust in Him.

More than once, the news of splendid victories had been a source of distress to these two industrious females, not only as they shuddered to think of the price of a victory in the blood of warriors and the tears of widows and orphans; but even as it put them to the needless expense of three or four candles to save their cottage windows from violence. The pressure had been peculiarly felt at the time of the rejoicings for some of the later continental battles, for at that time every necessary of life had risen to a price that compelled the comparatively wealthy and the liberal, to practise strict frugality, and almost abstemiousness. When a half-peck loaf of bread cost three shillings and sixpence, and a pound of candles thirteen or fourteen pence, it must indeed have been felt as a cruel oppression for those, whose incessant labours would barely procure them an adequate supply of food, to be compelled to consume even sixpence or a shilling in waste. Perhaps it never occurred to those who rode up and down the principal streets, and admired the brilliant illuminations, and the splendid fireworks, how much privation and misery was inflicted on the inhabitants of the humble dwellings.

Without entering into any discussion as to the degree in which these victories contributed to bring about the result, suffice it to say, that the nations at length grew tired of war, and Europe was once more hushed to peace; and then facilities of communication were opened, and tidings were received of long lost wanderers. About this time, the clergyman of W—— received from a banker in London, a cautiously worded enquiry, whether a medical gentleman of the name of Seymour resided in his parish, or whether satisfactory evidence could be given of his death or removal. The clergyman, who had recently come into the living, examined the register, found an entry of the burial of — Seymour, surgeon, transmitted a certificate, and thought no more

about the matter. A second letter made similar enquiries after a person named Rachel Mansfield, who, during the years 1798, 1799, and 1800, had under her care an infant, named Hannah Evans. The clergyman again referred to the register, and finding no entry of either of those names, proceeded to make enquiries of his clerk, from whom he obtained such information as interested him in the story, and led him to prosecute his enquiries at M——, whither he was informed the Mansfields had removed. The parties were identified, and every requisite particular transmitted to the banker. All this could not transpire without exciting hopes and expectations in the minds of the parties immediately interested, and surmises and rumours, sufficiently groundless or exaggerated, among those who had no particular interest in the affair.

Some weeks of suspense ensued, for just as these enquiries were set on foot, the celebrated "hundred days" occurred, of Buonaparte's re-assumption of the throne of France, after his escape from Elba. During that period, intercourse with England was again interrupted. But at the close of that period, facilities of communication were renewed, and matters in general gradually subsided to their level. The agitation and suspense endured through those weeks, were described by Mrs. Mansfield and her young charge, as incomparably more distressing than all the privations and uncertainty of the years that had preceded them, and threatened more serious injury to the health of both. They were, however, happily terminated by the arrival of Captain Evans, who instantly recognized his daughter, from her exact resemblance to her departed mother, when she had accompanied him to join his regiment and embark for the Continent. The pocket bible, containing the register of the child's birth, and a few trifling relics, brought over by her first nurse, and carefully preserved by Mrs. Mansfield, served to corroborate the evidence of her identity; but it needed not. The father found an unequivocal testimony in the yearnings of his own bosom, and gave full play to parental rapture in embracing the image of his long lost Margaret.

The circumstances which had occasioned the separation of parent and child, and their mutual ignorance of each other's fate, were of no uncommon occurrence during the unsettled state which war produces. On sending his child to the land of her parents, Captain Evans had transmitted to a London banker, a power of attorney, to receive certain dividends in his name, and to appropriate them to the maintenance of his child, when called upon, from time to time, by Mr. Seymour. The banker

to whom the charge was consigned, had been selected on the ground of his well-established reputation for honour and integrity; not from any personal acquaintance. The instructions forwarded had been faithfully and punctually attended to; but as no particular interest in the parties was felt, no particular enquiries had been made, but the dividends regularly received and placed to account. Meanwhile, the father had, for the first part of the time, been engrossed with the din of war, and so constantly in an unsettled state, that though he had repeatedly written, both to the soldier's widow and to Mr. Seymour, to inquire after his child, it was no great matter of surprise that the letters were not answered. They probably had not reached the parties, or the answers had failed to reach their destination. At length, during the short and treacherous peace of Amiens, he had obtained leave of absence for a short time, and was passing through France on his way homewards, when, on some pretext, he was seized, and confined at Verdaun. During a long series of years, he had undergone many hardships and privations, but that which he felt most severely, was being denied liberty of intercourse with his native land, and hence being kept in ignorance of the fate of his child. It was, however, a consolation to him to know, (or rather to believe, for how often are we mistaken when we speak of our knowledge or certainty of things!) that, if living, it was suitably provided for. Little thought he, that his own provisions were unappropriated, and that his child had been dependant on the compassion of strangers.

The downfall of Napoleon caused the liberation of many Englishmen, who had been for years in exile; among the rest Captain Evans. His duty as a British soldier claimed the first use of his liberty, and caused some delay in the fulfilment of his fond parental desires. He, however, immediately wrote to the banker, and on receiving documents, reaching no later than 1801, was led to conclude that the child must have died; but as no notification to that effect had been received, he instituted the farther enquiries already related, and which issued in a happy re-union between the long separated parent and child.

Need it be told that Mrs. Mansfield took her full share in the joys of the meeting? or will it be supposed that the gratitude of Hannah, or Hannah's father, evaporated in empty words? The first act of Captain Evans was one of justice. He immediately transferred to her the entire sum, which had accumulated in the hands of the banker to several hundred pounds, and then, as a small expression of his gratitude, settled on her for life, the same an-

nual sum as had been devoted to the maintenance of his child; thus making ample provision for her remaining years. On the establishment of peace, the Captain retired on half-pay, and purchased a delightful little cottage on the banks of the river, almost in view of the spot where his daughter had spent her infant years. Of this dwelling Mrs. Mansfield was invited to become an inmate, and perhaps would have done so, but, while assisting her young friend in arranging it, she received tidings of her long lost son, who, after enduring a series of perils and hardships, returned to seek of his only surviving parent, forgiveness for the folly and rebellion of his boyish days; and to solace the evening of her life, by his filial duty and affection. Under these joyful circumstances, it was natural that she should wish to take up her abode with her son. Their joint resources enabled them to live in great comfort and respectability.

It is not more than two or three years since, that the good old woman died in peace. Her little property, she wished, in case of her son dying unmarried, to revert to Hannah and her family, but the honest tar anticipated her wishes, by saying that he had enough of his own—he never intended to marry—and he should indeed wish the pretty dears [Hannah Neville has already a fine little family] to have it directly, and not wait for his death. How this point was adjusted, I do not exactly know; “but learn, my dear girls, (said the mother of Emily and Julia) from the example of good Mrs. Mansfield, that benevolence is not confined to those who have hundreds or thousands to spend in works of charity, any more than happiness is confined to the possession of an elegant carriage, or to all the attendant circumstances of opulence and grandeur.”

NEW BOOKS.

Hours with the Muses. By John Critchley Prince. Second edition, enlarged. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1841.

This unpretending volume is introduced to the reader by a sketch of the author's life, drawn by a friendly hand, but detailing “an owre true tale” of an unceasing conflict with gaunt and grim poverty, in which, from sheer exhaustion, the outward man was subdued to utter wretchedness, whilst the mind, unconquered, rose in triumph above this dull diurnal sphere, and luxuriously revelled in the regions of imagination and poesy. What Mr. Prince's poetry might have been, had it been nurtured in a kindlier soil, it is difficult to estimate, but we doubt not that many of its most touching

passages owe their origin to his deep sympathy for the woes of others, inspired by their resemblance to his own.

In proof of this, we might quote many passages, but prefer the affecting story of LINDA, narrated in the following ballad, which vividly delineates a female heart thoroughly steeped in sorrow, the condemnation of whose guilt is absorbed in pity for its victim, and indignation at the heartless cruelty of its betrayer—herself the miserable type of multitudes of her sex, who are plunged by seduction into depths of degradation and suffering, more deplorable than death itself.

L I N D A .

A BALLAD.

Along the moorland, bleak and bare,
The blast of winter blew;
O'er midnight dark and dreary face
The snow tempestuous flew;
When Linda, poor forsaken maid,
With none her griefs to share,
Kept on her rude and lonely path,
In silent, sad despair.

A babe clung to her aching breast,
Whose wild and feeble wail
Filled up the pauses of the storm,
And rose upon the gale;
And, ah! that helpless infant's cry
Smote heavy on her heart,
While visions pressed upon her brain
Too dreadful to depart.

She kissed its cheek adoringly—
At length it sweetly slept;
She raised to Heaven her streaming eyes
And thus she prayed and wept:
"Oh! THOU who see'st my contrite tears,
Assist me in this hour,
And show the spoiler of my peace
Thy mercy and thy power!"

"He found me in my quiet home,
While yet my cares were light,—
Ere sin had tinged my inmost thoughts,
Or sorrow breathed its blight;
His sighs of passion fanned my cheek,
But withered all its bloom;
He drew me down from innocence,
And left me to my doom.

"My father drove me from his door,
With curses stern and deep;
My mother watched me as I went,
But only dared to weep;
My comrades in that pleasant vale
Where I was reared and born,—
They strove to shun me as I passed,
Or followed me with scorn.

"And then, my last, sole solace now,
Reposing calmly still,
Sweet fruit of all my guilty joys,
Whose lips are blanched and chill;
Thy sire's away from thee and me,
Where all are fair and kind,
Regardless of the ruined hopes
That he hath left behind.

"But, ah! what fearful sign is this!
I feel no more thy breath!
Thy lips are cold—thy pulse is still!—
Thy slumber, then, is death!
Oh, God! let not thy wakened wrath
My shrinking soul pursue,
But since my child is gone to thee,
Oh! take his mother too!"

With shattered frame, and mind subdued,
Expiring Linda fell;
But let us hope that Heaven forgave,
And Mercy whispered well!
Nor love's, nor friendship's voice was there,
To breathe a soothing tone;—
She died upon that desert heath,
Heart-broken and alone!
Young hearts grow sad, and youthful eyes
Grow tearful, at her name,
And trembling lips repeat her tale
Of misery and shame;
And gentle hands bring early flowers
To strew above her breast;
And kindred knees imprint the turf
Around her place of rest.

The following letter to a friend, from William Howitt, presents at once a merited eulogium and a comprehensive review of the volume. The letter is transferred to the Journal, of course without either adopting or rejecting the political views expressed by the talented writer.

"London, June 11th, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—Will you communicate to Mr. Prince how very much I have been charmed with the perusal of his poems! I scarcely know which possesses the deeper interest, the poetry or the prose account of his travels—travels in every sense of the word. It has long been my conviction, that our literature * * * must owe its restoration to health and strength to an infusion of new blood from the working classes, which, spite of all the unhappy influences pressing on them, I have always found to retain the soundest sentiments, and the most clear and manly moral sense. Mr. Prince's poetry is a splendid instance of this. It is poetry of a high and sterling class. It is full of imaginative beauty, and of a delicate and pure diction; but what is even more admirable than the poetry itself, are the sound sense and true philosophy which distinguish it. Here is a man to whom the trading and political systems of his country have, from his birth upwards, denied the natural sustenance of a man,—much more the education which every individual in a great and Christian country like this ought to claim;—here he is fighting his way and starving his way through the world; seeking in foreign countries that 'leave to toil' which his own denied him; yet, spite of all this, preserving his heart and his intellect sound, and, while living in the midst of discontent and embryo rebellion, preaching the truest wisdom to those around him. All his unmerited sufferings have not imbibed his nature, nor distorted his reason; he calls upon his fellows to liberate themselves, but warns them against the destructive delusions of physical force. He sees clearly both the sources of liberty and of anarchy; he points out, in peaceful language, the real enemies of the working man—bad government and bad habits. He advocates at once both political and domestic reform. * * * I am rejoiced that Mr. Prince's poems have met with such success. It is a good symptom of the return of public taste. I am much complimented by any thing of mine having suggested so beautiful a poem as 'The Poet's Sabbath;' but a 'Vision of the Future,' a 'Father's Lament,' a 'Call to the People,' the 'Captive's Dream,' 'Man of Toil,' an 'Appeal on behalf of the Uneducated,' perhaps have pleased me still more, for they are the true poetry of the people and the time. They are at once powerful, stirring, yet suggestive of right means of remedy, and full of a truly Christian and benevolent spirit. The 'Voice of the Primrose,' is very original, and imbued with that delicate feeling and fancy that are so beautiful in many of Shelley's smaller poems,—as the 'Sensitive Plant.' Again I thank you for the pleasure you have conveyed to me in these poems. I have already despatched a volume to Mrs. Howitt, in Germany, and recommend the book whenever I can. Mr. Prince has only to hold on, to be a PRINCE amongst poets, and a blessing to the meritorious but suffering masses of this country.—I remain, sir, yours very truly,
"WILLIAM HOWITT."

Poetry.

FLOWERS.

(From the Keepsake for 1842.)

Fair flowers! beloved flowers!
 Charm of the summer hours,
 In all her freshness, the exulting earth,
 Like a young mother, joys in your sweet birth.
 The stars with loving eye
 Gaze on you from on high,
 And the soft breezes leave the waves at rest,
 To sink with deep delight into your fragrant breast.

Fair flowers—ye brilliant things!
 The fond imaginings,
 Of which a poet's heart is ever full,
 Can fancy nought in heaven more beautiful;
 Oh! ye are sent to prove
 Envoys of peace and love.
 Your presence were a mockery here, sweet flowers,
 If guilt and grief had claim on all our mortal hours.
 Even your names are fraught
 With treasures of deep thought.
 The poets of our land have sung your praise,
 Linking your charms to their celestial lays.
 The golden cowslip well
 Might lift her pendant bell
 In pride, to be by Shakspeare's hand impress'd
 With the same crimson drops as Imogen's white breast.
 For me, each flower that blows,
 From the voluptuous rose
 To the meek daisy, with its starry eye,
 That has inspired such gems of poesy,
 Has some peculiar claim,
 And each accustom'd name
 Seems of the flower itself a beauteous part,
 That, like its rich perfume, sinks deep into the heart.

But they exist no more,—
 Those charmed sounds of yore,
 Familiar to my fancy: science grave
 Recalls those simple names our fathers gave;
 And my own favourite flower,
 Chosen in childhood's hour,
 Now fades within my bosom, loved too well,
 With a long Latin name I cannot speak or spell.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
 Summer's bright roses one by one have past;
 Gone is the beauty of the golden sheaves;
 Ye come at last,
 Prophets of winter hours approaching fast.

Oh, autumn leaves!
 Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay?
 Why, for the dying year when nature grieves,
 Are ye so gay
 With richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, autumn leaves!
 Ye, as ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
 While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves
 Your forms from earth,—
 Ye tell us, Happier far is death than birth!

Oh, autumn leaves!
 Like you, the dying saint in splendour grows;
 With each faint pulse of life that feebly heaves,
 At evening's close,
 His every grace with added glory glows.

Oh, autumn leaves!
 Like you, he casts aside all hues of gloom,
 And of his brightening hopes a chaplet weaves,
 That o'er his tomb
 Throws the glad promise of eternal bloom.

THE POWER OF WIT.—Wiat, for so he wrote his name, was a great wit; as, according to the taste of his day, his anagram fully maintained. We are told that he was a nice observer of times, persons, and circumstances, knowing when to speak: and we may add, how to speak. That happened to Wyatt, which can be recorded of no other wit; three prompt strokes of pleasantry thrown out by him produced great revolutions—the fall of Wolsey, the seizure of the monastic lands, and the emancipation of England from the papal supremacy. The Wyatts, besides their connexion with Anne Bullen, had all along been hostile to the great cardinal. One day, Wyatt, entering the king's closet, found his majesty much disturbed, and displeased with the minister. Ever quick to his purpose, Wyatt, who always told a story well, now, to put his majesty into a good humour, and to keep the cardinal down in as bad a one, furnished a ludicrous tale of “the curs bating a butcher's dog.” The application was obvious to the butcher's son of Ipswich, and we are told, for the subject but not the tale itself has been indicated, that the whole plan of getting rid of a falling minister was laid down by this address of the wit. It was with the same dexterity, when Wyatt found the king in a passion on the delay of his divorce, that, with a statesman-like sympathy, appealing to the presumed tendency of of the royal conscience, he exclaimed, “Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sins without the Pope's leave!” The hint was dropped; the egg of the Reformation was laid, and soon it was hatched! When Henry the Eighth paused at the blow levelled at the whole ponderous machinery of the papal clergy, dreading from such wealth and power a revolution, besides the ungraciousness of the intollerable transfer of all abbey land to the royal domains, Wyatt had his repartee for his counsel:—“Butter the rooks' nests!”—that is, divide all these houses and lands with the nobility and gentry.—*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature.*

The word *daisy* is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology,—“the eye of day.”—*Campbell.*

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloccombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 10.]

SATURDAY, 8TH JANUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(With an Engraving in No. IX.)

Of the paintings which adorn the interior of the principal rooms of Greenwich Hospital, those exhibited in the Painted or Great Hall are deservedly the most attractive. In the introduction to a Catalogue of the Gallery, which is sold to visitors, we are informed that this spacious apartment "was originally employed as the refectory for the whole establishment; the upper chamber being appropriated to the table of the officers—the lower to the pensioners. But when the growing revenue of the institution gradually led to an increase of the number of its inmates, the space proved inadequate to their accommodation; the table of the officers was discontinued, and other dining halls for the men were provided on the basement story. This noble apartment had been thus left unoccupied nearly a century, when, in the year 1794, Lieutenant Governor Locker suggested that it should be appropriated to the service of a National Gallery of Marine Paintings, to commemorate the eminent services of the Royal Navy of England. This judicious design was not then realized; but, in 1823, it was revived with happier success, by his son, who submitted a proposition on the subject to the Commissioners and Governor, which, after due consideration, was finally adopted.

"The Painted Hall was accordingly prepared for the reception of an extensive series of pictures, which he undertook to procure by

gratuitous contributions, and the present collection of paintings has amply repaid his hereditary zeal for the completion of this interesting object. Having submitted his plan to King George the Fourth, it was honoured with his cordial approval, and he promptly gave directions that the series of portraits of celebrated Admirals of the reigns of Charles II. and William III. at Windsor and Hampton Court, should be transferred to Greenwich Hospital." The example of the monarch was followed by many noble and liberal benefactors to the Naval Gallery, and by his late Majesty King William the Fourth, who, in 1835, added five valuable pictures.

This Hall has already been referred to as a part of King William's building; it is divided into three rooms, the whole of which are before the visitor as he enters the vestibule, which is surmounted by one of the domes which adorn the Hospital. The great height of the lantern, and the light thrown below, gives an air of grandeur to this entrance, and forms an appropriate and imposing introduction to the principal rooms. Besides the two statues on either side, casts, from those in St. Paul's Cathedral, of Nelson and Duncan, St. Vincent and Howe, it contains twenty-eight pictures, large and small, which are arranged with great taste. Among these may be noticed, Turner's large picture of the Battle of Trafalgar; the relief of Gibraltar, and the defeat of the French Fleet, under the command of the Comte de Grasse—both actions achieved by the gallant Rodney. On the opposite side is the picture,

by Loughborough, of Lord Howe's victory on the 1st June, 1794, whilst high above in the cupola, are suspended the flags taken in the battles won by Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson.

Ascending the steps into the Hall, we find the paintings arranged in something like chronological order, commencing at the left hand corner with the Armada and the Naval heroes of Queen Elizabeth's reign, including Howard of Effingham, Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish, the last of whom, after circumnavigating the globe and capturing a richly laden Spanish galleon, wrote at the end of his voyage, "I have burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small and great, and all the villages and towns that ever I landed at I burned and spoiled—a fearful boast, did we not recognise in these avengers of national wrongs, the retributive vengeance which, like lightning, scathed rapacious Spain, whose sons

"A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by love of gold,
Travers'd the waves, the unknown world explored;
The Cross their standard, but their faith the sword!
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipp'd Mammon, while they vowed to God.
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey."

The brave but unfortunate Raleigh next presents himself, in the costume of his time, and on the same side of the room follow a succession of pictures, representing the chief naval engagements in which British prowess triumphed, up to that commanded by the sturdy Admiral Benbow, who literally "fought upon his stumps, for when abandoned by his cowardly or treacherous officers, and fighting a fleet with his single ship, his leg was shattered by a ball, and he directed himself to be carried up to the deck that he might still see the battle."

On the other side of the room, the first picture that attracts the attention is that representing the death of Captain Cooke, when engaged in a mission of science and peace, and which has since proved introductory to Christianity and civilization. Another painting introduces us to a splendid assemblage on board the Queen Charlotte at Portsmouth, where Lord Howe is receiving from the hands of his Sovereign "a diamond-hilted sword valued at three thousand guineas," as an honourable testimony of national approbation.

Here, again, is Nelson leaping into the San Josef! In the battle of Cape St. Vincent, Nelson performed "prodigies of valour." The San Nicholas took the wind out of the sails of Nelson's vessel, and it lay unmanageable with its rigging nearly destroyed, "Put the helm a-lee," cried the gallant commander, "and run on board the Spaniard; come Berry, marines,

and boarders!" The San Nicholas and the San Josef were foul of each other—like lightning they dash across the first, carry her,—then jump into the San Josef, "where the astonished Spaniards called for quarter, and the Captain presented on his knee the sword of his Admiral, who, having been desperately wounded, could not do it in person."*

Close by this picture is that of the great naval victory gained in the same year, at Camperdown, by Admiral Duncan, over the Dutch fleet in the Texel, commanded by De Winter. The picture is "Admiral de Winter delivering his sword to the British Commander-in-Chief." The Admirals are fine looking men. Captain Brenton says they were two of the tallest men of their fleets. The battle of Camperdown was fought with great bravery on both sides; both the commanders were men of undoubted courage, and when the battle terminated, De Winter, in the most chivalrous style, dined with Duncan on board the Venerable, and concluded the evening with a rubber of whist, a game, by the way, which had they began in the morning, might have been used to settle the national quarrel with equal efficiency, and without the expenditure of treasure and life inseparable from naval engagements.

The next painting presents an animated view of the most terrific struggle ever fought at sea, "The Battle of the Nile." "The Theseus, as she passed between the Zealous and her opponent, the Guerrier, poured in a broadside as she brushed the sides of the French vessel; for this 'friendly act' the crew of the Goliath gave three hearty cheers, which the crew of the Theseus returned." The French tried to imitate the animating peals, but the attempt was a failure, and it was mocked by the crew of the Theseus in loud explosive bursts of laughter. "The captain of the Guerrier owned that those cheers did more to damp the ardour of his men than the broadside of the Theseus." The adjoining picture conducts us to the last scene in the stirring life of the Hero of Trafalgar,—Nelson is seen in the cockpit of his vessel expiring in the hour of victory.

The remaining great picture is the "Bombardment of Algiers by Viscount Exmouth in 1816." In the corner is a small accompaniment to this picture, which, though out of chronological order, makes a very fitting contrast,—"Captain Sir John Kempthorne, in the Mary Rose frigate, overcomes seven Algerine Corsairs, 1699."

The Upper Hall has no pictures, but the walls are painted, and it contains various models

* Captain Brenton's Naval History, vol. 2, page 154.

of ships and other naval curiosities, including the coat worn by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile. On returning, the visitor will be repaid by pausing at the entrance, and taking a general view of the three apartments which, combined, form a magnificent interior.

It is worthy of the national character that this exhibition, at least, is perfectly gratuitous. No doorkeepers, or housekeepers, stand at the doors expecting a fee—one of the pensioners, however, directs attention to a little box as you retire, where you may enjoy the privilege of contributing to a fund for the support and education of the sons of the Mariners of England, an institution which is maintained solely by money received for shewing the hall, chapel, and other parts of the building; mullets, absences, cheques, &c. of the pensioners and the nurses; profits on provisions purchased of the pensioners; sale of old household stores; and unclaimed property of deceased pensioners and nurses. These funds have proved adequate to the expences of the establishment, and have produced a balance of savings invested in the stocks. This valuable appendage to the Hospital has been greatly extended since its foundation by William III. In 1783, a School-house, with a dormitory for the boys, was built within the walls of the Hospital; the wards which the boys formerly occupied being appropriated to the reception of an additional number of pensioners. This building was designed by Mr. Stuart, and erected under the superintendence of Mr. Newton, clerk of the works. It is 146 feet in length, and 42 in breadth, exclusive of a Tuscan colonnade in front, which is 180 feet long, and 20 broad. The school-room, 100 feet by 25, is capable of containing 200 boys. In the upper stories are two dormitories of the same length, furnished with hammocks. There are apartments also for the guardian, nurses, and other attendants; and, at a small distance, a house for the schoolmaster. The conditions of admission are, that the boys must be, at the time, between eleven and thirteen years of age; objects of charity; of sound body and mind, and able to read. They are lodged, clothed, and maintained three years; during which time they are instructed in the principles of religion by the chaplains; and in writing, arithmetic, navigation, (and drawing, if they should shew any genius for it,) by the schoolmaster. Each boy has a Bible and Prayer-book given him on his entrance into the school, and is supplied, during his stay there, with all necessary books and instruments, which he is allowed to take with him when he leaves the school. He is then bound out for seven years to the sea-service. An excellent branch this of the charity,

which answers the double purpose of providing for the sons of poor seamen, and of making them useful to their country.

The funds from which the magnificent buildings of the Hospital have been raised, and the present extended establishment maintained, are principally derived from the annuity with which its Royal founder endowed it in 1695—a duty of sixpence per month, paid by every mariner, either in the Queen's or in the merchant service, fines or forfeitures from smugglers and pirates, the profits of the market at Greenwich, given by Earl Romney, in 1700, the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, subject to certain rent charges, and from a number of munificent legacies and other grants, including fines for unlawful fishing on the Thames.

The pensioners, who are the objects of this noble charity, must be seamen disabled by age or maimed (either in the King's service, or in the merchant service, if the wounds were received in defending or taking any ship, or in fight against a pirate.) Foreigners, who have served two years in the British Navy, become entitled to receive the benefits of this charity in the same manner as natives. The widows of seamen, pursuant to the intention of the humane founder, are provided for in this establishment, enjoying the exclusive privilege of being appointed nurses in the Hospital.

In the month of January, 1705, the Royal Hospital at Greenwich was first opened for the reception of pensioners, when forty-two seamen, qualified as above mentioned, were admitted. Their number has since been gradually increased to 2410, which is the present compliment. The pensioners are provided with clothes, diet, and lodging; and have a small allowance for pocket-money. The number of nurses now employed in the Hospital, including the boys' nurses, is 149; they must be widows of seamen, and under 45 years of age, at the time of their admission. They are allowed £8. per annum as wages, and are provided with clothing, diet, and lodging.

In 1763, in consequence of an application from the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, assembled at a general court, an Act of Parliament passed, enabling them (after defraying the necessary expences of the Hospital) to grant pensions to such poor seamen (worn out and become decrepit in the King's service) as could not be received, for want of room, into the Hospital. In pursuance of this Act, 1400 out-pensioners were appointed to receive £7. per annum: their numbers having gradually decreased by death, or admission into the Hospital, 500 more were appointed in 1782. The present number of out-pensioners is about 3000.

The principal officers of Greenwich Hospital are a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, four Captains, eight Lieutenants, a Treasurer, Secretary, Auditor, two Chaplains, a Physician, Surgeon, Steward, Clerk of the Checque, Surveyor, Clerk of the Works, besides assistants, and a great number of inferior officers. The Governor and Treasurer are appointed by the King's patent; the other officers by the Admiralty, except the Surveyor and Clerk of the Works, who are nominated by the general court. The officers are allowed, in addition to their salaries, a certain quantity of coals and candles, and 14*d.* a day, in lieu of diet.

The wards occupied by the pensioners are large airy rooms, on either side of which there are little cabins, in which each man has his bed. The men mess in common, and it is a pleasant and cheerful sight to witness them sit down to their evening meal after they have finished the avocations and amusements of the day, which are as diversified as the tastes of the individuals, or at least as much so as the character of their community permits. It has indeed been intimated, that they are not so happy as they appear, owing to the monotony of their present, compared with their former habits. We can scarcely feel surprised that some of them should retain their old and cherished predilections for the scenes of their youth, and that they should feel that even the national care and honour bestowed upon their declining years, is but a sorry compensation for the violence of the press-gang—the severities of their early seasoning in a man of war, and the loss of some valuable limb in subsequent active service—but it would, after all, be difficult to devise any public and general provision better adapted to its object than Greenwich Hospital—its site near the great maritime highway of the empire—the ever changing aspect of the shipping—the range of the park—the constant succession of visitors from the great metropolis—the institution of a library—the opportunity of conversing with old shipmates, and of fighting their battles o'er again with those of other vessels,—and freedom from anxious solicitude as to the future—all combine to render their condition one of considerable enjoyment, to render which perfect, will only require the calm contentment inspired by a grateful recognition of the providence which has conducted them through the storms of life, to this great haven—and the elevating anticipations of future and undying happiness.

Greenwich Park continues to be the property of the Crown. It was walled round with brick by James the First, and laid out in Charles the Second's time, under the direction of Le Notre. This park contains 188 acres; it is planted

chiefly with elms and Spanish chesnut trees; of the latter there are a great number fit for timber; one in particular measures fourteen feet ten inches in girth at three feet from the ground.

The scenery of the park is very beautiful; and the views from it, particularly from One-tree-hill and the Observatory, strikingly magnificent; affording one of the best prospects of the metropolis, its populous eastern suburbs, and the serpentine windings of the river, with its numerous shipping, for a great extent. The Ranger's lodge, commonly called the Queen's-house, is the same building which has been already spoken of as begun by Anne of Denmark, and finished by Queen Henrietta Maria. The name of the latter is on the front, with the date 1635. The great hall, which is about fifty-four feet square, is surrounded by a gallery. The ceiling has been divested of its ornaments. One of Gentileschi's ceilings remains in the saloon, but much damaged, the house having been for some time uninhabited. It was formerly the residence of those brave officers Matthew Lord Aylmer and Sir John Jennings, who held the double appointment of Ranger of the Park and Governor of the Hospital, and afterwards the occasional retirement of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham when Prime Minister; his wife Lady Catherine Pelham being the ranger. Since her death no person has been appointed to that office.

On the eminence in Greenwich Park, where now stands the Observatory, was a tower, built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and repaired or rebuilt by Henry VIII. in 1526. This tower was sometimes a habitation for the younger branches of the Royal family; sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress; sometimes a prison; and sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, fifth daughter of Edward IV. (betrothed to the King of Denmark), died at the tower in Greenwich Park, anno 1482. "The King," (Henry VIII.) says Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, "having Flamock with him in his barge going from Westminster to Greenwich, to visit a *foyre* lady whom the King loved, who was lodged in the tower of the park; the King coming within sight of the tower, and being disposed to be merie, said, Flamock, let us run." In Queen Elizabeth's time, this tower was called *Mire-fleur*; and is supposed, says Hentzner, to have been that mentioned in *Amadis de Gaul*. The Earl of Leicester was confined in this tower, when he had incurred the Queen's displeasure by marrying the Countess of Essex. Henry, the learned Earl of Northampton, had a grant from King James of the castle in Greenwich Park, which he enlarged and beautified; making it his chief residence. Elizabeth Countess of

Suffolk died at the tower in Greenwich Park, in 1633. In 1642, being then called Greenwich Castle, it was thought of so much consequence as a place of strength, that immediate steps were ordered to be taken for securing it. Some years after the Restoration, King Charles II. (anno 1675) pulled down the old tower, and founded on its site a Royal Observatory. The foundation owed its origin to the following circumstance: Monsieur de St. Pierre, a Frenchman, who came to London in 1675, having demanded a reward from King Charles II. for his discovery of a method of finding the longitude by the moon's distance from a star, a commission was appointed to examine into his pretensions. Mr. Flamsteed, who was appointed one of the commissioners, furnished St. Pierre with certain data of observation by which to calculate the longitude of a given place. This he was unable to do; but excused himself by asserting that the data were false; Mr. Flamsteed contended that they were true, but allowed that nothing certain could be deduced from them, for want of more exact tables of the moon, and more correct places of the fixed stars, than Tycho's observations, made with plain sight, afforded. This being made known to the King, he declared that his pilots and sailors should not want such an assistance. He resolved therefore to found an observatory, for the purpose of ascertaining the motions of the moon, and the places of the fixed stars, as a means of discovering that great desideratum, the longitude at sea; and Flamsteed, who was recommended to his Majesty by Sir Jonas Moor, was appointed Astronomer Royal. Several places were talked of for the site of the observatory, as Hyde Park, the Polemical College at Chelsea, (now the Hospital,) &c. Mr. Flamsteed went to see Chelsea College, and approved of it; but Sir Christopher Wren having recommended Greenwich Castle, that situation was preferred. The King allowed £500 in money towards the building; bricks from Tilbury-fort, where there was a spare stock, and materials from the castle, which was pulled down; promising to grant any thing farther that should be necessary. The foundation was laid August 10, 1675; and in the month of August the next year, Flamsteed was put in possession of the Observatory, which, from him, acquired the name of Flamsteed House.

In September, he began to make observations with a sextant of six feet radius, contrived by himself, and such other instruments as were then in use. He resided there many years, doing ample justice to the Royal choice; and shewing himself so eminently qualified for his office that, as has very justly been observed, he seemed born for it. Meanwhile he was walking

in an almost untrodden path, being one of the first who made use of telescopic sight; and it was not till 1689, that he had the advantage of a mural quadrant; and even then, it was not such as is now in use, but one contrived and divided partly by himself, without any help but the strength of his own genius. This great astronomer continued to reside at the Observatory till his death, on the 31st of December, 1719, forty-three years after his appointment. The results of his laborious observations and calculations during the whole of this period were given to the world in 1725, in three volumes folio, under the title of "*Historia Celestis*," an immortal monument of his talent and industry.

The admirable instruments with which the Observatory is now provided, together with the ability and high character of the successive astronomers, have secured to the Greenwich observations a reputation for accuracy scarcely rivalled by those of any other similar institutions.

Without further pursuing the history of this temple of science, we may observe, in the words of a modern writer, that from its summit the eye can scan the far stretching forests of Hainault and Epping; and on the other, obscured by gathering mists, the chivalry-renowned plains of Berkshire, the beauties of Essex, Surrey, and Kent, successively rise around; behind Blackheath, chequered with historic associations – before, the rising towers of England's noblest asylum, where she shrines her best and bravest sons; and above, in the still evening, the silvery forms of the glorious orbs, the fabled lords of fate, look down on its Ausonian scene; it is a Valambrosa on English ground, and from this spot thoughts go forth which science hails, and which posterity, shall obey.

DELIGHTS OF A DICTIONARY; OR, JOYS OF JOHNSON.

There is to me no book in the language, a fountain of such varied and endless pleasure, as the Quarto Johnson. All the world knows those two square and massive volumes. Set them one over the other, and they form nearly the figure which mathematicians call a cube, and gamesters a die. But it is not the figure but the solid contents that yield the infinite satisfaction I speak of: the book is to me a paradise; each of its four-and-twenty letters one of the Elysian fields. I have the same reverential joy in the society of this great lexicon, as Boswell had in the company of its great author. Observe, I do not say *greater* author, because

I hold the Dictionary the greater of the two, indeed equal to two Johnsons, or the Doctor's double.

I have often wished I had been cast in the same gigantic and herculean mould with the lexicographer, merely that I might have been strong enough to make this work of his my *vade-mecum*, carrying one volume of it in each of my coat-pockets as easily as Parson Adams carried his *Æschylus*, or like John Gilpin between the two stone bottles. I love to apply Cicero's eloquent rhapsody on letters to this, of all literary productions in our language. What happiness to amble through its A's—to canter through its C's—to meander through its M's—to rove through its R's—to saunter through its S's—trot through its T's, and wander through its W's! What a labyrinth of enjoyments in its L's—what an ocean of bliss in its O's—what an Eden in its E's! I would rather be in its Q's than in any other corner of the world.

Here is flowery food for the imagination; how magically various,—how dreamily discursive,—how infinitely suggestive! Here is language in its glorious chaos—here are the "*membra disjecta*" of all our poets and all our wits—here is Shakspeare in his elements—Dryden in dissolution—and Addison in atoms. Johnson's Dictionary is not a book, but a library: it is my Bodleian even at Oxford, and my Vatican even at Rome. When in London it is my British Museum, my great metropolis of information and entertainment. Johnson's Dictionary is my *Elegant Extracts* and my *Beauties of the Poets*; my *Campbell's Specimens*, my *Aikin's Miscellany*, my *Anthology*, my *Collectanea*, my *Book of Gems*, my *Wreath of Flowers*, and even my *Pinnock's Catechism*.

As a Dictionary of Quotations it is worth its bulk in diamond. You are sure to find whatsoever word you go in quest of, set like a jewel in the finest gold of the finest writers of the language. You find it sparkling beneath the wizard stream of Spenser—glowing in the mine of Shakspeare, flaming upon the brow of Milton, or helping to build the long-resounding line of Dryden. Sometimes you are led like a pilgrim to "Paraclete's white walls," sometimes dropped into Windsor Forest, anon conducted to the Temple of Fame itself. From the greatest philosopher of poets to the greatest poet of philosophers—Shakspeare to Verulam—is here but an easy step. Here you see at a glance what wit there may be in morals, and what morality in wit. The sermons of South beside the Hudibras of Butler!

The streets of the gayest capital are not so motley as a page of these magic tomes. You leave a Spanish friar, and in a moment after

meet Jeremy Taylor, so near the Merry Wives of Windsor, that one almost suspects the great preacher has forgotten for awhile his "Holy Living." Parting from Mesdames Page and Ford, you stumble on an Indian emperor, and have no sooner made your obeisance, than up comes Martinus Scriblerus, followed by Blackmore in a rage, or perhaps by Job himself, squired by Sir John Suckling.

The scenes are like those of a Christmas pantomime when the metamorphosing blows are struck, and frolic and fun begin. A Dispensary! The Castle of Indolence! Arcadia! Utopia! Laputa! I have met in this enchanted region Cato flirting with Clarissa, and Burton diverting his Melancholy with the Wife of Bath. But this was nothing to Sir Isaac Newton and Jane Shore—with Hooker—the *judicious* Hooker!—tripping after, arm in arm, with the City Madam! I was not in the least surprised to find Glanville, Bacon, Clarendon, and other lawyers, following close in the wake of these gay parties, so likely to give employment to the long robe. Upon one occasion, having to look for Locke—Locke on the Understanding!—where should I find him but in the society of Susannah and the Elders? It was much less surprising to find him and Milton, both writers on Education, in company with Broom, and a work called the Fundamentals, with Roger Ascham's Schoolmaster bringing up the rear. This was all as it should be, and so was Isaac Walton angling near the Castle of Indolence, and the "Vulgar Errors" associated with the "History of John Bull."

Johnson is a literary carnival, with all the odd associations and grotesque companionships of a masquerade. I know of no revelling like the revelling through these immortal quartos. Too wild and incoherent to be a banquet of reason, these are the very qualities that make it the most exquisite feast of fancy. There you may breakfast with the grave philosophers: dine with the solid divines, and sup with the jolly poets. What charming confusion: what a bewitching Babel of words, phrases, images, and illustrations! There you may read the life and adventures of a part of speech, born in Chaucer, nursed by a Beaumont or a Raleigh, sent to school with Cowley and Waller, entering the world with Pope and Swift, and grown ripe and mellow about the time of the "poor harmless drudge" himself. The grammarians decline or conjugate it; the philosophers refine it; the moralists weigh it; the poets dally with it; the Tillotsons and Barrows hallow it. Now it is a rough stone in some enduring edifice of prose; now a block of diamond in some enchanted poetic structure. You see it in its origin, you see it in all its uses, you see it in

its multitudinous combinations. The study of Johnson's Dictionary is the study of the English language, and *vice versa*. It gives us the parentage of every term, and, like Anchises, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, causes all its offspring and derivatives to pass before us in review. It is at once a study of words and of books, of language, and of literature. To what shall I liken it but to our excellent English tongue, garnished with the brains of the great writers that have made it famous? Call it not a Dictionary! It is a *Thesaurus*!—an opulent treasury, into which all the learning, wit, and genius of our language have poured their wealth, and upon which he that is in want of words, whether for use or ornament, can never draw too largely.

Who knows not that the gift of speech is part of the gift of reason, and that words produce ideas, as ideas produce words? Hence a Dictionary like this is more than dictionary, as Bentley said the Greek *digamma* "was more than letter!" The work of Johnson is of the utmost value in composition, not merely on account of the range of significations which it opens, but the infinity of suggestions, allusions, and germane thoughts and sentiments, which its rich quotations lay before us. All hail, great work of a big man! Ye two corner stones of the august fabric of our language, praise be unto you, and all commendation! Again I pray, would I were a Goliath of Gath, or a Guy of Warwick, that I might hang these mighty volumes to my watch-chain, and walk erect as Aristides, or carry one in each pouch of my waistcoat with no more ado than a snuff-box and a tooth-pick. But "ah me, I fondly dream!" This feast of letters is not moveable like Easter. We must go to Johnson, Johnson may not come to us. He is made like the pyramids, to abide in his place for ever, too huge a monument of industry and learning to be moveable and removeable, portable and transportable, like a parson's prayer-book, or the album of a young lady.—*Athenæum*. S.

MEMOIR OF SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

[Concluded from our last.]

Of the monumental group by Chantrey, placed in Litchfield Cathedral, and emphatically named "the Two Children," it would be difficult to speak in language suitable to its uncommon merit. The religion of the country, and the diffusion of knowledge, render allegory almost inadmissible in modern art. But no personification of abstract notions of innocence, or joy, or sorrow, was wanted here: the easy and graceful attitude of the lovely children, re-

posing side by side in each other's arms, and all but breathing, form too touching a group to be viewed without emotion. This exquisite production was placed in the Model Room in the Exhibition at Somerset House, in the year 1817, along with the figures of Terpsichore and Hebe, by Canova. It is unnecessary to eulogize this fine work: the exhibition was daily crowded with visitors to behold it; and now scarcely a traveller who feels interested in such productions, ever passes through Litchfield without visiting the cathedral to see this masterly specimen of English sculpture. The two sisters, who both died young, are represented on a couch, which may be regarded as the bed of death; yet the vital spark seems to be scarcely extinct. A few lines left on the monument a short time after it was placed in the cathedral, by one who appears to have felt its excellence, conveys an accurate idea of the fine conception which the sculptor has so exquisitely embodied.

"How calm in death those infants lie!—
They seem as they had sunk to rest,
Then lapsed into eternity,
When not a sigh disturb'd the breast."

No production of genius was ever more generally admired, or more liberally praised by all who saw it. Poetry and prose were employed in its commendation; it was talked of in every company, and panegyricized in every newspaper.

In the years 1814 and 1815, Chantrey went to Paris, and saw the celebrated collection of the Louvre on the eve of its dispersion. Here he became acquainted with Canova; and when the Roman sculptor visited London, the acquaintance was renewed, and continued uninterrupted until his death. These were to him journeys of infinite importance: during his stay in Paris he might be said to live only in the Louvre, for there nearly the whole of his waking hours were passed. At this memorable place he not only studied the peculiar excellencies of the various works that it contained, but he obtained accurate copies of the finest statues, with which he enriched his collection at his residence in London. His group of Laocoön, his Apollo, Antinous, Germanicus, Venus de Medici, "the statue that enchants the world," Diana, and many others, are faithful resemblances of the originals, and they constitute a school for study to which young artists were permitted to resort for practice and improvement.

During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled—the postillion that drove it—the first bed in which he slept after leaving his na-

tive country—the towns through which he successively passed—Paris—its public buildings—the garden of the Thuilleries—the interior of the Louvre—the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage—some with milk—some with malt liquor—some with whiskey—and others with port wine, as these various liquids happened to be before him.

In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement. Not wishing to have his time occupied in receiving and returning visits, he travelled privately, in company with an English gentleman, John Read, Esq., who resided at the village where Chantrey was born. During this excursion he devoted almost every hour to the study of objects intimately connected with his professional pursuits. While at Rome, he generally received that marked attention which Italy invariably bestows on men eminent in art; but he shunned as much as possible every thing like parade or ceremony, nor did he permit the many courtesies he experienced to abstract his attention from those studies which had induced him to visit Italy. During his stay at Rome he was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke, as a compliment to his talents and an acknowledgment of his rank in art.

Previously to this journey he had been long in the habit of sketching from nature; it was one of his greatest gratifications, and in transmitting the minute detail as well as the more obvious features of a scene to paper, he had wonderful facility, which during his tour in Italy he still farther improved. While in Rome, that exquisite poet, Thomas Moore, was one of his associates: they visited Canova's sculpture-gallery together, and were delighted with the many beautiful groups and images which his fine imagination had called into existence and arrayed in grace and loveliness. Moore, in his *Fables for the Holy Alliance and Rhymes on the Road*, where he apostrophises the genius of Canova, has a beautiful allusion to Chantrey's admiration of his talents.

"Wonderful Artist! praise like mine,
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals—

Is little to the words that came
From him*—thy peer in Art and Fame.
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight—
And while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,[†]
Give thee, with all the generous zeal,
Such master spirits only feel—
That best of fame—a rival's praise."

Chantrey returned to England confirmed and strengthened in his own notions and conceptions of art, of which many admirable specimens have since appeared from his hands. Contemplating his progress, and studying the peculiar character of his works, I am sometimes inclined to suppose that had he been placed by fortune in a situation more propitious, he might not have attained his present eminence in his profession. He had formed his style, disciplined his fancy, and settled his own feelings of art, before he emerged from obscurity; and the emotions which he experienced on beholding the Elgin marbles was only a deeper and more intense continuation of what he felt in his little lonely room in Sheffield. Had he been otherwise situated, his strong natural good sense might not have preserved him from being a copyist of other men's labours, and the contemplation of the divine productions of antiquity, instead of inspiring him with the conception of something truly great and English, such as Phideas would have imagined and executed, had he been of London and not of Athens, might only have impressed him with the wish to steal with discernment, and have taught him to look at nature through the eyes of other men.

* * * * *

Chantrey's monumental groups and statues in bronze and marble, are scattered in profusion throughout the cathedrals, churches, libraries, and sculpture galleries of Britain and her foreign dependencies, and an enumeration of even the most striking of these, or of the most celebrated among his portrait-busts, (a department of the art in which he was unrivalled), would swell this notice to an impracticable length.

"The claims of Sir Francis Chantrey to the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "rest less upon the multitude of works which he has bequeathed to them, than on the beneficial influence which his example has exercised on our native School of Sculpture. Emphatically English in his modes of thinking—which led him in his treatment to discard at once, as unsuited to the country for which he had to work, all those models which have long

* Chantrey.

† Canova always showed his fine statue, the *Vénus Vincitrix*, by the light of a small candle.

had a sort of prescriptive connexion with his art, he sought to apply his powers to the illustration of the times, scenes, and feelings amid which he lived. His inspiration had in it nothing of a foreign air—and his genius was content to clothe itself in the costume of the land which produced it. "He is no idealist,"—to quote from a former character of him—"and refuses to deal with abstractions; but undertakes at the same time to show the world that there may be much poetry without them." The same power which, amongst the realists of England and the nineteenth century, has enabled him to seize and illustrate that which is beautiful and touching in their modes of life or feeling, would amid the hills of Greece,—where those abstractions were a religion, and all natural scenes, as well as moral impressions, were haunted by them—have produced works which his countrymen might have worshipped, as fit representatives of their Gods, and such as those, for the sake of which the world yet bows before the charm of their high and spiritual mythology. In the brave and steady course which Chantrey has pursued, he has unquestionably deprived himself of the aids to be derived from a class of ideas, beautiful in themselves, and sanctioned by the long prescriptive tenure of cultivated opinion and educated feeling. It was hardly likely that he, who felt himself strong enough to work without such resources, should do otherwise than reject with scorn the more meretricious and vulgar auxiliaries which, in the shape of conventional and soulless allegories, were the bastard offspring of those older "thoughts divine," and had so long cumbered an art at all times in one shape or another considered peculiarly allegorical. To native, and to natural sentiment alone—not in any of her separate forms, generalized and idealized and crowned a goddess—but to the illustration of her individual doings, and the expression of her home sentiments, he has devoted his powers. In the arena which he has marked out for himself, he stands first and almost unchallenged,—nor do we hope ever, on that ground, to see him greatly excelled. It will be understood as following naturally, from what we have stated, that he has superiors in other styles of sculpture;—all we contend for, and enough for his glory, is, that he is master of his "own."—But while our great sculptor rejected the classic models as regarded the materials of their composition, he retained the severe and perfect purity of their manner:—in what is artistically called the manipulation of his marble, he had few rivals at home or abroad, and perhaps no superior. This simpler and purer style of art, and this more careful manipulation, the example of his practice and suc-

cess has diffused very generally throughout that modern British school, of which it might not be too much to call him the founder. Sound principles, a more general intelligence of the meanings and resources and limits of the art, and careful workmanship, are spreading among the rising classes of our sculptors; and these, the gifts to Chantrey of his native good sense, are his most valuable bequest to posterity. In another respect, it may be said that Chantrey has not done for art, among his countrymen, either by his teaching or example, what most it needs—that he has not enforced (if, as can scarcely be doubted, he understood) the lesson, as much wanting as any of those others that he taught. The habit of receiving and executing a host of single and detached commissions—sometimes, perhaps, from abroad, for a group or statue to be placed in some locality unknown to him—prevented the due recognition of the great principle, *unity*, and helped the practical error which, in England particularly, breaks up Art into sections or parcels; assigning one to the sculptor, another to the architect, another to the painter, and so on, forgetting that they are, in fact, but so many parts of one great whole;—leading in the particular department, over which Chantrey presided, to the neglect of what is called architectonic sculpture. No doubt, in his own individual practice, his sense of harmony and fitness led this great sculptor to communicate, as far as he could, to his groups and figures, the sentiment and character due to the place in which they were erected, and the accessories by which they were to be surrounded. But still, he missed the opportunity of enforcing broadly and systematically that truth which the English school has yet to learn, and conform to, ere it shall achieve all the triumphs for which the other lessons taught by Chantrey has helped to prepare it.

The sudden and premature death of this eminent sculptor has left, no doubt, a number of unexecuted commissions to find their completion at other hands:—and, if it be true that the retirement of the elder Westmacott from the professorship, and his absence for two years past from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, be evidence of a design to withdraw from the labours of the profession, two such vacancies in its ranks will yield a large amount of patronage to be divided amongst those who are best prepared to fill them. As a bust maker, Behnes has long been second only to Chantrey himself, and has already shared no inconsiderable portion of the commissions given for that form of portrait—and, in monumental sculpture, Baily and the younger Westmacott may both look for increased business from the losses which the art has to deplore. Among the pub-

lic works left unfinished by Sir Francis Chantrey's death, the Wellington Testimonial, intended to be erected in the City, is in a forward state—while those to Sir David Wilkie and Mrs. Siddons are probably not begun. In the various speculations which are hazarded on the subject of these works, we think it must be premature as yet to adopt any;—but we may mention that which states that, in Sir Francis Chantrey's imperfect state of health, Mr. Weeks has for some time had the entire execution of the models which have been prepared by the deceased sculptor, and that the completion of the Wellington Testimonial, even to its *ad unguem* touch, is safe in his hands."

THE MODE OF PASSING BILLS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PUBLIC BILLS.

The course of proceeding for the purpose of procuring the passing of a public bill is this:—The member who proposes to introduce it, places on the notice-book of the house a notice of his intention to move for leave to do so, on a particular day. On that day the notice is printed in the paper of the proceedings of the house, which is circulated daily among the members for their guidance, and which may be regularly procured by the public at the "Vote-office," in Abingdon-street, on the payment of a small sum sessionally. When the turn of the member in question comes, according to the number of his notice on the paper, the Speaker calls upon his name, and he briefly states the object of the measure which he proposes to introduce. He then formally moves for leave to introduce the bill, and the usual custom is to grant it, as a matter of course; in which case the name of some other member is associated with his, at his own suggestion, to be responsible with him for the conduct of the bill. It sometimes happens, however, that another member regards the principle of the bill as pernicious, in which case it is quite competent to him to divide the house; but the more usual course in such cases is for the member to be satisfied with entering his protest against the principle, while assenting, for courtesy's sake, to the introduction of the measure. When the proposed measure involves questions of great national importance, another course is sometimes adopted, but seldom with any effect, unless by the leader of the ministerial party or the opposition. It consists in moving a resolution in a committee of the whole house, to the effect that such or such a principle should form the basis of their legislation. If this be agreed to, a measure is immediately

framed upon that principle, and introduced, with the same form as on other occasions. In the previous case, on leave being given to bring in the bill, the member who introduces it, generally at the close of the evening, travels down to the bar, and, having caught the speaker's eye, holds up his bill. He is then desired to "bring it up," which he does, placing it in the hands of the clerk at the table. It is then "read a first time," as a matter of course, and ordered to be read a second time on a particular day. It is not really read through, but only its title; and it is then at once sent off to be printed, in order that all the members may see it before the second reading comes on. The second reading is usually the occasion for the great trial of strength on the measure, if it be opposed. Those who are averse to its principle, deliver their objections to it then, and, if they think fit, divide the house. If the opponents prevail, there is an end of the bill; if the supporters prevail, it is generally the courteous course to offer no further opposition to the principle, but to wait for the committee, and oppose the details. But where a very determined opposition is maintained, it is not unusual to oppose even the going into committee. Going into committee on a public bill, is similar to going into committee of supply. The speaker leaves the chair, and Mr. Green assumes it. This is called a committee of the whole house, and they proceed at once to consider the bill clause by clause, and the opponents move their amendments. If the amendments are of a nature to neutralise the principle and they are carried, it is generally abandoned; if they are harmless, or if they fail, a day is named for the third reading, the amendments having been previously reported to the house, when it is the custom to sanction them. The bill, as amended in committee, is reprinted and again circulated among members. On the day fixed for the third reading, the opponents of the bill can again make a motion to reject it; but, if they fail, the bill is nominally read again, and "passed." It is then sent up to the House of Lords. If the Lords make any amendments, it is sent down again with those amendments for the Commons' approval. If they reject them, what is called a "conference" takes place. Each house appoints two or three members to be "managers" of the conference for them respectively. These draw up reasons *pro* and *con*, and a compromise is usually come to. If not, the bill must be abandoned. If the bill passes both Houses, it is then laid before the Sovereign for approval, when it becomes law. The Sovereign has the power to reject, but not to alter, an act of the two other branches of the legislature.

One remark may be made on the foregoing outline of the course of business. Jealousy of the possible encroachments of power or corruption is always the distinguishing feature of a popular assembly. So also in the House of Commons we see that the facilities for impeding the progress of a measure are studiously multiplied. There are no less than nine opportunities afforded for getting rid of it:—1. On moving for leave; 2. On bringing it in; 3. On the first reading; 4. On the second reading; 5. On the motion to go into committee; 6. In committee; 7. On bringing up the report; 8. On the third reading; 9. On the motion that the bill do pass. It seldom happens, however, that a bill introduced by a private member is pressed beyond the second reading, if defeated then; and on the other hand, if the principle be affirmed by the house agreeing to the second reading, the bill is generally successful afterwards. This observation does not apply to measures of state policy, which are made matters of contest between the great parties, as they are generally contested at almost every stage.

PRIVATE BILLS.

The form of passing private bills through the house is similar to that adopted with public bills. A private bill is required, when for the purpose of effecting any change in roads, canals, &c., it is found necessary to interfere with private property. This can only be done by Parliament. The parties who are desirous of obtaining the bill apply to a functionary called a Parliamentary agent, who prepares it, and gives the necessary notice on the books of the house, at what is called the private-bill office, of the intention of the parties to introduce the bill on a particular day. In the case of a private bill it is not necessary for a member to have leave from the house to introduce it; but some member must always take charge of the measure after its first introduction. If there be no opposition to the measure, it passes as a matter of course; but, in order to guard against abuse, the parties advocating the bill, are compelled to give notice to all those whose property or interests will be affected by it, in order that they may oppose it if they think fit. The form of proceeding with a private bill is exactly the same as that with a public bill up to the committee; but instead of its being considered by a committee of the whole house, it is referred to a select committee, or, as it is sometimes called "a committee up stairs"—or, in other words, to fifteen members selected for their local knowledge of the subject, who inquire into the merits of the bill, and report to the house what amendments they think neces-

sary. The mover of the bill is generally made chairman, and he prefaces the report. Five of the members are sufficient to form a quorum and to transact the business; they examine witnesses, whose attendance they can compel, and they have also power to call for all papers, &c. which they may require. With the exception of the difference between this select committee and the committee of the whole house, all the other proceedings on private bills are exactly similar to those adopted with public bills, and they have the same authority. Great abuses, however, prevail in the details of these proceedings, and the attention of the house has recently been directed to their removal.—*Dodd's Parliamentary Companion.*

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1842.

["*Rigdom Funidos, Gent.*" presents us this year with an "ephemeris in jest and earnest" no ways inferior to his former *Annals*, and the inimitable George Cruikshank is as humorous as ever. The facetious manner in which the "remarkable events" of the months are announced is quite irresistible, and the marginal illustrations are exquisite caricatures on the passing events of the day; with the 14th of March, for instance, the day on which the destruction of the Falls of Niagara was reported to have occurred, we have the following poetical comment:—

"'Twas said that the Falls, with a terrible din,
Had fall'n from their perch on high;
But now it falls out that they ne'er fell in,
And so 'twas a false-ity.
'Tis shocking to spread such news appalling,
About these Falls, which are still infallible."

Besides these, the *Almanack* is enriched with twelve illustrations of the months, in Cruikshank's happiest style, which are accompanied with as many witty sketches in prose and verse. From these we select

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE; OR, POLYTECHNIC POND-ERINGS ELABORATED IN THE BELL.]

Mr. Green is, with all deference to the gentleman of another colour who generally assumes that title, the real Prince of the Air. He rides upon the whirlwind where he lists: the atmosphere welcomes him with *hail!* and the bridled tempest offers him its *rains*. If the perfection of the science of aerostation be so perfectly within his grasp, it is plain the *elements* must long since have yielded: he knows all their economies, and regards the zephyrs as familiar airs. The mischievous wind, so often presuming on its intangibility, by committing all sorts of depredations, and then scudding off, is compelled to confess its inability to cope with him, and to own the presence of "Green in its eye." Hecate is, compared to him, a dull, powerless agent; for his spirits do not wait for him on the rather uncertain tenement of a foggy cloud,—which, from its surcharge with aqueous vapour in suspension, stands a chance of converting them into weak grog—

but lie neck and heels at the bottom of his car, assimilating, in their nature, to bottle imps. When other people call a coach, he unconcernedly takes a fly, and floats up like down. Other blessings attend his aerial wanderings. His champagne and stout are sure to be *up*; his cold pheasant is palatably *high*; and his other refreshments range far *above* all imitations. He takes leave of the world, not as an anchorite, but to enter a livelier grade of superior society, moving in an elevated position; and bears, with philosophical indifference, the wide reverses of his existence, from the most rapid rise to a subsequent decline and fall; although, at the same time, no man has more uniformly good prospects. We only wonder how he can tolerate our dull earth, and wager he never feels so secure with the flags of the pavement, as he does with those of his own balloon. His very nature must have been reduced to what it works in—the atmosphere: and those who may eventually succeed to his possessions, can be no other than the Airshire legatees. The rise and fall of the stocks affect him not—his own keep pace with his situation; and the glance of his eye sweeps the whole range beneath him with a *bird's-eye wipe*. There are but few difficulties on earth that he cannot grapple with. His balloon is his substantial and impregnable castle in the air, which he has built himself: and he always has his wits about him cool and collected, though, like a wool-gathering ruminator, he is constantly in the clouds. Although Mr. Green was long connected with the Polytechnic Institution, where his aeronautic whirligigs used to demonstrate the power he had acquired in guiding balloons, we are convinced he never went down in a diving bell, for he would have been, literally, out of his element; unless the galvanic experiments at the same time could have chemically decomposed the water around it into its constituent gases, and he would then have gone aloft with his darling hydrogen. We once saw him contemplating the diving bell; but it was with the air of an eagle of the sun gazing at a dabchick, apparently lost in wonder, not at the machine, but at the eagerness of the visitors to descend into it, to the chilly depths of the tank. It was evident that he no more regarded them as of his own species, than the brilliant *libellula*, rising in the sunshine, owns the immature chrysalis, lying at the bottom of the pool.

We ourselves, who are not a prey to such flights of ambition, hold the Polytechnic Institution, and its million wonders, in especial reverence from beginning to end, and think it fortunate that its professors live in enlightened times, or they would be assuredly burnt for

necromancers, and form their own fire-clouds; producing photographic shadows of themselves, by the glare of their own faggots. Not being inclined to soar aloft, we rather approve of the diving bell, and often pay it a visit. It affords matter of gratification to everybody. The scientific man goes down to measure the pressure of the atmosphere upon the drums of his ears, and see the displacement of water by air; the sight-seer and curiosity-hunter, to experience a novel sensation; the hair-brained loungeur, fresh from Regent-street, with his little stick and blotting-paper-coloured Chesterfield, to "put up a lark," although the bottom of a tank of water is certainly rather an unlikely place to find such a creation; and the lover of display, to gratify a trifle of ambition in becoming the pro-tempore lion of the place, as he emerges from the bell on its emersion from the water, in the bright eyes of the pretty girls who are looking down on his subaqueous venture from the galleries above.

The diving bell, in the present era of compound progressive science, is only in its infancy—its tinkle will, ere long, be changed to a toll: we speak metaphorically, and do not allude to the shilling paid for entrance. We have passed the adventures in the picture which illustrates the article "BELL-DIVING," in the Encyclopædias; representing two gentlemen, who have secured places inside, holding air-tubes, and one, more venturesome, who has strolled to take a *cold without*, carrying a small bell on his head, and a boat-hook in his hand, amidst rocks and sea-weeds. Bolder schemes are in progress. The bell will open a new line for travellers to the Antipodes, by going right through the sea at once, and thus curtailing the journey by the geometrical relation which the diameter bears to half the circumference. Neither should we be surprised if people, addicted to go down to watering-places, go down at once to the very bottom, and choose waterproof summer villas on the beds of our lakes and rivers, exempt from land-tax and ground-rent; when, stationed in the water, they fling defiance at the law of the land. Such a position would be a fitting site whereon Father Mathew and his proselytes could erect a temple to the Genius of Teetotalism.

We need not add, it will take some time to bring the public mind to an idea of the security of these abodes. The shilling's-worth of flurry and ear-ache, which the adventurers purchase so readily, still, however, finds a rapid sale. We descended, the other day, with a lady who had a great deal of the former commodity for her money. Her fright was extreme, when the huge monster that contained us first swung off its perch; and, when its mouth touched the

water, she gave way to the wildest despair, even to attempt breaking the windows with her parasol. The only moment of security she experienced was when she reached the bottom. Here she fairly jumped down off her seat, on which it had required great exertion to retain her, and begged to be left where she was, now she had once reached the ground again, observing, we might go back in the bell if we chose, but, for her part, she preferred substantial footing to again trusting herself in such a crack-me-crazy vehicle.

CHIMNEY SWEEPING.

The time is now drawing near that is to put an end to the employment of children in sweeping chimneys, and it therefore becomes the imperative duty of every one to see whether his chimneys require adapting to the use of the machine, and whether there are persons in the neighbourhood into whose hands the machine, which was submitted to the Parliamentary Committee may be safely put, as it will be too late when the act comes into operation, and the informers are catching at the penalties all over the country, to make those arrangements which ought to have been settled in the the two years allowed by the Legislature for that purpose. If any district is without an experienced mechanical chimney-sweeper, the inhabitants should select an honest intelligent man, and send him to London or elsewhere, to be instructed in the use of the machine, or serious consequences may arise; and after he is taught, he should be furnished with the brushes and other tools that he will want. A clever man would acquire the necessary information in a week or ten days, at a cost in London of from twenty to thirty shillings. Straight chimneys, or chimneys nearly straight, want no alteration, and will only require an intelligent operator accustomed to the use of the machine, but it is of immense importance that this should be provided for. Some chimneys have an angle in them which prevents their being swept from the fireplace, although the same chimney may very generally be effectually cleaned from the top. If the chimney is carried up much above the roof, so as to make it unsafe for the man to reach the chimney-pot, a soot-door, in a strong iron frame, fifteen inches by twelve inches, should be placed in the chimney, about three feet above the gutter, where the man can stand safely, and through which door the machine may be worked up and down with perfect security, and boards, two feet wide, should be permanently fixed upon the roof, with ledges nailed across them after the manner of a

chicken-ladder, if the man has to cross the slates. If going to the top of the house is objected to, the same kind of soot-door, placed two feet from the angle in the horizontal part of the chimney, will overcome the difficulty. The soot-door ought not to be placed in the angle, that is, under the upright part, because in that case the soot which falls down is found to fly out unpleasantly, from having nothing to confine it. These soot-doors should, of course, be placed on the outside of the house, if possible, and generally this may be done; but a little care and a little ingenuity will point out a place in the inside, if necessary, and this, too, without danger or inconvenience. If the wall is battered, it will be desirable to cut away the laths to a greater extent than the door requires, so as to admit of common tiles being cemented round the door, and these being brought out to the surface of the wall, will be found much better, and of course much safer, than the ragged ends of the laths, and the hollowness connected with them. If the part is in sight, a double door is recommended, the inner one to confine the soot and heat, and the other to take the paint of the apartment, both being air-tight, as they will be if properly made. It sometimes happens that a chimney runs under the floor of a room; if so, this may be the most convenient place for inserting the soot-door in the solid brickwork of the chimney; and a trap-door even with the floor will give direct access to it afterwards. It may be necessary to introduce trimmers in the joists, so as to keep the iron-work and the wood-work sufficiently apart. The space between the iron door and the flooring boards may also be filled with sand if any danger is apprehended, though there can be none if the work is well executed. If these doors are objected to, the chimney may be opened, and the angle or angles rounded off, which will be a complete cure, unless there are long horizontal parts; if there are, the doors give the chimney-sweeper more power over the soot lying in such places, although the chimney can be safely swept from the top, if the angles are sufficiently rounded off, notwithstanding the flatness. Many crooked chimneys are made so, that they may all come out in the centre of the building. These chimneys are frequently straight till they reach the roof of the house, where doors can be placed with perfect ease; or the chimney may be carried straight through the roof at a moderate cost, if it is preferred. It will be found necessary to remove the four bits of slate, which many persons have placed at the top of their chimneys in some country towns, and to substitute the more sightly chimney-pot, because the points of these slates catch the brush which

forms part of the machine, and because the brittleness of the slate, and the slight hold it has of the chimney, lead to other inconveniences. The coring of chimneys can be effectually done by leaving three bricks out in the shelving slanting part of the chimney, through which the bricklayer can remove the deposit and put in the bricks, and make it all good when that is done. Those who feel the importance of the foregoing remarks, and may wish for information, and those who desire to make slight alterations in their chimneys, under the guidance of persons who have had some experience, or who may wish to have the most approved soot-doors, are advised to correspond with Mr. Glass, Fore-street, London, from whom they can obtain every direction.—*Plain Hints on Chimney-sweeping as connected with the 1st of July, 1842.*

NEW BOOKS.

The Mind, and other Poems. By Charles Swain. London: Tilt and Bogue. 1841.

The spirited publishers of the "Illustrated English Classics," have, in the superb work before us, given still higher promise of what they can accomplish in typographical excellence, and in exquisite pictorial embellishments. Although not one of the series of their editions "of the Standard Classic Authors of England," it requires not a seer's power to predict that the poetry of Charles Swain is destined to take an honourable rank among British Bards. This volume contains an extension of his principal poem, "The Mind," which now consists of four parts, each containing about fifty stanzas, a length which precludes any extended notice in a weekly Journal.

The argument of the first division, or analysis, as it is with greater propriety designated, sets forth the Divine and imperishable nature of the mind, illustrated by its creative powers, its dominion over matter, and its power over the passions, as demonstrated by the influence of oratory, painting, and poesy, and affords the poet occasion to refer to the great masters of those arts in ancient and modern times. He thus apostrophises Mrs. Hemans:—

Thine is the song to fill the mother's heart
Whose children bless thee—Hemans—round her knee:—
Thine is the gifted page that can impart
A beauty born of immortality!
The temple—shrine—and trophy'd urn—to thee
Were themes enduring! Where'er Grief had trod,
Or Hope fled tired from human misery,
Thou stood'st with song uplifted to thy God
Thou sooth'st the mourners' tears e'en by the sod.

The second part of the poem pursues the

same theme, and shews that, without the gift of mind, it were impossible that we should have had any conception of grandeur, sublimity, delicacy, or beauty. After glancing at sculpture and music, the poet gives an episodic instance of heroic fortitude in woman, and concludes with the proofs disclosed by modern astronomers of the mighty achievements of "Mind."

— But we will on with those
Who have an age beyond their being's day,—
Mount with our Newton where light ever flows;
See him unveil its marvels—and display
The hidden richness of a single ray!
Unfold its latent hues like blossoms shed,
Or flowers of Air, outshining flowers of May!—
A luminous wreath in rainbow beauty spread,
The noblest Fame could weave round starry Newton's head.

The architects of intellectual worlds!—
Mortal's imagination ne'er contained
The opening grandeur which yon vault unfurls,
Yet Newton's mind that wondrous frame explained,
Revealed the secret influence which retained
The planets in their orbits:—his bold hand
The gloomy gates of superstition chained,
The boundless firmament triumphant spanned, (planned!
And traversed without chart the works which God had

Then, in the glorious company of Spheres
Confess His glory who conceived their birth;
Let not the splendour which around appears
Eclipse the splendour whence they drew their worth;
Nor let proud Earth hide Him who made the Earth!
Who, in supreme intelligence enthroned,
Call'd nature forth from dark and utter dearth.
No!—still 'mongst human errors unatoned,
In God's creation, still be never God disowned.

In the third division of the poem the writer sweetly discourses of the wondrous powers of the imagination, dilates upon the spiritual gracefulness and beauty of the fairy mythology, and expatiates on the delightful association awakened by the influence of flowers upon memory and fancy.

Ye poetry of woods! romance of fields!
Nature's imagination bodied bright!
Earth's floral page, that high instruction yields!
For not—oh, not alone to charm our sight
Gave God your blooming forms—your looks of light:
Ye speak a language which we yet may learn
A divination of mysterious might!
And glorious thoughts may angel eyes discern, [turn.
Flower-writ in mead and vale,—where'er man's footstep,

Hearts—cold amidst the beautiful and grand
When spring her leaves and dewy garland throws,
And hangs her rainbow banners o'er the land
In triumph o'er her oft defeated foes!
Yes, hearts—shut to the fragrance of the rose,
To which the stars are silent from their dome:—
Still throb to bliss—to poetry—with those [roam
Sweet infant flowers—from whom their thoughts ne'er
The cherub kiss—the love—the poetry of home!

Our poet proceeds to illustrate the creative genius of man in the triumphs of science, its subordination to commerce, and its employment as an instrument destined to humanise the world, extending instruction and intelligence to the most remote and uncultivated shores, and linking mankind in one vast bond

of mutual benefit and interest. On this noble base he then erects a monumental trophy to the genius of FRANKLIN, WATT, and DALTON, and wrapt in the contemplation of the powers of Mind as developed in these master spirits, he exclaims—

Exquisite spirit!—if thine aspect *here*
Is so magnificent; if on *earth* thou art
Thus admirable; in thy sainted sphere,
What *newer* glories wilt thou not impart?
What powers, what unknown faculties may dart
Like sunlight through the heaven of thy mould!
What rich endowments into life may start!
What hidden splendours may 'st thou not unfold [told!
Which earthly eyes ne'er viewed, which human tongue ne'er

When time stands mute before eternity,
And the God-gifted Mind, new filled with light
From living fountains, glorified and free,
Soars in transcendent majesty and might,
An angel in its first immortal flight!
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens, to find
The bliss of wings, the ecstasy of sight!
A glory amidst glories of its kind—
A disembodied soul—a recreated mind!

Then—and then only—the clouds that hide
The stars of inspiration burst away;
Then may the gates of knowledge open wide;
And genius find its own eternal ray:
Oh! for the coming of that future day!
The spirit light—the intellectual dower
The melody of that undying lay—
The bliss—the bloom of that Elysian bower—
When time shall breath no more—when tombs have lost
[their power!

The fourth and concluding part is devoted to the metaphysical constitution of the Mind as the fountain of thought,—the divinity of its source as opposed to the materialism of a mis-called philosophy. The purely spiritual character of Memory, Perception, and Reflection are then graphically illustrated. These views are admirably followed up and sustained by a reference to the influence of Christianity upon the destiny of Man—the power of the Mind when fortified by religion—its conquest over difficulties, and its triumph amidst torture and death, of both of which, John Knox, before the Lords of the Congregation, affords an appropriate instance. The sublime impressions, and the hallowed refinement and loveliness of the Sabbath, present a succession of delightful pictures, which are thus introduced:—

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn!
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
Oh sainted day, on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;—
How longs the soul with Deity to move
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
Thy beauty and thy wisdom, and thy love,
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates Jehovah to reveal!
Whilst mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus like a seraph's, reach eternal day;—
Futurity its starry mantle flings,
And shrinks the past an atom in its ray!
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless—so sublime,
The skies grow dark, *their* grandeur falls away
Before the wordless glory of that clime [of time.
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds

Hail Sabbath hour!—Hail comforter and guide!—
Hour when the wanderer, home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to *all* that *mourn* thy peace descends;
When e'en the captive's griefs less sternly lower:—
Hour when the cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation! God's redeeming hour!
Eternity is thine! and Heaven exalting power!

This train of thought naturally leads the mind to the contemplation of the endless rest of which the earthly Sabbath is but the imperfect emblem, and after a beautiful apostrophe to the Star of Bethlehem, the poet thus concludes:—

Oh, Mind immortal!—Mind ineffable!—
Infinite Wisdom of the Godhead known;
Soul of all spheres wherever life may dwell
Eternal Intellect!—Thoughts first, grand throne,
Thou, who dost stretch thy hand from zone to zone,
And holdst the fate of empires at thy feet.
We bless thee, God, for boundless mercies shown!
We bless thee that the grave holds promise sweet,
That we, through Death's dead night, thy saving
morn shall meet.

Salvation! bid this Earth resume the sound!—
Sing it—ye Forests—lift your boughs in song!
And thou, vast Ocean—to thine utmost bound
Swell the bright tidings of the cross along!
And you—ye giant mountains—with a tongue
Majestic as the thunder harp above,
Sound forth Salvation to the world's wide throng,
Again the Ark is saved BY CHRIST the DOVE,
And MIND redeemed through God's almighty endless
Love.

Upwards of sixty "Miscellaneous Poems," follow, many of which have already appeared in the *Annals* and other periodicals. We select, as appropriate to the season, and illustrative of Mr. Swain's lighter style, rather than on account of its superiority over others, that entitled

KING FROST.

I.

King Frost galloped hard from his palace of snow
To the hills whence the floods dashed in thunder below;
But he breathed on the waters, that swooned at his will,
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrent stood still!
"Ho! ho!" thought the King, as he galloped along,
"I have stopp'd those mad torrents awhile in their song."

II.

With pennons high streaming in gladness and pride,
A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide;
But whilst bold hearts were deeming their perils all past,
King Frost struck the billows and fetter'd them fast!
"Ho! ho!" cried the monarch, "their homes may long wait
Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of your fate!"

III.

Through the forest rode he, and the skeleton trees
Groaned, wither'd and wild, 'gainst the desolate breeze;
And shook their hoar locks as the Frost King flew by,
Whilst the hail rattled round, like a volley from high!
"Ho! ho!" shouted he, "my old sylvans, ye're bare,
But my minister, Snow, shall find robes for your wear!"

IV.

By the convent sped he—by the lone, ruin'd fane,
Where the castle frown'd wild o'er its rocky domain;
And the warder grew pelted, and shook, as in fear,
As the monarch swept by with his icicle spear!
Whilst his herald, the Blast, breathed defiance below,
And hurrah'd for King Frost and his Palace of Snow!

Poetry.

MARY.

(From "Poems of Past Years," by James Parker.)

I watched thy fairy form in infancy
Expand in beauty 'neath a mother's eye;
I dreamed not then that thou couldst ever be
Aught but a child to me.

I mind, of old, in the long summer day,
I loved to see thee at thy childish play:
A spell of deeper, yet of gentler power,
Came with a future hour.

I watched the bud unfolding hour by hour,
Unconsciously, till it became the flower;
I knew, then, thou wert altered; and I knew
That I was altered too.

I loved thee! ere I knew it, friendship grew
A name too cold—a holier radiance threw
Its influence o'er the altar of my heart
Love only could impart.

I loved thee!—long concealed within my breast,
(Like miser's gold, disturbing all his rest,)
The secret lay—'twas whispered only when
I knew I was beloved again.

FOX-HUNTING GENTLEMEN, THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS, AND THEIR LADIES.—An unsophisticated observer, on his first visit to a hunting country, must instantly be struck by the magnificence of the establishments, as well as by the taste, inventive ingenuity, and scientific knowledge displayed in them—the kennels and stables built with far more regard to health and comfort than the dwelling houses—the dogs and horses dieted according to the established principles of art—more pains taken with the education of a fox-hound than with that of a country gentleman fifty years ago; and as many delicate attentions lavished on a sick hunter by a nursing groom, as a lady of quality would receive from Sir Henry Halford or her waiting-maid. Then, how painfully would the sense of his own insignificance be forced upon him by the absorbing character of the pursuit—the complete devotion of all around him to the master passion—the entire subservience of thoughts, feelings, habits, senses, to the presiding influence and genius of the place! "Pray, my lord," said Nimrod to the present Duke of Cleveland, "is not your kennel here very near the house? Does not the savour of the boiler sometimes find its way into the drawing-room?"—"It may," replied his lordship; "but we are all too well bred for fox-hunting to mind that." Woe indeed to the wife, sister, or daughter, who betrays any feminine weakness in this

respect! "I was once present," says Nimrod, "when an anecdote was told of a gentleman having purchased a pack of fox hounds; but, on their arrival at his kennel, his wife went into fits, in which she continued till the hounds were sent back again to their original owner."—"If my wife had done so," said Mr. Corbet, "I would never have kissed her again till she took off her night-cap, and cried Tally-ho."—*Edinburgh Review.*

BEGGARS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—There is a curious description of the life of a beggar of the time of Elizabeth, in the *Belman of London*, published in 1608. After describing his various modes of raising supplies, the writer adds, "The whole kingdom is but his walk, a whole citie is but his parish: in every man's kitchen is his meat drest; in every man's cellar lies his beere; and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend."

DR. BERKELEY.—As Berkeley, the celebrated author of the immaterial theory, was one morning musing in the cloisters of Trinity College, Dublin, an acquaintance came up to him, and seeing him wrapt in contemplation, hit him a smart rap on the shoulder with his cane. The doctor starting, called out, "What's the matter?" His acquaintance looking him steadily in the face, replied, "No matter, Berkeley."

A son of Galen who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying,—"I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely," replied the wag, "for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales."

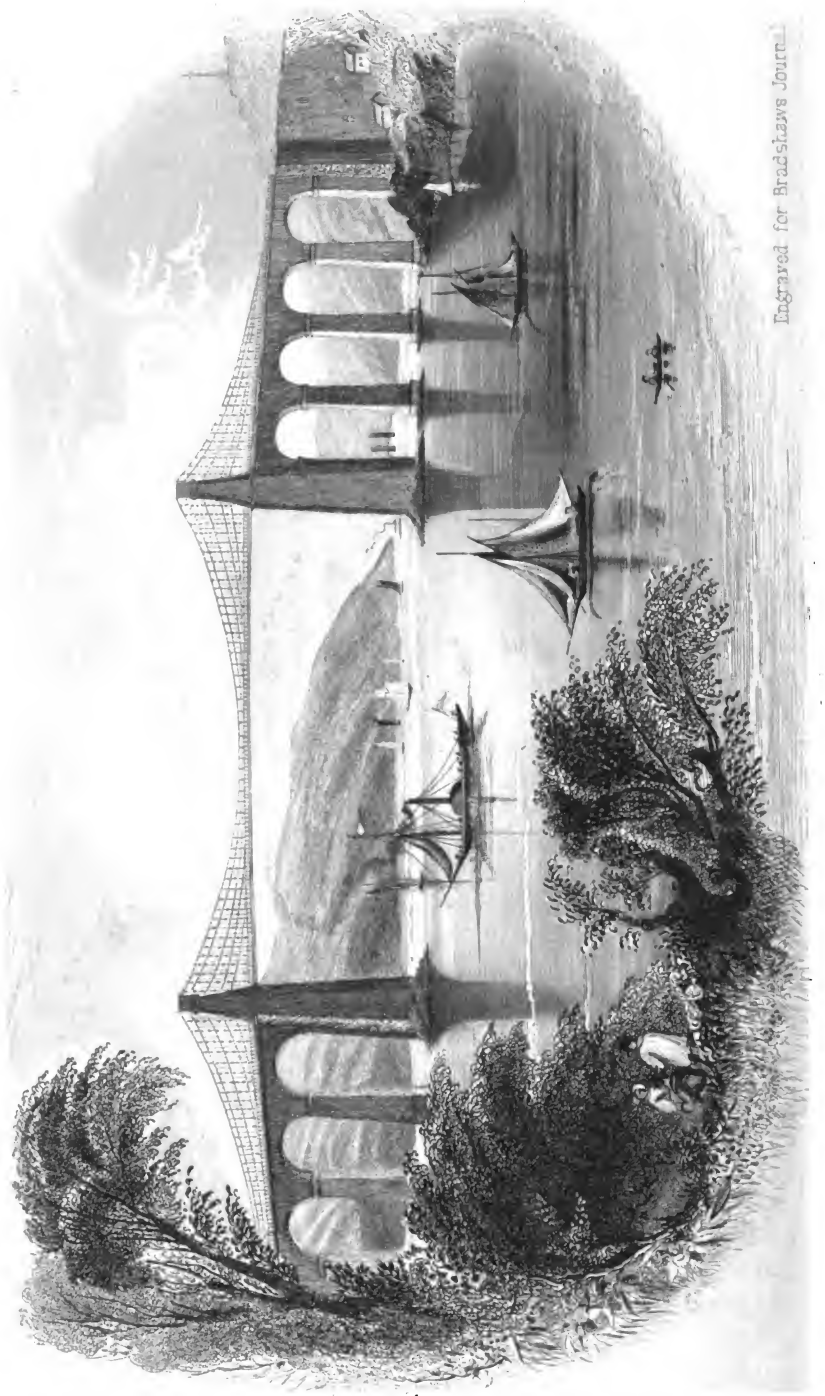
SWIFT.—Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do they will certainly tax it."

AMBITION is a lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are *some* prizes; but in dissipation *every one* draws a blank.—*Letters of Stephen Montague.*

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann, DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester



Engraved for Bradshaw's Journal

WILLIAM BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 11.]

SATURDAY, 15TH JANUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

MENAI BRIDGE, NORTH WALES.

(With an Engraving.)

There are few public structures of which so many and varying representations have been given, as of this remarkable Bridge. Its singular situation may, in some degree, account for this peculiarity,—as, in some drawings, considerable prominence is given to the adjacent mountainous scenery, which, from its lofty and imposing character, renders even this triumph of human skill, diminutive and insignificant;—whilst others, viewing it from the surface of the waters of the Strait, or from the shore immediately below, have exhibited it in proportions which lead the traveller to feel disappointed at its dimensions, when he first sees it at a distance.

We have before us five engravings of the Menai Bridge, by different artists, no two of which agree, either in the relative proportions of the work itself, or as it contrasts with the objects around; it is therefore with more than ordinary pleasure that we present the view accompanying this Number, in which, in our judgment, these objections are very happily obviated.

Neither the pen nor the pencil can, however, adequately describe this splendid monument of the genius of Telford; it must be seen to be appreciated; and as the surrounding country exhibits a greater variety of ancient remains, modern structures, lofty mountains, extensive lakes, and dark defiles, than any district of similar extent in the empire—we feel we shall have earned our readers' hearty

thanks if, by our attempt, however imperfect, to direct their attention to it, they are induced, during the approaching summer, to invigorate their bodies and minds by a fortnight's sojourn at Beaumaris or Bangor, where, as Mr. Roscoe observes of Lanrwst—a not distant locality—"are concentrated, within an extremely narrow compass, a thousand elements of the picturesque, combined, with all the cunning of Nature's hand, into an endless succession of pictures—

Ever varying, ever new!"

From no spot can the traveller take so many varied and pleasant excursions, both by land and water, as from the antique city of Bangor. Within a moderate distance we have Conway and Beaumaris, with their castles, parks, and walks—Aber, with its falls and historic associations, Amlwch, Plas Newydd, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesea, with its gallery and ancient curious Druidical remains; and we might add, the modern and magnificent Penhryn Castle, with its rich interiors and commanding prospects,—Carnarvon, and its massive towers and rare antiquities—the port, the island of Anglesea—the great quarries—and Snowdon itself,—affording the happiest succession of scenery, and of interesting objects, by which the mind is kept delightfully employed in contemplating the wonders of creative power and the interesting remnants of the olden time.

The Menai, or "Narrow Water," which separates the Island of Anglesea from Carnarvonshire, is about fifteen miles in length, and its breadth varies from two miles to two hun-

dred yards. Six ferry stations have existed on it for several centuries; but as the tide flows through the strait with great velocity, the navigation is often difficult and dangerous, especially at the Port-aeth-hwy Ferry, which intersected the proposed improved line of road from Holyhead to London.

Mr. Telford was, in 1818, employed, under the direction of a select Parliamentary Committee, in surveying this line of communication, when his attention was directed to the practicability of constructing a bridge over the Strait. Various designs were presented by him to the Committee, from which that of the present suspension bridge was chosen, and to its construction the energies of his powerful mind were incessantly directed until its completion.

"This bridge," says a writer in the *Repository of Arts* for October, 1834, "occasioned Mr. Telford more intense thought than any other of his works. To a friend, a few months before his death, he stated that his anxiety for a short time previous to the opening was so extreme that he had but little sound sleep; and that a much longer continuance of that condition of mind must have undermined his health. Not that he had any reason to doubt the strength or stability of the structure, for he had employed all the precautions that he could imagine useful, as suggested by his own experience and consideration, or by the zeal and talents of his able assistants, yet the bare possibility that some weak point might escape his and their vigilance in a work so new, kept the whole structure constantly passing in review before his mind's eye, to examine if he could discover a point that did not contribute its share to the perfection of the whole."

The Menai Bridge consists of one principal opening, the breadth of which, between the centres of the supporting pyramids, is five hundred and sixty feet, in addition to which spacious waterway there are four arches of stone on the Anglesea side, and three on the Carnarvon, to complete the communication, each having a span of fifty feet, with a springing line sixty-five feet above the level of high water, spring tides. The whole breadth of the channel, or rather length of the bridge, amounts to eight hundred and eighty feet, and the roadway is elevated one hundred feet above the surface of high water. The sea-end of each series of arches is terminated by a pyramid, rising fifty feet above the level of the roadway; over the summits of these pass sixteen supporting chains, from which a horizontal roadway is suspended by vertical iron rods, united at their lower extremities with the sleepers of the roadway. The whole breadth of the roadway is divided into two carriage tracks, each twelve

feet broad, and a foot path of four feet in breadth, in the intermediate space, each protected by guards ten inches in height and six in thickness. The carriageways pass through arches constructed in the supporting pyramids, and, to prevent the possibility of a collision of vehicles, are continued separate to the land extremities of each series of arches.

In order to obtain a safe tenure for the main chains, the extreme links are enlarged and pierced with eyes, through which strong iron bolts are passed, constituting a species of framework, and the whole mass embedded securely in the solid rock. The sixteen chains are formed into four lines of suspension, extending one thousand seven hundred and fourteen feet in length; five hundred and seventy-nine and a half of which form a catenary curve, between the pyramids, from which the roadway is suspended. A weight of six hundred and thirty-nine tons, nineteen hundred and nine pounds, is suspended between the pyramids, and the estimated weight of the iron work, from one extremity of the suspension chains to the other, amounts to two thousand one hundred and thirty tons, eighteen hundred being of wrought iron and only three hundred and thirty of cast. To give the iron work a fair bearing in their respective chambers, the following precaution was adopted: each bar and pin were wrapped in flannel, saturated with white lead and oil, and, to establish close and impenetrable joints, Borradaile's patent felt was introduced between them, eight thousand superficial feet of which were consumed in this manner. The floor is composed of three strata of planks, the first three inches in thickness, the middle and the lowest two inches each, layers of patent felt being introduced between the planking strata. Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and ninety feet of felt were consumed in the roadway alone. Screens or trellis-work of light bars protect each side, and permit the breezes to pass freely through; and a hand-rail of African oak directs and confines the hesitating steps of the foot passenger. The floor of the suspended part frequently assumes an arched appearance, which is not its original form, but arises from a contraction in the chains on the land side of the pyramids, the effect of which, being diffused equally over the chain of the suspended part, causes a temporary elevation of the roadway. It must be remarked that the sixteen main chains recline on saddles on the summits of the pyramids, without being attached to them, whereby every contraction or expansion which may occur on one side is communicated to the other, and over the whole, without any danger of rocking or disturbing the masonry.

In the construction of the stone arches the

same care and scientific knowledge are displayed which characterize every part of this noble work. The arches on each side, adjacent to the main piers, are semicircular, the others are less segments gradually diminishing as they approach the land: the crowns continuing parallel to the roadway admit a handsome entablature and cornice. A beautiful marble, raised at Penmon in Anglesea, is employed in the mason work, and Aberdaw lime was used in bedding the blocks that were laid under water.

The first stone of this great work was laid, without ceremony, by W. A. Provia, Esq. on the 10th of August, 1820; it is a block of marble about three tons in weight, placed in the centre of the sea front of the main pier erected on Ynys-y-Moch. Messrs. Straphan and Hall contracted for the execution of the masonry.

On the 20th day of April, 1825, the first main chain was thrown across the strait, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators. At half flood, and about half-past two o'clock, p. m. a raft, stationed near the Carnarvonshire coast, bearing a part of the chain intended to be raised, was freed from its moorings, and towed by four boats, down the current of the tide, to the centre of the strait between the pyramids or main piers: when the raft was placed in its proper position it was secured to buoys anchored in the channel for that purpose. This first operation occupied a space of twenty-five minutes. The end of the chain, hanging from the top of the pyramid on the Carnarvonshire side, was then bolted to one end of the chain laid upon the raft, while two powerful blocks were attached to the other end, for the purpose of raising it over the saddle of the Anglesea pier. This being completed, two capstans with twenty-four men at each, and two preventive capstans, employing an equal number of hands, were set to work. To ensure equability in the rotatory motion of the principal capstan, a fifer was at hand who continued to play a lively tune, to which the men stepped with regularity, having been previously trained to do so. At fifty minutes after four o'clock the bolt which completed the whole line of chain was fixed, so that from the first unmooring of the raft to the uniting of those portions of the chain which have their extremities made fast in the shores of the two opposite counties, only two hours and twenty minutes were consumed. Upon the completion of this important step, upon the success of which all further advances entirely depended, the assembled crowd gave way to much enthusiastic expression of admiration: three of the workmen, in the ardour of the moment, had the great good fortune to succeed in walking across upon

the upper surface of the chain, and a shoemaker from Bangor seated himself near the centre of the curve, and there drove the last sparable into one of those useful productions of his art, called clogs.

A modern tourist* thus describes the first impressions produced upon the eye and the mind, by this magnificent proof of human ingenuity and power. "Having landed, by means of boats, upon the Anglesea side, we proceeded to the bridge, the visiting of which is a new era in the lives of those who have not had that pleasure, and it is a renewed luxury to those who have seen it again and again. Our party walked over the bridge slowly, because there was something to admire at every step:—the effect of a passing carriage; the vibration caused even by a hand applied to the suspended rods; the depth to the level of the water; the fine view of the Straits in both directions; the lofty pillar erected in honour of Lord Anglesea, the diminutive appearance of persons on the shore; the excellence and strength of the workmanship; the beauty of the arches over the road through the suspension piers, and the echo in them,—all conspired to delight and detain us. Many of our party went down the steep bank to the foot of the bridge, from which point, certainly, the best view is to be had of the whole structure, inasmuch as by being in contact, as it were, with its proportions on *terra firma*, a better idea can be formed of its real and, indeed, wonderful dimensions. We actually lingered about the spot, careless of time, or of aught but the scene we were contemplating. There is so much magnificence, beauty and elegance, in this grand work of art, that it harmonises and accords perfectly with the natural scenery around, and though in itself an object of admiration, still, in connexion, it heightens the effect of the general view." But, with Mr. Roscoe, we think that, when seen in the light of a clear autumnal sunset, throwing its splendour over the wide range of hills beyond, and the sweep of richly variegated groves and plantations which cover their base,—the bright sea—the rocky, picturesque foreground—villas, spires, and towers here and there enlivening the prospect—it appears in its highest glory, and resembles some edifice in Eastern fable, rather than the result of human skill.

By Mr. Telford the Menai Bridge was considered his greatest work, and we feel we should neither be doing justice to our readers nor to the subject, without presenting in an early Number, a brief biographical notice of this celebrated engineer.

* "Guide to Snowdonia." By Mr. John Smith.

MANICHEISM.

Towards the close of the third century, while the religion of the East was undergoing signal evolutions, and the antagonist creeds of Magianism and Christianity were growing up into powerful and hostile systems, and assuming an important influence on the political affairs of Asia; while the East and the West began that strife of centuries, which subsequently continued in a more fierce and implacable form in the conflict between Christianity and Mahometanism; a bold and ambitious adventurer in the career of religious change, attempted to unite the conflicting elements; to reconcile the hostile genius of the East and of the West; to fuse together, in one comprehensive scheme, Christianity, Zoroastrianism, and, apparently, the Buddhism of India. It is singular to trace the doctrines of the most opposite systems, and of remote religions, assembled together and harmonized in the vast Eclecticism of Mani. From his native Persia he derived his Dualism, his antagonist worlds of light and darkness; and from Magianism, likewise, his contempt of outward temple and splendid ceremonial. From Gnosticism, or rather from universal Orientalism, he drew the inseparable admixture of physical and moral notions; the eternal hostility between mind and matter; the rejection of Judaism, and the identification of the God of the Old Testament with the evil spirit; the distinction between Jesus and the Christ; with the docetism, or the unreal death, of the incorporeal Christ. From Cabalism, through Gnosticism, came the primal man, the Adam Cædmon of that system; and (if that be a genuine part of this system) the assumption of beautiful human forms—those of graceful boys and attractive virgins—by the powers of light, and their union with the male and female spirits of darkness. From India he took the Emanation theory, (all light was a part of the Deity, and in one sense, the soul of the world,) the metempsychosis, the triple division of human souls (the one, the pure; which re-ascended at once, and was re-united to the primal light: the second, the semi-pure; which, having passed through a purgatorial process, returned to earth, to pass through a second ordeal of life: the third, of obstinate and irreclaimable evil). From India, perhaps, came his Homophorus, as the Greeks called it, his Atlas, who supported the earth upon his shoulders; and his Splenditenens, the circumambient air. From Chaldea he borrowed the power of astral influences; and he approximated to the solar worship of expiring Paganism: Christ, the Mediator, like the Mithra of his countrymen, had his dwelling in the sun.

From his native country Mani derived the simple diet of fruits and herbs; from the Buddhism of India, his respect for animal life, which was neither to be slain for food or for sacrifice; from all the anti-materialist sects or religions, the abhorrence of all sensual indulgence, even the bath as well as the banquet; the proscription, or, at least, the disparagement of marriage. And the whole of these foreign and extraneous tenets, his creative imagination blended with his own form of Christianity; for, so completely are they mingled, that it is difficult to decide whether Christianity or Magianism formed the groundwork of his system. From Christianity he derived not, perhaps, a strictly Nicene, but more an Arian, Trinity. His own system was the completion of the imperfect revelation of the Gospel. He was a *man* invested with a divine mission, the Paraclete, (for Mani appears to have distinguished between the Paraclete and the Holy Spirit,) who was to consummate the great work auspiciously commenced, yet unfulfilled, by the mission of Jesus. Mani had twelve apostles. His Ertang, was intended to supersede the four Christian Evangelists; whose works, though valuable, he averred had been interpolated with many Jewish fables. The Acts, Mani altogether rejected, as announcing the descent of the Paraclete on the Apostles. On the writings of St. Paul he pronounced a more favourable sentence. But his Ertang, it is said, was not merely the work of a prophet, but of a painter; for, among his various accomplishments, Mani excelled in that art. It was richly illustrated by paintings, which commanded the wonder of the age; while his followers, in devout admiration, studied the tenets of their master in the splendid images, as well as in the sublime language, of the Marvellous Book. If this be true, since the speculative character of Mani's chief tenets, their theogonical, if it may be so said, extramundane character, lay beyond the proper province of the painter, (the imitation of existing beings, and that idealism which, though elevating its objects to an unreal dignity or beauty, is, nevertheless, faithful to the truth of nature,) this imagery, with which his book was illuminated, was probably a rich system of Oriental symbolism, which may have been transmuted by the blind zeal of his followers, or the misapprehension of his adversaries, into some of his more fanciful tenets. The religion of Persia was fertile in these emblematic figures, if not their native source; and in the gorgeous illuminated manuscripts of the East, often full of allegorical devices, we may discover, perhaps, the antitypes of the Ertang of Mani.

Mani (we blend together and harmonize, as

far as possible, the conflicting accounts of the Greeks and Asiatics) was of Persian birth, of the sacred race of the Magi. He wore the dress of a Persian of distinction; the lofty Babylonian sandals, the mantle of azure blue, the parti-coloured trousers, and the ebony staff in his hand. He was a proficient in the learning of his age and country, a mathematician, and had made a globe; he was deeply skilled, as appears from his system, in the theogonical mysteries of the East; and so well versed in the Christian Scriptures, as to be said, and, indeed, he may at one time have been a Christian Priest, in the province of Ahoriaz, that bordered on Babylonia. He began to propagate his doctrines during the reign of Shahpoor; but the son of Ardisheer would endure no invasion upon the established Magianism. Mani fled from the wrath of his Sovereign into Turkestan; from thence he is said to have visited India, and even China. In Turkestan he withdrew himself from the society of men, like Mahomet in the cave of Hera, into a grotto, through which flowed a fountain of water, and in which provision for a year had been secretly stored. His followers believed that he had ascended into heaven, to commune with the Deity. At the end of the year he re-appeared, and displayed his Ertang, embellished with its paintings, as the divine revelation.

In the theory of Mani, the one Supreme, who hovered in inaccessible and uninfluential distance over the whole Gnostic systems, the Brahm of the Indians, and the more vague and abstract Zeruane Akerene of Zoroastrianism, holds no place. The groundwork of his system is an original and irreconcilable Dualism. The two antagonist worlds of light and darkness, of spirit and matter, existed from eternity, separate, unmingled, unapproaching, ignorant of each other's existence. The kingdom of light was held by God the Father, who "rejoiced in his own proper eternity, and comprehended in himself wisdom and vitality." His most glorious kingdom was founded in a light and blessed region, which could not be moved or shaken. On one side of his most illustrious and holy territory was the land of darkness, of vast depth and extent, inhabited by fiery bodies, and pestiferous races of beings. Civil dissensions agitated the world of darkness; the defeated factions fled to the heights, or to the extreme verge of the world. They beheld, with amazement and with envy, the beautiful and peaceful regions of light. They determined to invade the delightful realm; and the primal man, the archetypal Adam, was formed to defend the borders against this irruption of the hostile powers. He was armed with his five elements, opposed to those which

formed the realm of darkness. The primal man was in danger of discomfiture in the long and fearful strife, had not Oromazd, the great power of the world of light, sent the living Spirit to his assistance. The power of darkness retreated; but they bore away some particles of the divine light; and the extrication of these particles (portions of the Deity, according to the subtle materialism of the system) is the object of the long and almost interminable strife of the two principles. Thus, part of the Divinity was interfused through the whole of matter; light was, throughout all visible existence, commingled with darkness. Mankind was the creation of the offspring of the great principle of darkness, after this stolen and ethereal light had become incorporated with his dark and material being. Man was formed in the image of the primal Adam; his nature was threefold, or perhaps dualistic: the body, the concupiscent or sensual soul, (which may have been the influence of the body on the soul,) and the pure, celestial, and intellectual spirit. Eve was of inferior, of darker, and more material origin: for the creating Archon, or spirit of evil, had expended all the light, or soul, upon man. Her beauty was the fatal tree of Paradise, for which Adam was content to fall. It was by this union, that the sensual or concupiscent soul triumphed over the pure and divine spirit; and it is by marriage, by sexual union, that the darkening race was propagated. The intermediate, the visible world, which became the habitation of man, was the creation of the principle of good, by his spirit. This primal principle subsisted in trinal unity; (whether from eternity, might, perhaps, have been as fiercely agitated in the Manichean as in the Christian schools;) the Christ, the first efflux of the God of Light, would have been defined by the Manichean, as in the Nicene Creed, as Light of Light: he was self-subsistent, endowed with all the perfect attributes of the Deity, and his dwelling was in the sun. He was the Mithra of the Persian system; and the Manichean doctrine was Zoroastrianism under Christian appellations. There is an evident difference between the Jesus and the Christos, throughout the system; the Jesus Patibilis seems to be the imprisoned and suffering light.

The Spirit, which made up the triple being of the primal principle of good, was an all-pervading æther, the source of life and being; which, continually stimulating the disseminated particles of light, was the animating principle of the worlds. He was the Creator of the intermediate world, the scene of strife, in which the powers of light and darkness contested the dominion over man; the one as-

sisting the triumph of the particle of light which formed the intellectual spirit, the other embruting and darkening the imprisoned light with the corruption and sensual pollutions of matter. But the powers of darkness obtained the mastery, and man was rapidly degenerating into the baser destiny; the Homophorus, the Atlas on whose shoulders the earth rests, began to tremble and totter under his increasing burden. Then the Christ descended from his dwelling in the sun; assumed a form *apparently* human; the Jews, incited by the prince of darkness, crucified his phantom form; but he left behind his Gospel, which dimly and imperfectly taught, what was now revealed, in all its full effulgence, by Mani the Persian.

The celestial bodies, which had been formed by the living Spirit of the purer element, were the witnesses and co-operators in the great strife. To the sun, the dwelling of the Christ, were drawn up the purified souls, in which the principle of light had prevailed, and passed onward for ablution in the pure water, which forms the moon; and then, after fifteen days, returned to the source of light in the sun. The spirits of evil, on the creation of the visible world, lest they should fly away, and bear off into irrecoverable darkness the light which was still floating about, had been seized by the living Spirit, and bound to the stars. Hence the malignant influences of the constellations; hence all the terrific and destructive fury of the elements. While the soft and refreshing and fertilizing showers are the distillation of the celestial Spirit, the thunders are the roarings, the lightning the flashing wrath, the hurricane the furious breath, the torrent and destructive rains the sweat, of the demon of darkness. This wrath is peculiarly excited by the exaltation of the passive Jesus, who was said to have been begotten upon the all-conceiving earth, from his power, by the pure Spirit. The passive Jesus is an emblem, in one sense, it should seem, or type of mankind; more properly, in another, of the imprisoned deity or light. For gradually the souls of men were drawn upwards to the purifying sun; they passed through the twelve signs of the zodiac to the moon, whose waxing and waning was the reception and transmission of light to the sun, and from the sun to the Fountain of Light. Those which were less pure passed again through different bodies, gradually became defecated, during this long metempsychosis; and there only remained a few obstinately and inveterately embruted in darkness, whom the final consummation of the visible world would leave in the irreclaimable society of the evil powers. At that consummation, the Homophorus would shake off his load; the world

would be dissolved in fire; the powers of darkness cast back, for all eternity, to their primeval state; the condemned souls would be kneaded up for ever in impenetrable matter, while the purified souls, in martial hosts, would surround the frontier of the region of light, and for ever prohibit any new irruption from the antagonist world of darkness.

The worship of the Manicheans was simple: they built no altar, they raised no temple, they had no images, they had no imposing ceremonial; pure and simple prayer was their only form of adoration. They did not celebrate the birth of Christ, for of his birth they denied the reality; their paschal feast, as they equally disbelieved the reality of Christ's passion, though kept holy, had little of the Christian form. Prayers addressed to the sun, or, at least, with their faces directed to that tabernacle in which Christ dwelt; hymns to the great principle of light; exhortations to subdue the dark and sensual element within; and the study of the marvellous book of Mani, constituted their devotion. They observed the Lord's day: they administered baptism, probably with oil; for they seem (though this point is obscure) to have rejected water-baptism: they celebrated the eucharist; but as they abstained altogether from wine, they probably used pure water, or water mingled with raisins. Their manners were austere and ascetic; they tolerated, but only tolerated, marriage, and that only among the inferior orders: the theatre, the banquet, even the bath, were severely proscribed. Their diet was of fruits and herbs; they shrunk with abhorrence from animal food; and, with Buddhist nicety, would tremble at the guilt of having extinguished the principle of life, the spark, as it were, of celestial light, in the meanest creature. This involved them in the strangest absurdities and contradictions, which are pressed against them by their antagonists with unrelenting logic. They admitted penitence for sin, and laid the fault of their delinquencies on the overpowering influence of matter. Mani suffered the fate of all who attempt to reconcile conflicting parties, without power to enforce harmony between them. He was disclaimed and rejected, with every mark of indignation and abhorrence, by both. On his return from exile, indeed, he was received with respect and favour by the reigning Sovereign, Hormouz, the son of Shahpoor, who bestowed upon him a castle named Arabion. In this point alone the Greek and Oriental accounts coincide. It was from his own castle that Mani attempted to propagate his doctrines among the Christians in the province of Babylonia. The fame of Marcellus, a noble Christian soldier, for his charitable acts in the re-

demption of hundreds of captives, designated him as a convert who might be of invaluable service to the cause of Manicheism. According to the Christian account, Mani experienced a signal discomfiture in his conference with Archelaus, Bishop of Cascar. But his dispute with the Magian Hierarchy had a more fearful termination. It was an artifice of the new King Baharem to tempt the dangerous teacher from his castle. He was seized, flayed alive, and his skin, stuffed with straw, placed over the gate of the city of Shahpoor.

But wild as may appear his doctrines, they expired not with their author. The anniversary of his death was hallowed by his mourning disciples. The sect was organized upon the Christian model: he left his twelve Apostles, his seventy-two Bishops, his priesthood. His distinction between the elect or the perfect, and the hearers or catechumans, offered an exact image of the orthodox Christian communities; and the latter were permitted to marry, to eat animal food, and cultivate the earth. In the East and in the West, the doctrines spread with the utmost rapidity; and the deep impression which they made upon the mind of man, may be estimated by Manicheism having become almost throughout Asia and Europe, a by-word of religious animosity. In the Mahometan world, the tenets of the Sadducean, the impious Mani, are branded as the worst and most awful impiety. In the West, the progress of the believers in this most dangerous of heresiarchs was so successful, that the followers of Mani were condemned to the flames or to the mines; and the property of those who introduced the "execrable usages and foolish laws of the Persians" into the peaceful empire of Rome, confiscated to the imperial treasury. One of the edicts of Diocletian was aimed at their suppression. St. Augustine himself with difficulty escaped the trammels of their creed, to become their most able antagonist; and in every century of Christianity, Manicheism, when its real nature was as much unknown as the Copernicean system, was a proverb of reproach against all sectaries who departed from the unity of the church.—*Milman's History of Christianity.*

WILL SOMMERS,

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S JESTER.

Will Sommers, the Buffoon or Jester to King Henry the Eighth, was one of the most renowned of his class, although very little is known of his actual biography. Though a reputed fool, he was highly celebrated for his sarcastic wit and sparkling talents at repartee,

and that unaccompanied by the scurrility and grossness which profaned the conversation of his fellow jesters.

It appears from a scarce tract, intituled, "A pleasant History of the Life and Death of *Will Somers, &c.*" (which was first published in 1676, and great part of which is said to have been taken from Andrew Borde's collection of "The Merry Jests and Witty Shifts of Scoggin,") that he was the son of a poor shepherd and husbandman in the neighbourhood of Eston Neston, in Northamptonshire, and that for some time he lived servant to Richard Farmor, Esq. of that place, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret. He was afterwards constrained to proceed to London in search of employment, his master having been found guilty of a *præmunire*, and stript of all his property by Henry the Eighth, for sending eight-pence and two shirts, to a priest who had been convicted of denying the King's supremacy, and was then in the gaol at Buckingham.

Having by his drollery and good temper obtained a place in the service of a gentleman about the court, "the fame of his vast abilities soon came to the ear of the King, who sent to see and talk with him; and so well did he comply with that unruly monarch's humour, that he presently entertained him both in his grace and living, in quality of his jester.

"And now who but Will Sommers, the King's Fool? who had got such an interest in him by his quick and facetious jests, that he could have admittance into His Majesty's chamber, and have his hear, when a great nobleman, nay, a privy counsellor, could not be suffered to speak with him: and farther, if the King were angry or displeased with any thing, if no man else durst demand the cause of his discontent, then was Will Sommers provided with one pleasant conceit or another, to take off the edge of his displeasure. Being of an easy and tractable disposition, he soon found the fashions of the court, and obtained a general love and notice of the nobility; for he was no carry-tale, nor flattering insinuator, to breed discord and dissention, but an honest, plain, downright [man], that would speak home without halting, and tell the truth of purpose to shame the devil,—so that his plainness, mixed with a kind of facetiousness, and tartness with pleasantry, made him acceptable in the company of all men."

There cannot, perhaps, be a greater proof of the estimation in which our Jester was held by King Henry, than the circumstance of his portrait having been twice introduced into the same piece with that of the King; once in the fine picture by Holbein of Henry VIII. and his family, now in the meeting room of the

Society of Antiquaries, and again, in an illuminated Psalter which was written expressly for that Sovereign, by John Mallard, his Chaplin and Secretary, ("Regis Orator et Celamo") and is now preserved in the British Museum. (According to a very ancient custom, there is prefixed to Psalm 52, "*dixit incipiens*" in the above Psalter, a miniature illumination of King David and a Fool, whose figures, in this instance, are portraits of Henry VIII. and his favourite Will Sommers. The King is seated at a kind of altar table, and playing on the harp, whilst Sommers, who is standing near him, with his hands clasped over his breast, appears to listen with admiration. The King wears a round flat cap, furred, and a vest of imperial purple striped with gold, and fluted at bottom; his doublet is red, padded with white; his hose crimson: on his right leg is a blue garter. Sommers is in a vest, with a hood thrown over the back: his stockings are blue; at his girdle is a black pouch).

Many instances of the readiness of his wit, and peculiar aptness of his sarcasms, are upon record; yet the exact degree of credit that is due to the genuineness of the sayings attributed to him, is somewhat dubious. The license in which, emboldened by the King's favour, he indulged at Court, and the keenness of his remarks, is reputed to have given umbrage to Cardinal Wolsey, who, on one occasion (after Sommers had given a tart answer to a rhyme propounded by his royal master), thinking to quail his assurance, thus questioned him, "William, what say you to this rhyme?

"A rod in the School,
And a Whip for a Fool,
Are always in season:—"

to which he instantly replied,

"A Halter and a Rope,
For him that would be Pope,
Against all Right and Reason."

At the smartness of this reply, the Cardinal bit his lips from vexation, for the bruit was, that he was then "aiming to raise himself to the Papal See:" a surmise that was soon afterwards validated by the discovery of his private correspondence with the Court of Rome.

But a still more unpalatable jest, and one that is stated to have had a fatal influence on Wolsey's fortunes, is thus recorded in the "Pleasant History:" there does not, however, appear to have been any foundation for this story.—"Will Sommers paying a visit to the Cardinal's fool, named Patch, was invited by him into an innermost, or private cellar, to taste some choice wine; but having pierced one or two hogsheads, nothing came out, and yet they were very heavy. Nothing discouraged, Patch went to another, and so tried half a

score. At length, Will Sommers, with a hammer that lay by, struck the head off one of the hogsheads, when there appeared nothing but gold; at which Will Sommers said nothing, but when he came to Court, tells the King what a cellar of wine he had been in at the Cardinal's; and that his [the King's] cellars yielded no such wine, nor ever would. "How," says the King, "have not I such wine in my cellar?" "No, indeed," says Will, "for there is never a hogshead in the Cardinal's cellar but is worth ten thousand pound and better." "Mother of God," says the King, "that is such wine that I never heard of. Ten thousand pounds a hogshead!" "Nay," returned Sommers, "rather more than less." "Come, sirrah," says the King, "tell me your meaning, for I know there is something else in it; tell me, or I will hang thee." Then Will told the King how Patch, the Cardinal's fool, brought him into his cellar, to drink wine, and broached two or three hogsheads, and no wine came forth; so at length he burst open the head of one of the hogsheads, and that was full of gold, and so was the next to that, and forty more which he saw. Whereupon the King presently sent messengers and other officers to the Cardinal's cellars, and there finds 150 hogsheads of good gold, which was conveyed to the exchequer, and was welcome to the King, for at that time he had great need of it. Now the Cardinal, hearing of this sad fortune, fell sick at Esher, in Surrey, and endeavoured to make friends to pacify the King's anger against him, but failing in the attempt, he took it so much to heart, as to cause his death soon after."

Ascham, in his "*Toxophilus*," which was first printed in 1554, gives the following indirect evidence of the straight-forwardness of his character and general cast of temper and disposition. "They be not much unlike in this point to Wyll Sommer, the Kinges foole, which smiteth him that standeth alwayes before his face, be he never so worshipfull a man, and never greatlye lokes for him which lurkes behinde another man's backe, that hurte him in deede."

In a Wardrobe Account of Henry the VIII.'s reign, which has been published in the ninth volume of the "*Archæologia*," are the following entries relating to the dress of Sommers. The account, in fact, is a mandatory order from the King, (dated at Wyndesore, on the 28th of June, in his 27th year, anno 1536,) for the payment of sundry charges to "John Malte, our Tillor," (Tailor) and several other tradesmen: it is addressed to the "Lorde Windesore, keper of our great Wardrobe."

"It'm for making a dubblette of worstede

lyned with canvas and cotton, alle of oure greate warderobe, for William Som'ar our foole. It'm for making of a coate and a cappe of greene clothe, fringed with red crule and lyned with fryse, alle of oure greate warderobe, for our saide foole. It'm for making of a dubblette of fustian lyned with cotton and canvas, alle, &c. It'm for making a coate of grene clothe, with a hooede of the same, fringed with white crule lyned with fryse and bokerham, alle, &c. It'm for making of a do [ditto] coate with a hooede of grene clothe, fringed with crule of red and white colours, and lyned with bokerham, all of oure greate warderobe for our saide foole. To William Crofton, our hosyar [hosier]: It'm for two paire of hoose of blew clothe, garded with red and blacke clothe, alle, &c. for William Som'ar oure foole."

Our Jester is reputed to have retained the favour of Henry the Eighth to the last moment of that monarch's life; and in the mortal illness of the latter, to have been instrumental in the restoration to Mr. Farmer, his first master, of the undismembered parts of his estate, by some expressions which he dropped, that reached the King's conscience.

TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL GLOBES.

The general appearance of a globe, whether celestial or terrestrial, is familiar to most persons; while the rules by which certain astronomical and geographical problems are solved with its aid, are laid down in that course of school study which is termed the "use of the globes." There are, however, many readers who cannot tell *why* the use of the globes enables us to arrive at approximately correct results, nor what relation the lines and circles on the globes bear to any particular phenomena on the earth's surface or in the heavens. To such readers the present paper is addressed.

Globes are distinguished as "celestial" and "terrestrial;" the former for performing certain problems relating to the heavenly bodies, and the latter for other problems relating more particularly to the earth's surface. It will, however, be convenient to speak separately of the globe itself, of the delineations on its surface, and of certain appendages belonging to it. The globe, whether it be for astronomical or geographical purposes, is made in the same way. It is a hollow sphere of pasteboard, made generally by pasting several thicknesses of paper together and moulding them to a hemispherical form on a wooden mould, which is afterwards removed. The two hemispherical shells are then fastened to each other and to

the two ends of a common axis; and the sphere thus formed is brought to a proper level by a composition laid on the surface, smoothed, and made ready to receive the delineations on the surface. These delineations, of which we shall speak presently, are engraved on a copper-plate, and printed on narrow gores or gussets of paper, which are pointed at each end, and are so shaped that the whole of them will exactly cover the surface of the globe. The gores are pasted on, and the globe is finally coloured and varnished.

The delineations on the terrestrial globe are founded on the supposition that the globe represents the earth's surface, an assumption which, though not quite correct (on account of the earth being a spheroid instead of a sphere), is near enough for the purposes to which the globe is applied. But in the case of the celestial globe, the assumption is of a very different kind. We cannot assign either form or dimensions to the heavens; they are, and ever must be to the human mind, illimitable and immeasurable. Considered, however, merely as they appear to us, the stars, planets, &c., may be deemed to occupy a vast concave vault or sphere, extending around us in every direction; and this mode of viewing the subject is taken advantage of in the delineations of a celestial globe. If we were placed in the centre of a glass sphere, through which we could see all the heavenly bodies, and were to make marks on the glass at all the spots where those bodies appeared, the marks would become in some measure a record of the relative distances at which the stars seem apart. This is the principle of the celestial globe, which is an artificial representation of the heavens, and in using which the student is supposed to be situated in the centre, and to view the stars in the concave surface.

This, then, being the main difference in the construction of the two globes, we may proceed to state that the delineation of towns, countries, seas, rivers, &c., on the one, and heavenly bodies on the other, is not enough; there must be certain lines and circles drawn on the surface to adapt it to the wants of the student. These lines and circles are, generally speaking, means of reference, by which positions are ascertained; there are some which are common to both globes, while there are others which belong to one globe only. The principal of these points and circles we may here enumerate.

As all the phenomena of day and night result from the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis, the extremities of this axis, called the *poles*, become as it were fixed points, and two points on the terrestrial globes are marked

to represent these two poles. As these poles point, with very slight deviation, each towards one particular point in the heavens, we obtain two points called the poles of the heavens, in the prolongation of the earth's axis; these two points are marked in the celestial globe. The *equator*, or the equinoctial line, is the name which we apply to the circle encompassing the earth midway between the two poles, dividing the earth into two halves: this circle is marked on the terrestrial globe; and as we may conceive a similar circle to engirdle the vault of the heavens midway between its poles, such a one is likewise drawn on the celestial globe. The *ecliptic* is that path among the stars which the sun seems to traverse as seen from the earth, or which the earth would seem to traverse if viewed from the sun, in the course of a year; such a circular path is marked on the celestial globe, in its proper direction with respect to the stars; and a similar circle is marked on the terrestrial globe, bearing the same relation to the terrestrial equator which the celestial ecliptic does to the celestial equator. The sun is never vertical at any point of the earth's surface further north or south of the equator than about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; the circles, drawn round the earth at these two points parallel with the equator, are the two *tropics*, which are marked on the terrestrial globe; and two similar circles are marked on the celestial globe, bearing the same relation to its equator which the others do to the terrestrial equator. Last y, there are two regions surrounding the poles of the earth, in each of which, at certain times of the year, the sun is above the horizon even at midnight, and below the horizon even at midday in another season of the year; the boundaries which separate these two regions from all the other parts of the earth in which the sun rises and sets every day, are the *polar circles*, and are marked on the terrestrial and celestial globes. If we suppose the poles, the equator, the ecliptic, the tropics, and the polar circles, to be marked on a transparent globe, in the centre of which the eye is placed, these lines would appear projected on the vault of the heavens, in their proper relative positions; and the celestial globe is marked in conformity with this projection.

There are other circles and symbols on the surfaces of globes which differ according as the globe is terrestrial or celestial. In astronomical calculations it is customary to lay down the position of a star by referring it to the ecliptic; while the positions of the sun and moon are also frequently considered with reference to the same standard. Hence there are two important points in the heavens called the poles of the ecliptic, at equal distances from the plane of

the ecliptic; these are represented on most celestial globes and maps of the stars, whereas in terrestrial globes and maps they are not wanted. In nice astronomical computations it is necessary to bear in mind that the pole of the equator revolves slowly round the pole of the ecliptic; but the motion in a year, or even in a century, is so minute, that in all ordinary circumstances we may consider both poles as fixed points, and consequently fixed points on the celestial globes. On terrestrial globes there are several circles drawn equidistant from one another, all at right angles with the plane of the equator, and passing through the two poles; these are *meridians*, intended to facilitate the determination of the longitude of any spot. If such meridians are delineated on a celestial globe (and the size of the globe often determines the kind and number of the circles delineated), they are called *declination* circles, because the position of a star with respect to the celestial equator, measured along the circles just spoken of, is called the *declination*, not the *latitude*; the latter being measured from the ecliptic, and not from the equator. This difference between the latitude of a star and of a geographical position is sometimes embarrassing to a student. Again, the longitude of a geographical position is reckoned on the equator, whereas that of a heavenly body is reckoned on the ecliptic; the measurement on the celestial equator being termed the *right ascension* of a heavenly body.

But the chief difference in the delineations on the two kinds of globes is the representation of countries, towns, &c., on the one, and of stars on the other. The latitude and longitude of almost every important place on the earth's surface have been ascertained, within a certain limit of error; and the map-draughtsman, who prepares the delineations, lays down the positions in conformity with these two elements. The various parts of the earth's surface are delineated on one or other of the gores or gussets to which we before alluded, then engraved on a copper-plate, and finally adjusted to the globe. A similar mode is adopted in the delineations on the celestial globe, though the delineations themselves are different. All the stars in the visible heavens, down to a certain magnitude, have been catalogued; that is, they have had names or symbols attached to them (such as the letters of the Greek alphabet, the numerals, &c.), and have had their latitudes and longitudes calculated. The ecliptic is supposed to be divided into 360 degrees; a certain point in it (called the first point of Aries) is selected as a starting-point, and the longitude of the star, measured on the ecliptic, is its distance in degrees eastward of this point.

Then, again, the distance of a star from the ecliptic, measured in degrees in a direction at right angles thereto, is its latitude; and if both the latitude and longitude of a body or a place be known, its exact position on the surface of the globe is indicated. In some catalogues of stars, the declination and right ascension, as well as the latitude and longitude, are given; the former pair giving the position of a star with respect to the equator, and the latter with respect to the ecliptic. From either pair, however, the exact position of a star may be ascertained; and the map-draughtsman proceeds to lay down all the stars which it may be proposed to include on the surface of the globe. With regard to the figures of bears, dogs, serpents, eagles, &c., on the surface of a celestial globe, we may merely state that this is a barbarism, arising out of the method by which the early astronomers grouped the stars for facility of reference, and continued by other astronomers from the difficulty of abrogating customs long acted on. Astronomers are, however, now engaged in the enquiry how these figures and the classification to which they have given rise may best be dispensed with; and the time is probably not far distant when our celestial globes will cease to be disfigured with these very unphilosophical delineations.*

Besides the delineations on the surface of a globe, there are various appendages necessary for the solution of astronomical and geographical problems. One is a brazen meridian passing round the globe at right angles to the equator; at two opposite points of it are pivots in which the ends of the axis work, so that the globe can revolve within the meridian. One side or surface of this meridian is graduated into 360 equal parts, or degrees (each of which is sometimes subdivided in large globes); and the graduation is generally such that in one-half of the meridian the numbers go from the equator towards the poles, and in the other from the poles towards the equator, to facilitate the performance of certain problems.

[To be continued.]

NEW BOOKS.

Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in History and Poetry, chiefly in the counties of Durham and Northumberland.

* At the Plymouth meeting of the British Association (1841), a Committee of Astronomers presented a Report to the Association on this subject, detailing the progress which the Committee has made in the formation of a new system of grouping and nomenclature of the stars.

By William Howitt. Second Series. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1842.

A national New Year's gift equally worthy of the genius of the talented writer, and of general acceptance by his countrymen, who are honoured in the possession of an author so thoroughly and richly English in taste and style, but who will exercise their hereditary privilege to *grumble* that he should waste a single summer amongst foreign scenes, or in delineating the hair-brained excesses or half wild enthusiasm of the students of Germany, when, as he himself informs us, "there are still many glorious views and subjects in England," which will require succeeding volumes to develop and illustrate.

It is said, and said truly, that the "Student life of Germany," from Mr. Howitt's prolific pen, albeit only a translation in his own happy vein from the unpublished MSS. of Dr. Cornelius, is pregnant with solid learning, and exhibits a faithful panorama of the most picturesque class of educated life on the surface of Europe—but we are ready to ask what should have taken him "up the Rhine" when he had sprung a mine so valuable as that opened in the present volume and its predecessor, unless, indeed, his absence and intervening labours are designed to whet the public appetite for the delectable hanquet yet in reserve.

Instead of a miscellaneous collection of visits, as in the previous series, these are confined principally to two counties of England, most happily selected as "the very strongholds and native ground of English poetry and romance," and rich alike in "scenery and legend, in poetry and manners, in history and historic sites." And faithfully has the author justified his choice in spreading out to our delighted contemplation the delicious and fairy land valleys—the charming scenery of "the Tees, the Coquet, the Wear, the Aln, the Nansbeck, the Tyne, and the Tweed,—the fine old castles and towers still rising from their banks, and the beautiful ruins of abbeys and convents which nestle in their hanging woods, with their appropriate associations of deeds of darkness and violence, hobgoblins, brownies, and fairies, pathetic ballads, and the shrewd originality of character peculiar to the present inhabitants of the borders."

For the pictorial embellishments Mr. Howitt has engaged artists of high reputation, natives of, or residents in these counties, and full of enthusiasm for their natural beauties and ancient fame. These are the Messrs. Richardson and Mr. Carmichael of Newcastle, and Mr. Weld Taylor of Mitford, whose drawings have been transferred to wood by Mr. G. F. Sargent.

The execution of this department of the work is worthy of the volume, containing as it does a tributary chapter to the memory of Bewick, so rich in pure and elevated feeling, and forming such a perfect gem of poetic description, as would of itself give the stamp of immortality to the genius of William Howitt. It would be foreign to our present purpose to quote the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt to the tomb and birth place of Bewick entire, and any thing less would mar its beauty. Deferring it therefore to a future Number, we may observe, that the above mode of illustration gives the work a new and powerful claim to public patronage, as it is by means similar to these, that the most effective encouragement can be given to native talent; and that the hitherto hidden, or comparatively unknown beauties of English landscape may be presented in their most vivid and picturesque aspects to our countrymen. Nor is it too much to hope that these results of native genius may turn the tide of popular sight-seeing from the expensive and unsatisfactory continental tours at present in vogue, to the richer treasures, which are spread around them within little more than a day's journey from the Metropolis itself.

The first three chapters are devoted to the venerable city of Durham, to the abode and burial place of Bernard Gilpin, and to Sherbourn Hospital and Finchall Priory—scenes which are rendered comparatively familiar by topographers, and by the pen of Scott, Surtees, and Raine—the third closes with the following amusing riddle, suggested by reading the magnificent regulations of the olden time, for the Lepers who found refuge in Sherburn Hospital:—

Now a riddle, a riddle, a riddle-ma-ree,
Which of the two had a man rather be,
A *pauper* of this day, or *le-per* of that?
Which of the two would the soonest get fat?
Of meat and of measure, of food and of clothes,—
Which had the vantage—have these, or had those?
The *Guardians* of old, or the *Guardians* of new—
I've my notions about them—but pray what say you?
With salmon and gammon, and gallons of ales,
Would the *pauper* leap into the old *leper's* scales?
With new suits of clothes and new tailors to cut them,
With such measures of meal they scarce knew where to
put them;
With bushels of wheat to make *furmety* luscious;
With bundles of straw, and clean bundles of rushes;
With sermons and prayers, and a chaplain to read them;
With vats to make wine in, if chanced they to need them;
With yule-clogs, and firewood, cart-loads at a time;
Wouldn't *paupers* be apt to think *lepers* sublime?
With their friends all admitted to see them at pleasure;
And on high-days roast goose, and of meal double measure;
Throw into the bargain the scales and the sores—
Would not *paupers* be apt to turn *lepers* by scores?
If once in such quarters, a good roof above them,
Whence no Poor Law Commissioners dared to remove
them;
Or feeling unable to rise up to prayers,
They may lie on their backs and repeat them up stairs;
If free to walk off, or stay,—jolly housekeepers,—
Would *lepers* turn *paupers*, or *paupers* turn *lepers*?

This, at this minute, the thing I fain would see—
Which is the wiser, Lord Brougham or Hugh Pudsey?
Or whether a third track lies somewhere between them—
Where lazy imposters have no one to screen them;
But honest old folks, or the workless and sick,
May find that compassion's no name for a brick.
Dow a riddle, a riddle, a riddle-ma-ree,
Come find out the truth, and come tell it to me.

The next chapter conducts us to Lumley Castle. In describing the adjoining ancient church of Chester-le-Street, once the site of St. Cuthbert's tomb, we have the following quiet satire on the *mutilating* propensities peculiar to Englishmen, which is followed by a wonderful ghost story, the best of a class which are abundant in the northern portions of the island.

“The Lumleys, as we shall have occasion to state, are one of the very few families that can trace a clear and unquestionable descent from the Saxon times. The effigy of Liulph, their Saxon progenitor, lies at the west end of the church, and his descendants range away one after the other to the east end. But, however impressive is the spectacle, we are not to suppose that these are real representations of the forms and costumes of all those old knights and nobles. Our own knowledge tells us that far more rude must have been the workmanship of many ages from Liulph downwards; and on turning our glance on the effigy of St. Cuthbert, we see very well what sort of one that of Liulph would have been from the chisel of a Saxon sculptor. Indeed, the first feeling that arises on approaching this long line of stone figures, is their wonderful uniformity of size, figure, face, and costume; and turning to the historian, we find that not more than three out of the whole lot are supposed to be really of the times they represent. These are a Crusader, and Lord Ralph Lumley, and his son, Sir John, who fell in France, both of the fifteenth century. These were removed, by permission, from the cathedral of Durham, by Lord John Lumley of the reign of Elizabeth, who amused himself with having this ostentatious array of imaginary figures of real ancestors thus hewn out and disposed; accompanied by a genealogical table of their descent from Liulph to himself. In one particular, their uniformity is now still greater than the sculptor intended—they have not a single nose amongst them! This is a feature too prominent and too fragile to escape the sons of John Bull. In every age they have had a particular fancy for knocking off stone noses; scarcely any old king, queen, warrior, or saint, on or in any of our public buildings, is long suffered to possess a nose, unless they are too high to be reached, and there is little doubt that if living noses were as easily removed, the temptation to have

a *shy* at them would be too strong to be resisted. In the cases of the Lumleys, however, the accident becomes a moral indication—for they were a race that never could be led by the nose. They were sturdy champions of liberty, and continually found in opposition to the arbitrary acts of the crown, frequently to their own severe cost. In a tomb at the east end of the north aisle, sleep also the remains of the later descendants of the family, since they became Savilles and Earls of Scarborough.

"Before quitting Chester-le-Street for Lumley Castle, we must also state that, besides its church, it has also another endowment, and that is one of the most circumstantial and best attested ghost-stories upon record. 'About the year of our Lord 1632,' says Webster in his work on Witchcraft, 'near unto Chester in the Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was, by the neighbours, suspected of indiscretion, and was, towards the dark of the evening one night, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise, or little, was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Grahame, or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn, and about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head, hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds upon her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself; and at last, asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker, and being seduced by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, till I could come again and keep his house. And, accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who upon a moor, naming a place that the miller knew, slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his stockings and shoes being bloody, he endeavoured to wash 'em; but seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still ap-

pear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed, as much as he could, to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But, notwithstanding, one night, when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him; yet, for all this, he still concealed it till St. Thomas's eve before Christmas, when, being soon after sunset walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning. In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with the five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related to the miller; whereupon, Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the following assizes, I think it was at Durham, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed.'

"This story is not only related by Webster, who says he saw the letter of the Judge before whom the case was tried, to Sergeant Hutton in Yorkshire, in which he relates the whole affair. Moreover, Dr. Henry More not only mentions this singular circumstance, in his '*Volumen Philosophicum*,' tom. ii.; but communicated it to Dr. Glanvil, for his *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, with the additional testimony of a Mr. Shepherdson, and of Mr. Lumley, of Lumley, an ancient gentleman, who knew all the parties well, and was at the trial. Mr. James Smart, also of the city of Durham, was at the trial, where a Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence, upon oath, that *he saw the likeness of the child stand upon Walker's shoulders* during the time of the trial. From the evidence of these parties, it appears that the name of the girl was Anne Walker, that of the judge, Davenport, who was so much troubled on the trial, that he gave sentence that night, a thing never done before nor afterwards in Durham; and Surtees adds, that the deposition of Grime, the miller, is deposited in the Bodleian, in Tanner's MSS. The parties represent the affair as well known to hundreds, and more talked about in the neighbourhood in those days, than any other thing ever was, and that this determined apparition not only persecuted Grime in his mill, but in his house, night by night, dragging the clothes off his bed, and giving him no peace till he gave information of the

murder, so that well might Master Webster declare it to be 'one of those apparitions and strange accidents which cannot be solved by the supposed principles of matter and motion, but which do evidently require some other cause, above or different from the visible and ordinary course of nature, effects that do strangely exceed the power of natural causes, and may for ever convince all atheistical minds.' The oddest thing of all, however, in this strange story, is, that nobody seemed to have the slightest suspicion that Grime the miller, himself, might possibly be the real murderer, and had trumped up this story of a ghost to turn all idea of the fact from himself, and probably upon those to whom he entertained a hatred. The condemned parties steadily to the last persisted in their innocence, and it was entirely on the evidence of Grime and his ghost, that they were taken up, tried, and executed."

THE CAULD LAD OF HILTON CASTLE

furnishes a type of a numerous tribe of the inhabitants of fairy land, who, in bygone days, exercised the patience and excited the fears of our superstitious ancestors.

"He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants *who slept in the great hall*. If the kitchen had been left in perfect order, they heard him amusing himself by breaking plates and dishes, hurling the pewter in all directions, and throwing every thing into confusion. If, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray, a practice which the servants found it most prudent to adopt, the indefatigable goblin arranged every thing with the greatest precision. This poor *esprit folet*, whose pranks were at all times perfectly harmless, was at length banished from his haunts by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green cloak and hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sate up watching at a prudent distance. At twelve o'clock, the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance; frisking about for some time, and cutting several summersets and gambadoes, till, on hearing the first cock, he twitched his mantle tight about him, and disappeared with the usual valediction:—

"Here's a cloak, and here's a hood;
The Cauld Lad o'Hilton will do no more good."

"The genuine brownie is supposed to be, *ab origine*, an unembodied spirit; but the Boy of Hilton has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic, whom one of the old chiefs of Hilton slew, at some very distant

period, in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The baron had it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected. He went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and seizing a hay-fork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was, in confirmation of the tale, discovered in the last baron's time. The story may possibly have had its foundation in the fact of the inquest held on the body of Roger Skelton of Hilton, 3d of July, 1609, when Robert Hilton of Hilton, gentleman, was found to have killed him with a scythe, for which he received a pardon, 6th of September, 1609, as appears on the rolls of Bishop James.

"The country people, however, seem to have another idea of the Cold Lad. The woman who shewed me the house, on arriving at a certain chamber, pointed to a cupboard over the door, and said 'that is the place where they used to put the Cold Lad.' I replied, 'to which he used to retreat, you mean.' 'No, no,' reiterated she pertinaciously, 'where they used to put him.' In her story, it was a boy, that on some account had been treated cruelly, and kept in confinement in this cupboard, where, no doubt, in the winter, he acquired the unenviable epithet of The Cold Lad.

"A third opinion, and bearing a great air of probability, is that of a lady well acquainted with the North, its language and superstitions, that the real name is not the cold, or cauld lad, but the Cowed Lad—that is, the lad with his head cut off; or at least with his hair cut close to his head; for that is the term when they see a person with his hair cut very close, in Northumberland;—'Why, how they have cow'd ye.' I imagine it is synonymous with the French *coupe*, or cut off *par le cou*. We say a man is cowed when he is cast down, which has probably a similar origin: If this term be adopted, it brings the story back to the notice of the boy being killed by his master, rather by the sword than by scythe or fork. The woman at the house also asserted that he had no head.

"Be the original fact which it may, or be it none of them, it has for many a long age given plenty of food for the fireside gossip of this part of the country; and there are not wanting those who assert that the Cowed Lad may still be met there. They tell of servants who, one after another, deserted the service of the house from frights which he gave them, long after the time that he was said to receive his green clothes; and especially of a dairymaid who was very fond of helping herself to the richest

milk and cream, but one day, as she had been sipping with a spoon from various pans, the Cowed Lad suddenly but invisibly over her shoulder, said—'Ye taste, and ye taste, and ye taste, but ye never gie the Cowed Lad a taste!' At the hearing of this voice she dropped the spoon on the floor in a fright, rushed out of the house, and never would enter it again."

Our extracts must close with the following characteristic sketch of Liddesdale and its inhabitants.

"Striking across the moorland, I soon met two women whose mode of travelling was enough to shew that I had passed out of England. The one seemed to be a lady, young and pretty, having her gown skirt thrown over her head by way of hood, and walking along without shoes or stockings. The other appeared to be the servant, who carried a bundle after her mistress, and had good black stockings on, but no shoes. By the directions of the men at the Carter-gate, I steered my way over the wide moorlands to the left, in order to make a shorter cut to the toll-bar at the head of Liddesdale, which has the singular name of the Note-of-the-Gate. The country people being at work on the moors, cutting and piling their peats for fuel, I was enabled pretty well to proceed in the right direction. I followed a stream which I learned was the Ravenburn, and kept in view a hill called the Dodhead. Yet I soon found it one of the most solitary and trackless regions I ever was in. The curlews and peurts rose and soared round me in numbers, accompanying me the whole way with their melancholy cries; and I did not wonder at the dislike which the Covenanters had to these birds, whose plaintive clamours often revealed their places of meeting to the soldiers, and for which reason the southern shepherds, descendants of the Covenanters, are said still to break their eggs wherever they find them. A long wade through deep heather,—a single shepherd going his round barefoot, and a woman or two looking out from a lonely hut, as I passed, where perhaps no stranger is seen twice in a life,—and I found myself on Dandy Dinmont's Farm!

"Yes! I was now at the head of Liddesdale, once the grand retreat of Border thieves—the land of the Armstrongs and Elliots—and on the very ground which supplied Scott with the prototype of one of the most genuine rough diamonds of humanity which his own or any works have presented to public admiration. The farm-house lies on the Jedburgh road, not far from the Note-of-the-Gate. It is called Hendley Farm. James Davison was the hearty

fellow's name, whose character was so well known, and so exactly touched off by Scott, that every body immediately recognized it, and he bore the name as if it were really his own. He afterwards went to live at Leudern in Ettrick Forrest, where he died. His son, a weakly young man and a cripple, was educated for the medical profession, but went to Australia, and died there. It was believed or asserted that another person was originally intended for Dandie Dinmont by Scott, but the character so exactly fitted James Davison, that it was at once and by every body applied, and much to the annoyance of his family, who it seems had not the discernment to perceive at once the high honour of this distinction. There could be no mistake about the matter; for the honest, generous heart—the rough and ready hospitality—the broad racy humour—the otter hunting and fishing—and the pepper and mustard dogs, were not likely to be all found together in the possession of many men at once. But Dandie and his family, his Peppers and his Mustards, are all vanished, not only from this farm, now occupied by a Mr. Pringle, but from the North; and as we are not likely to meet with such men every day in our rambles, it was a satisfaction to me even to see the spot where such a noble specimen of rustic nature had lived; to walk over his farm, and follow for some distance the windings of his rocky and rapid stream, where his little Peppers and Mustards had kept a sharp look out for the lurking otter.

"But strongly-marked and original characters are by no means extinct in the ancient precincts of Liddesdale, as we shall see. At the Note-of-the-Gate, where I stopped some time for a rest, the old man and woman were a right hearty old couple. When they heard over what a moorland I had steered my course, they were astonished that I had ever found the way; and said that I must be dreadfully tired and hungry. They would, therefore, cook me a rasher of bacon, and soon produced good white bread, and equally good beer. But it was their conversation that was the most refreshing. They were so keenly curious of news, and so humorous in their observations on it. When I said I came from London—'Eh! London, that's a gran' place! Ye're wise folk at London,' said the old man. 'How so?' I asked. 'Why, ye ha just noo fetched a callant out o' a furrin country to be the queen's husband, and gein him thritty thousand pounds a-year for it; and there's many a braw chiel here wad ha' takken the job for noothing, and done it weel too. It was a great shame,' he added, 'that a woman should rule all the men in England, and find none of them good enough for her into the bargain.'"

Poetry.

[We are indebted to a kind and intelligent friend for the following characteristic effusions of Burns, two of which we do not remember to have seen in any edition of the collected works of the Poet. The first was transmitted to him from Scotland, in 1828, accompanied with a letter, from which we extract the following sentence, which will sufficiently explain the occasion of the verses. "I had an interview with Johnstone at Annan, the gentleman I told you was such an intimate friend of Mr. Burns; he told me that he had furnished Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, with every thing that he had from Mr. Burns, except "An Address on a Kiss," which the poet witnessed Mr. Johnstone give to a young lady. Dr. — of Annan, obtained the original copy from Mr. Johnstone, and has it put in a frame." The verses originally appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*, formerly published in Liverpool.

ON A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss;
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joys, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join;
What words can ever speak affection,
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

The following address to "Willie Stewart," an intimate friend of the poet, and factor on the estate of Closeburn, was written on a tumbler which Burns was drinking out of, in Mr. Stewart's company, at the Inn at Brownhill:—

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There's ne'er a flower that comes in May,
That's half the welcome you art.

Come, bumpers high! express your joy—
The bowl, we man renew it;
The tapet hen,* gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strong, and friends be slack,
May he ilk action rue it;
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart.

The following verse was copied by our friend himself from a pane of glass in one of the windows of the inn above-mentioned. It is preceded by an unfinished line, "Oh Charming Polly—" which renders it probable that the poet had been eulogizing the charms of "Polly Stewart," to whom he addressed the well-known song of that name, and being reprimanded by some of the company for the warmth of his praise, had written the following impromptu in defence:—

Wha e'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and daut her;
May he be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fauter.

* A foaming ale-measure.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

So great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arabs for the fair sex, that the presence, the voice even, of a woman, can arrest the uplifted scimitar charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe if a woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the sex, that, in some tribes where they never appear before men, and in others where they are occupied in the tents, if a criminal can escape to their tent he is saved. The moment he is near enough to be heard, he cries aloud, "I am under the protection of the harem." At these words all the women reply, without appearing, "Fly from him!" and were he condemned to death by the prince himself, and by the council of the principal persons of his tribe, the punishment of his tribe is remitted without hesitation immediately, and he is allowed to go where he pleases.

King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Doctor Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hand under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the King: "I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists is called the Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, thought most likely, he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him "at the place called Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less."

BRIBERY.—Cromwell, when sent by the parliament to reduce Ireland, a little fort, rendered almost impregnable by nature, gave him great trouble. After losing many men, he was about to retire from before it, when the commander sent his son to Oliver, offering for a large sum to surrender it to the Parliament. Cromwell promised the money, which he faithfully paid to the traitor, on the surrender, and then ordered him to be hanged on the ramparts.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 12.]

SATURDAY, 22D JANUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.

A CHAPTER ON HANDBILLS.

" 'Tis strange what very strong advising
By word of mouth or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,—
The very high pressure in fact of pressing,—
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-dont-O ! (an ominous name !)
A Doudney's Suit which the shape so hits,
That it beats all others into *fits* ;
A Mechi's Razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

Thus has the veritable Thomas Hood said
or sung when sounding the praises of a celebrated tin trumpet, vended to a deaf, but scandal-loving *Burgess* of Tringham, by a voluble pedlar of the Sam Slick school,

— " Who so beset her,
Lord Bacon couldn't have *gammon'd* her better,
With flatteries, plump and indirect,
And plead his tongue with such effect—
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,
That the deaf old lady bought the trumpet."

But as Mr. Hood has neither vouchsafed to us the date of the purchase, nor the shire where the Borough of Tringham may be found, we presume the story to be one of the olden times, and to relate to some of the corrupt pot walloping boroughs, long since consigned to schedule A. Be this as it may, it certainly contains internal evidence that the sayings and doings of which the trumpet became the "tunnel" could not have transpired in the present age of advanced civilization, for we may ask, without fear of a reply, where could any Dame Trot,

in any *reformed* borough or municipality in "England or Wales," have met with the horrifying sounds transmitted to her drum ?

" Ribald jest and blasphemous curse,
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach—
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the Kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly Active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight—
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where gin,
Garlick, tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come,
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb !"

Still less can we deem it possible that after the endowments bequeathed and subscribed, the speeches delivered, the commissions appointed, the schools erected, the thrashings bestowed, to educate the youngsters of England, the poet should have occasion to exclaim—

" Alas ! for the voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth !
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang ;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin-cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Curs'd his eyes, limbs, body, and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish !"

Again, who that, in Christian England, on a Sabbath morning, breakfast in their snug par-

lours in the suburbs of our boroughs, and calmly walk to the parish church or chapel of ease to worship in their cushioned and carpeted pews,—who, we ask, among these respectable people, will believe that their workmen and apprentices, compelled to reside in the dark purlicues of their manufactories or dingy warehouses, spend their Saturday nights or haply Sundays too in gin palaces or beershops, listening to

"The dark allusion—or bolder brag
Of the dexterous 'dodge' and the lots of 'swag,'
The plundered house, or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menaces which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop for 'the knife,'
The human liver no better than that
Which is sliced, and thrown to an old woman's cat ;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like a shocking bad hat,
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding !"

Miserable as are the dwellings and habits of the city poor—it would appear that another class of the natives of Tringham out-vied them, for the doings already specified we are told were—

———"Nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient Cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink :
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in 'Catty Packages,' too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;
For still, by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together
As surely as Scarification and cupping—
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea,
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,—
For some grocery thieves
Turn over new leaves
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd,
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that which is call'd the Tender,
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
As harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith."

This libel upon the fair sex forms the climax to the improbabilities of this Tale of a Trumpet; we therefore leave it to future commentators on Hood to settle the locality and reality of the scenes he describes, only observing, in passing, what we should have said long ago, that one fact is indisputable—this redoubtable poem records events prior to the age of HANDBILLS. It is quite clear, from the exordium of the poem which forms our motto, that these modern missives were then unknown. It was a pedlar who praised and puffed and sold the wonderful trumpet—now who does not know that the occupation of pedlars has long been gone—their peregrinations and their profits are ended.

The "licensed hawker" now finds it vain to trudge from town to town, and is compelled to take temporary rooms or empty shops for the season, and we seldom see the travelling "Scotchman," with his pack and yard stick, who used to thrust his wares upon the simple country folks at his own exorbitant prices, on credit too, as he pretended, when he really intended to bully the buyers every week or fortnight during the following twelve months for payment. These days of primitive simplicity are gone—the Penny Postage envelope stamp gave them their death blow—every invoice or advice under cover of that expensive etching, diffused the splendid personification of Napoleon's nation of shopkeepers—Britannia enthroned in the might of her majesty, dispensing to the four quarters of the earth, her messages of peace or war, of friendship or defiance; and, as if by magic, every species of retail itinerants became *stationery*, and instead of men, we had Handbills travelling in all directions. The philosophy of this is manifest—imitation, we all know, is constitutional in man—every true British chapman who feels himself to be a part of the body politic, and who has anything to announce to his townsmen or countrymen, immediately begins to exercise his modicum of the national importance, and may now be seen seated at the transverse counter, or elevated desk, at the end of his shop, surrounded by a dozen or two *unfledged* messengers, to whom he delivers bundles of Handbills, and bids them fly to every point of the compass, and thrust their papers into the hands of every person they meet and under every door they pass. Meanwhile the principal sits, abstracted and overwhelmed with the vastness of the space he is about to fill in the public mind—no longer confined to the solitary customer who just steps in to enquire the price of something which "he does not want at present"—the shopkeeper feels himself,—his establishment and his wares—all addressing the entire community at the same moment, with all the logic and eloquence which he and his printer can compress within the proverbially diminutive limits of a Handbill.

Handbills may also be regarded as a species of trading ammunition. An attack is planned upon some old established house, of a class which is common to every large provincial town. For years such establishments have enjoyed an undisturbed monopoly, and their very shop windows indicate the conscious strength of their position in public favour—if drapers, the three lower rows of squares are painted black, and only a few specimens of furniture print are exposed to public view in the upper ranges—if tea dealers, a chocolate coloured

wire blind, inscribed with the name of the firm, is sufficient, and tailors of the first standing, out of London, are content with long and broad green Venetian blinds, with the name in relief over the door.

The private history of the partners in these concerns is equally marked—the older members have long ago retired to enjoy the fortunes they have acquired—their sons, who have succeeded them, mingle with the aristocracy of the town, and the junior partners are the plodding and industrious apprentices, or clerks, of the two previous generations, and are steadily striving to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors.

Suddenly an irruption is made upon the town—the natives are astonished at the spacious and elegant premises opened in such a street, the windows, formed of large squares of plate glass, extend across the entire width of the shop—the counters are of polished mahogany—the drawers gilt and varnished—the walls decorated with the newest landscape paper hangings—the gas chandeliers are richly lacquered or gilt, bespangled with pendants, and chastely relieved by the ground glass shades; whilst the wares to be sold are heaped together in the richest profusion, and the dapper shopmen, with newly curled hair and complaisant looks, wait in rows behind the counters, to receive the commands of the customers, one always occupying a conspicuous post, whose sole business it is to superintend and take the receipts.

This is the first movement in the campaign—it creates an immense sensation—but the natural enquiry arises, must not all this be added to the prices of the articles sold?—and here the value and importance of Handbills become apparent;—the good-natured public are assured that they have been the dupes of the most tyrannical monopoly, by which they and their fathers have been fleeced for years gone by—that the new-comers, moved by the most tender solicitude for their interests, and with the most chivalric hatred to all monopoly, have, at an immense expense, determined to terminate the monstrous infliction, and, by competition, to reduce prices to the lowest remunerative amount, by quick sales, for ready money and small profits—then follow lists of the goods dealt in, with prices, and special recommendations of particular kinds, displaying such a laudable and disinterested concern for the welfare of the parties addressed, as must prove irresistible to all but the most bigoted adherents to the old quiet system. The success which sometimes attends the dashing but hazardous adventure, not unfrequently tempts a number of humbler imitators—who

as certainly bring about their own ruin. They are soon driven to another and very different use of Handbills, too common in the present day, announcing Bankrupts' Stock to be sold at a "tremendous sacrifice," at "ruinously low prices," and "infinitely below prime cost." Another class, with greater respect to their credit, avail themselves of every change in their circumstances, in the seasons, the fashions, or even in the political world, as occasions for the circulation of the Handbills,—as the death of a wife, the withdrawal or addition of a partner, the return of the principal, or his wife or son, from Paris or London, with the newest fashions. And the latest intelligence from China, whether pacific or warlike, is equally urged as a reason why the people should purchase the indispensable luxury of tea. Handbills have thus become one of the most powerful and universal means for the diffusion of *profitable* knowledge; but, perhaps, a more useful application of them was proposed a few years ago by Mr. William Fraser, a well-known printer in Edinburgh, which, if generally adopted, would have afforded a striking illustration of the progress of intelligence accomplished by the agency of the press. His suggestion was, that each class of the city tradesmen should prepare a general history of the articles they sold, and print the same on the back of their handbills, which would have rendered them valuable as a source of information, and thus have ensured their preservation. In illustration of his views, he issued, with his trade circular, a condensed history of the art of printing, and several extensive merchants were induced to follow his example, but the additional expense necessarily incurred, prevented its general adoption, and the scheme fell to the ground. Considerable merit was unquestionably due to Mr. Fraser for this ingenious attempt to make the announcements of business conducive of the intellectual advancement of the people, and the plan, although not above the suspicion of self-interest, might have produced beneficial results which could have been effected by no other means.

In their ordinary character, however, the business-like matter of fact, or of *assertion* features of Handbills, render them a valuable index of the varied phases of modern English society, and it would be rendering an important service to future historians if it were legally imperative that a copy of each Handbill printed should be deposited in the British Museum, or some other public dépôt for the national archives, under suitable classifications, to be determined upon after due deliberation. We may suggest a few; for example, they might be arranged *alphabetically*,

and would thus present contrasts as ludicrous as two before us, relating to Tailors and Teeth. Of the former genus we have three species—the first, headed “Important to all Classes!!” is issued by a Hebrew sloop-seller, who announces a partnership “*desolved*,”—“a removal to more capacious premises—goods at such prices as cannot fail to *astonish* the public”—“an inspection of which (astonished public) is respectfully requested,” with “ready-made clothing all cut”—“by experienced foremen.” The second contemplates nothing less than “clothing the borough,” and after a list of *goods and prices*, the advertiser accommodat-ingly intimates “that any of them may be had at *lower charges*,” and therefore logically argues that “the system pursued at this establishment is such as to call forth the notice of the Economist.” The last is perfectly unique; it forms a small book, adorned with a view of one of the Pantethnetecas, of which the proprietor possesses five, considerably established for the greater convenience of his numerous customers at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and Leeds; and according to the most approved recipe for book-making—it contains a title-page, an introduction, imprint, and date—contents, chapters, definitions, diagrams for the admeasurement of country gentlemen—and the hours at which the railway trains leave—in order, we presume, that the aforesaid country gentlemen may stay till the last moment to admire the “splendid interior,” and purchase the “unrivalled” garments exhibited in the Pantethnetecas.

Although teeth, at first sight, appear totally incongruous with tailors, the perusal of a dentist's Handbill will shew a connection stronger than the initial letters; as the tailor equips the outward man, so teeth are essential to the comfort of his interior—so at least the bill before us asserts—and the public are therefore urged, in the most pathetic terms, to hasten with their toothless jaws to Mr. E—, of Sheffield, and obtain restoration to a youthful appearance, and perfect articulation and mastication.

If a rhymic arrangement of Handbills were preferred, we should have Drapery and Grocery; but these topics open a field of observation so extensive that our readers' patience would fail to traverse it, if it be not already exhausted. We, therefore, only remark, on the first subject, that in passing through Manchester recently, we were amused by the ingenuity displayed in the Handbills issued by the Messrs. Falkner Brothers, who have converted one of the largest minor Theatres there, into an immense retail drapery establishment. One of their bills exhibits lithographed views of several facades of

the building in connection with the adjacent streets, whilst the centre of the sheet presents a plan of the town, and the bearings of the principal thoroughfares towards the Theatre; another contains a ground plan of the interior, and directs the visitors to the particular departments where they may wish to purchase.

Our collection also includes Handbills for patent inventions, but as these are already recorded in the patent office, they might be omitted, did not the bills announce contrivances which were never mentioned in the said office. Thus, in a sheet on our table, we have the startling novelty of a patent *Wig-Maker*, in Glasgow, who professes to construct coverings for bare craniums, on *the strictest phrenological principles*, but as to whether he requires a written list of the developments of each customer, his bill is silent. We presume, however, that this is one of the methods adopted, for we observe, in the appended notices of the press, that the editor of a New York paper offers three years papers for a wig made on these principles. This bill is most appropriately decorated with a border of bald pates, with bumps, in curious variety, which our space precludes us from noticing; we must therefore, close our Chapter with the following gem, which first invited our rambling thoughts to this discursive theme:—

“P. KELLEY

Respectfully informs the Public that he deals in
ALL SORTS OF RAGS,

Which he is authorised to buy and collect; he is now giving the best price for old stocking-feet, rubbing and dish cloths, bombazines, stuffs, sacking, bagging, roping, worsted and cotton cord breeches, velvet, fustians, cotton frocking, bed ticking, and all sorts of white, coloured, and woollen rags, left-off bed clothing and carpeting, &c.

“As a large quantity is wanted at this time for her majesty's paper mills in general, the proprietor will give the best price and ready money. No goods given in exchange, all ready money.

“He hopes that every one that reads this bill will find up, if it is only the value of a handful of rags, if there is no more than a quarter of a pound. He also deals in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's left-off wearing apparel, such as old coats, waistcoats, trowsers, breeches, gaiters, gowns, shawls, aprons, stockings, shirts, stays, petticoats, caps, bonnets, hats, boots, shoes, waste paper, newspapers, and old books, &c. &c.

“P. K. buys all kind of old metal, old buttons, broken spoons, brass, copper, pewter, lead, old metal teapots, stew-pans, warming-pans,

boilers, and all sorts of hooping iron, wrought iron, horse and cow hair, broken glass, &c. Old furniture bought.

"P. K. will be thankful to such persons as can look up any old rubbish in a short time, when he will call and give the best price.

"P. K. returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has received. Please to look up all old carpeting.

"It is hoped all persons reading this bill will look up all they have. The best price given. Payment on delivery.

"This bill and rags will be called for in a short time.

"Old umbrellas, waste paper, and kitchen grease bought.

"Please to show this bill to the Master or Mistress; and leave it with your neighbour if you go out.

In a future paper we hope to be able to say a few words about Bill-men.

TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL GLOBES.

[Concluded from our last.]

An important appendage to the globes is the *horizon*, a flat circle of wood which engirdles the globe in a horizontal direction, intended to represent the boundary between the upper and under half of the earth or of the heavens. In the strictness of astronomical language, the horizon is an imaginary plane passing through the centre of the earth, and determining the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies. But in practice the horizon, or boundary between earth and sky, is not the true horizon, because one is referred to the surface of the earth and the other to the centre; hence the rising of a heavenly body above the *sensible* horizon is not coincident with its rising above the true horizon, and a correction for *parallax* is thence often required in observations. On the globe the wooden horizon represents the true horizon, and on its upper surface are delineated various divisions and circles useful in solving problems. Some globes have as many as seven different concentric circles marked on the horizon, viz. 1. A circle of *amplitude*, graduated in quadrants from the east and west points respectively towards the north and south: the amplitude of a heavenly body is the distance in degrees from the east, at which it rises, and the distance from the west, at which it sets; in our summer the sun's amplitude is always north, and in winter always south. 2. A circle of *azimuth*, graduated in quadrants from the north and south

points respectively towards the east and west: the azimuth of any object in the heavens is the distance from the north or south point of the horizon to a vertical circle passing through the object. 3. The thirty-two points of the compass divided into half and quarter-points. 4. The twelve signs of the zodiac, with the figure and character of each sign. 5. The signs divided into degrees, each sign comprehending thirty degrees. 6. The days of the month answering to each degree of the sun's place in the ecliptic. 7. The equation of time, expressing the number of minutes which the clock is before or after the sun on every day of the year. According to the size and value of the globe, the circles delineated on the horizon include a greater or less number of those here enumerated, and offer more or less facilities for the solution of problems.

Some globes have on a particular part of their surface a kind of table called an *analemma*. It is a narrow slip of paper, the length of which is equal to the breadth of the torrid zone, and is pasted on some vacant place on the globe in the torrid zone. It is divided into months and days of the month in such a manner as to show the declination of the sun for every day of the year. Some of these *analemmas* are so contrived as to show the equation of time as well as the declination of the sun; and the purpose of them, as well as of some of the circles on the horizon, is to save the trouble of frequent reference to an almanac.

On some terrestrial globes there are lines radiating from some vacant spot at or near the equator, representing *rhumb* lines. These relate to a curious fact in navigation, that a ship, in traversing the ocean from one spot to another, cannot, by the aid of the compass alone, take the *shortest* distance; it describes a curious curve called a *rhumb*. This circumstance, however, does not in general occupy a place among problems solved by the use of the globes.

There are two or three appendages to which we have yet to allude. One is a brass quadrant of altitude, divided into ninety degrees, to be fastened on the meridian at the zenith of any spot, for the purpose of measuring altitudes, or, indeed, for measuring degrees on the spherical surface in any direction. A second appendage is the hour-circles, divided into twice twelve hours, and fitted on the meridian round the poles, which carry an index pointing to the hour. Lastly, we may allude to the compass, which is frequently attached to the stand of the globe, as a means of adjusting it to any particular position with respect to the north and south points of the heavens.

It will thus be seen that a very large number of data, connected principally with the diurnal and annual motion of the earth, are represented in some way or other on a pair of globes. The earth's axis, the poles, the equator, the tropics, the polar circles, the parallels of latitude, the meridians, the ecliptic, the pole of the ecliptic, the zodiac, the circles of celestial latitude and longitude, the sun's declination and right ascension, the first point of Aries, the horizon, with its graduations of azimuth and amplitude,—in short, nearly all the materials (if we may use such a term) from which seasons, night and day, &c., are produced, are delineated by some lines or symbols, either on the globe itself or on some of its appendages.

The purpose of these arrangements is, to afford a palpable and visible explanation of many circumstances connected with the motion of the earth, by which the student may form a more correct idea of the causes of these phenomena than by mere reading. To the practical astronomer globes are of little use. The nutation of the earth's axis, the procession of the equinoxes, the change in the right ascension and declination of the stars, the compression of the earth at the poles, &c., are altogether omitted in the construction and arrangement of globes; and even those phenomena which are represented cannot be given with anything like minute accuracy. If, however, globes be regarded as aids to the student, and as a means of determining roughly the phenomena of day and night, and of seasons, when particular nicety is not required, they then become very useful instruments.

To explain the mode of performing the large range of problems within the scope of a pair of globes, is no part of our object; the books on the subject give full directions for this purpose, and to these we must refer. But it may be desirable to explain briefly the general nature of these problems, and the reason why their solution can be effected by the use of the globes.

One class of problems relate to *time*: this we know is dependent on the arrival of the sun at the meridian of any place, in such a way that the hour of the day at any place is known by the angular distance of the sun from that meridian. Another class relate to the rising and the setting of the sun, which are dependent on the intersection of two circles, the horizon and the ecliptic, and on the position of the sun in the latter. Another class relate to latitudes and longitudes, both celestial and terrestrial, the former depending principally on the ecliptic, and the latter upon the equator. There are other classes of problems which can hardly be brought under any of these headings,

and each one is composed of a large number of varieties. In Keith's "Use of the Globes," for instance, there are more than one hundred different problems, all of which are solved by one or other of the two globes.

The several ways in which the parts of the globe are adjusted, for the solution of different problems, may be well illustrated by the process of "rectifying" the globe. This expression means to adjust the position of the celestial globe, so that it shall represent as nearly as possible the position of the heavens at any given moment, or the terrestrial globe so that it shall represent the appearance and position of the earth. Now, at any given place the axis of the earth is in some particular position with respect to the horizon, so that each pole points towards a particular spot in the heavens; and, in adjusting the globe to that place, the axis of the globe must be made parallel with the axis of the earth. Let us take London as an example. The latitude of London being $51\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north, the north pole is elevated $51\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above the horizon, as may be proved in a familiar way by measuring the altitude of the pole star, which is not far from the true pole. The north pole of the globe must in like manner be raised $51\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above its horizon, a process which is effected by adjusting the brass meridian in which the globe is fixed, by the aid of the degrees marked on one of its faces. The effect of this adjustment is, that the axis of the globe makes the same angle with the wooden horizon, as the axis of the earth does with the horizon of London. The next adjustment is, to make the north side of the wooden horizon point towards the north side of the real horizon, or to make the brass meridian due north and south. This is generally effected by the aid of a compass fixed to the stand of the globe, the needle of which, allowing for variation, points north and south. This adjustment, superadded to the former, has the effect of making the axis of the globe parallel with the earth's axis, the globe's equator and ecliptic parallel respectively with the real equator and ecliptic, and the brass meridian in the plane of the meridian of London.

So far we have adjusted the stand of the globe, and the brass meridian fixed vertically in it; but in order to present that side of the globe uppermost which corresponds with the visible hemisphere of the heavens, the globe must be turned round in its meridian. Two adjustments are here necessary,—one for the month and the day of the month, depending on the annual progress of the earth in her orbit round the sun, and the other for the hour of the day, depending on the diurnal rotation of

the earth on her axis. To make the first of these adjustments we must ascertain, either from an almanac or from one of the graduated circles on the wooden horizon, the longitude of the sun on the day in question, that is, the degree of the ecliptic at which he has arrived. The ecliptic on the globe is divided into degrees, and we turn the globe round till that degree of the ecliptic in which the sun is placed is brought to the meridian. The result of this adjustment, coupled with the two former, is, that the visible hemisphere of the heavens at noon of that day, or that hemisphere which is above the horizon, corresponds with the upper half of the globe, or that which is above the wooden horizon; because, as it is noon when the sun comes to the meridian, the position of the earth and heavens at noon is represented when that degree of the ecliptic on the globe at which the sun is arrived is brought up to the brass meridian.

But suppose the hour for which we adjust the globe be in the evening—say midnight—instead of noon. Then we must recollect that the earth has made one half of a rotation since noon, and the globe must be made to perform a similar half-rotation. To aid in effecting this, a horary index is attached to the pole of the globe: this index is in the first instance, set to the hour of twelve at noon, and then the globe is turned round until the hour of twelve at night is brought under the index. This last adjustment being made, we shall find that the position of the globe corresponds very closely with that which it is intended to represent. The axis, poles, equator, ecliptic, tropics, meridians, &c., on the globe, now correspond in position with those of the earth and of the heavens. If a particular star be at that moment just risen in the east, we shall see the delineation of that star on the celestial globe just above the eastern side of the wooden horizon. If another star be immediately overhead, we shall see that star uppermost on the celestial globe; and all the stars which may be visible bear the same relation to the horizon which bounds our sight, as the various stars on the globe do to the wooden horizon. In short, the combined effect of all the adjustments may be expressed in these words—that, if a straight line could be drawn from the centre of the globe to any particular star in the heavens, the line would cut the surface of the globe at the precise spot occupied by the representation or delineation of that star.

It will be found that, however varied and numerous may be the problems solved by the use of the globes, the principal solution lies in a small number of adjustments such as those just given. By one adjustment we give any

desired elevation to the pole, if the problem relate in any degree to latitude; by another we place the brass meridian in the plane of the meridian of any plane or star, if the problem relate to any particular meridian; by another we bring any particular point of the ecliptic to the meridian, if the problem be dependent on the annual motion of the earth; by a fourth we make allowance for the diurnal motion of the earth; &c.

In some of the problems a certain element is given in order to find others,—*e. gr.*: Any hour of the night being given, to find the azimuth or the altitude of a particular star, or, conversely, the azimuth or altitude being given, to find the hour; here the hour-index and the quadrant of altitude are the chief instruments employed. In all such problems as the following; viz.—the sun's longitude being given to find the right ascension and declination, or the converse,—the brass meridian, the ecliptic, and the intersection of it with the equator at the first point of Aries, are the chief means of solution.

There are many problems which can be solved equally well with either globe, such as right ascensions, amplitudes, azimuths, risings, settings, altitudes, &c., of the sun, lengths of day and night, and hours of the day or night. Those which relate to the stars require the assistance of a celestial globe. By the terrestrial globe are solved such as relate to particular places on the earth's surface, such as the following:—Any hour of the day or night being given, to show all the places where it is sunrise, noon, sunset, or midnight; to find those places in the torrid zone at which the sun is vertical on the given day, and those places in the frigid zone where he is horizontal; the hour being given at any place, to find what hour it is at any other parts of the world; any hour of any day being given, to find where the sun is vertical at that hour, &c. There are also several problems relating to *antæci*, *periæci*, and *antipodes*, which are solved by means of the terrestrial globes. The first term is applied to those inhabitants of the earth's surface who live in the same degree of longitude and in equal degrees of latitude, but the one in north and the other in south latitude: the second are those who live in the same latitude, but in opposite longitudes: the last are those who live diametrically opposite to each other, and consequently walk feet to feet.

But we need not enumerate farther. The problems capable of being solved in a rough way by globes are almost innumerable; and we have endeavoured to explain the broad principles by which the solutions are effected.—*British Almanac for 1842.*

THE STORMING OF GHUZNEE.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at."

The horrors of war have seldom been more vividly described than by Captain Henry Havelock of the 13th Regiment of light infantry, in his account of the storming of the celebrated fortress of Ghuznee during the late brief war in Affghanistan. The following narrative of the circumstances attending the reduction of that stronghold is condensed from a communication to a friend in England, by the officer we have named, who is still in India, and was personally engaged in the desperate encounter he so faithfully describes.

On the morning of Tuesday, 23d July, 1839, Sir John Keane commenced his bold and brilliant plan of attack. The want of a siege train precluded all hope of breaching; for he had seen that his guns, the largest of which were no better than field artillery, could make but little impression on the well baked crust of the walls of Ghuznee. His project therefore pivoted on his ability to cause the ruin of the Cabool gate (the only gate of the fortress not bricked up) to supply the place of a breach. The weather was most favourable to the attempt. It blew so strongly, and in such loud gusts from the east at night, and towards dawn, as to render inaudible to the devoted garrison the tramp of columns, and the rattling of artillery wheels, and even to deaden the roar of guns of small calibre.

Three had struck, and daylight was distant only one short hour, when the field artillery was placed in a small chosen position on the commanding heights opposite the citadel, and began a cannonade, which soon induced the enemy to respond with every gun they could bring to bear upon the hills; whilst the nine pounders of the Camel battery directed a fire against the walls from the low ground on the left of the road, at a range of not more than two hundred and fifty yards. Meanwhile, slowly the storm was rolling and gathering on to the fatal gate. Captain Thomson, with the officers and men of the engineer establishment, had crept down to the works, furnished with nine hundred pounds of powder, in twelve large bags, which was to blow into the air the strong barricade, behind which the enemy felt secure. Behind this simple machinery of destruction, a column stood arrayed upon the road, yet screened by the shades of night. It was subdivided in the instructions into an advance, a main column, a support, and a reserve.

The British guns were now in battery, and had opened; and the enemy was answering

their smart fire by sending every now and then a round shot, with a rushing sound, through the air, on an errand of vengeance. From the southward the fire of Captain Hay's musketry was heard, whilst, as our skirmishers along the whole northern face were from time to time descried, they were saluted with musketry shots from the ramparts. The scene became animated. The Affghans exhibited on their walls a succession of blue lights, by aid of which they strove to get a clearer view of the efforts which were about to be made against them. But of the real nature of the mischief which they had to dread, they remained wholly ignorant. In expectation of a general escalade, they had manned the whole circumference of their walls. The northern rampart at length became a sheet of flame, and every where the cannonade and the fire of musketry became brisker and brisker. But these soon ceased, or were forgotten, for scarcely had day begun to break, when, after an explosion barely audible beyond the head of the column, amidst the sighing of the boisterous wind, and the rattle of the cannonade, a pillar of black smoke was seen to rise; and then, after a pause, the bugle sound to advance was distinctly recognized. The moment was interesting. It was yet dark, and the column was composed generally of young troops. A notion pervaded it that a bastion had fallen in under the fire of the artillery; others thought that one of the enemy's magazines had blown up; but all who had seen the instructions of the preceding evening knew that the crisis had arrived, and that the attempt was now to be hazarded which was to make or mar the projectors of the enterprize.

The engineers had done their work boldly, prudently, and skilfully. Captain Thomson and his coadjutors had crept silently along the bridge, or causeway, which afforded a passage across the wet ditch, and up the steep, defended by loop holes which led to the gate. Close to the massive portal he had piled the bags, and fired the hose, or *saucisse* attached to them. His explosion party effected this in about two minutes, and then retired under such cover as they could find, to watch the progress and results of their pyrotechny. The enemy was still in ignorance of the nature of the scheme laid for their destruction. Anxious, however, to discover the cause of the bustle which they partially heard in the direction of the important entrance, they now displayed a large and brilliant blue light on the widened rampart immediately above the gate. But they had not time to profit by its glare, when the powder exploded, shivered the massive barricade in pieces, and brought down in hideous ruin, into the passage below, masses of ma-

sonry and fractured beams. The stormers, under Colonel Dennie, rushed, as soon as they heard the bugle signal, into the smoking and darkened opening before them, and found themselves fairly opposed, hand to hand, by the Affghans, who had quickly recovered from their surprise. Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage; but the clash of sword against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate, but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but, in its turn, each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge, at half pistol shot, amongst the defenders. Thus the forlorn hope won gradually their way onward, until, at length, its commanders and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then in a moment the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne, and no sooner did these four companies feel themselves established in the fortress, than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the walls, announced their triumph to the troops without.

But oh the fugitive character of human success, even in its brightest moments! How nearly was all ruined by the error of an instant! Brigadier Sale, whilst his skirmishers were closing by sound of bugle, had steadily and promptly pressed forward to support the forlorn hope. As he moved on, he met an engineer officer, evidently suffering from the effects of the recent explosion, and anxiously inquired of him how the matter went behind the bridge. This gallant person had been thrown to the ground by the bursting of the powder, and though he had not received any distinct wound, fracture, or contusion, he was shaken in every limb by the concussion. His reply was that the gate was blown in, but that the passage was choked up, and the forlorn hope could not force an entrance. Brigadier Sale was too cool and self-possessed not to be able at once to draw the inference that to move on under such circumstances was to expose his troops to certain destruction. He ordered the retreat to be sounded. The tempestuous state of the weather, and the noise of the fire of small arms did not prevent this signal from being heard even by the reserve; but it conveyed the order which British soldiers are always slowest in obeying. The column, however, made a full halt in the path of victory. But the check

was not of long duration. The Brigadier, perfectly calm in this moment of supposed difficulty, addressed himself to another engineer officer, with whom he happily fell in at this interesting moment. He assured him that though the passage of the gateway was much impeded, the advance stormers under Colonel Dennie had already won their way through it. The Brigadier promptly gave the signal to move on. But the delay, short as it had been, was productive of mischief; it had left a considerable interval between the forlorn hope and Brigadier's Sale's column, and just as the latter, in which the Queen's regiment was leading, had pressed into the gateway, a large body of Affghans, driven headlong from the ramparts by the assault and fire of Colonel Dennie's force, rushed down towards the opening, in the hope of that way effecting their escape. Their attack was made upon the rear company of the Queen's and the leading files of the Bengal European regiment. The encounter with these desperate men was terrific. They fiercely assaulted, and for a moment drove back the troops opposed to them. One of their number, rushing over the fallen timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp Asiatic sabre. The Affghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pummel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together amongst the falling timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the Brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary so as to keep fast the hilt of his sabre. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw of the 13th, Aid-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened in the *melée* to approach the scene of conflict; the wounded leader recognized and called to him for aid. Captain Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Affghan, but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the Brigadier for a moment got uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him with his right a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Moohummedan once shouted "*Ue Ullah*" (oh God), and never spoke or moved again. The leader of the column regained his feet, and feeling himself for the moment incapable of personal exertion, yet calmly directed the

movements of his men, who, after a fierce struggle, in which many ghastly wounds were exchanged, had now established themselves within the walls. Substantive success began to shew itself on every side, and the Commander-in-Chief, being assured from the prolonged shouting and sustained fire of British musketry within the area of the fortress, that the walls were won, had ordered every gun of the batteries on the heights to be aimed at the citadel. To that point, also, Brigadier Sale, quickly recovering his strength, began to direct his personal efforts. Meanwhile the support under Colonel Croker was slowly winding its way through the gateway. The reserve also had closed up to the walls. At length the support, coiling in its whole length, disappeared within the fortress, and then, and not till then, the reserve, seeing the gateway cleared of troops, marched steadily forward. In a few minutes afterwards, Sir John Keane had the satisfaction to see the colours of the 18th light infantry, and of the 17th regiment waving and flapping in the strong breeze of the Affghan's last stronghold.

Brigadier Sale, notwithstanding his wound, had climbed up to the scene of interest, and was guiding every where the exertions of the soldiers, who now, however, found little occupation beyond arresting the flight of the fugitives, and giving assurance and protection to the shrieking women of the harem. The reserve, too, was now fairly within the walls, and no sooner did it feel its footing to be secure, than it wheeled to its left, and ascended the eastern rampart, from which a galling fire had been directed against it whilst it was detained under the walls. As its files penetrated within the houses in that direction, driving before it all who resisted, a new character was imparted to the scene by its activity; for a body of concealed Affghans, perceiving that their hiding places were explored in this unwelcome manner, rushed out madly, sword in hand, and endeavoured to cut a passage for themselves to the gateway. At this moment, groups of fatigued soldiers were resting on their arms in the low ground below the citadel, and many of the wounded had been collected there, preparatory to their being carried to a place of security, whilst hundreds of horses of the vanquished Affghans, frightened by the fire, were galloping wildly about the area. Down with desperate activity came this troop of fugitives amongst these detached parties, who sprang on their feet in a moment and directed a fire against them. The Affghans, as they rushed furiously on, cut right and left with surprising force, with swords as sharp as razors, not only at armed and active soldiers, but at the wounded as they

lay, at their own terrified animals, at every object which crossed their path. A wild fusillade was opened upon them by the troops on the slopes of the citadel, and in the midst of a scene of indescribable confusion, the native soldiers gathering in threes and fours around each furious Affghan, shot and hunted them down like mad dogs, until the destruction of the whole party was completed. The writer of this narrative happened to have an opportunity of observing closely the effect of one of the swords of these desperate men. A soldier of the Queen's had received a bullet through his breast-plate. His blood had flowed in a crimson stream down to his very boots as he lay apparently in a swooning state, in a dooley, with his right arm extended over the side of it. An Affghan, in his progress towards the gate, nearly severed, with one blow, the exposed limb of the prostrate and defenceless soldier. He arose, supporting it with the other hand, and staggered against the wall in speechless agony; but the balls of numerous assailants soon took vengeance for their comrades' sufferings.

The scene now excited feelings of horror, mingled with compassion, as one by one the Affghans sunk under repeated wounds upon the ground which was strewn with bleeding, mangled, and convulsed and heaving carcases. Here were ghastly figures stiffly stretched in calm but grim repose; here the last breath was yielded up through clenched teeth in attitudes of despair and defiance, with hard struggles and muttered imprecations; and there a faint "Ue Ullah" addressed half in devotion to God, half in the way of entreaty to man, alone testified that the mangled sufferer yet lived. The clothes of some of the dead and dying near the entrance had caught fire, and, in addition to the agony of their wounds, some were enduring the torture of being burnt by the slow fire of their thickly wadded vests, and singed and hardened coats of sheep skin.

Thus was Ghuznee "lost and won;"—thus, in little more than two short hours, a garrison plausibly estimated at three thousand five hundred men was dispossessed of a fortress, the walls of which, up to the moment of attack, had scarcely been grazed by cannon shot, the face of the works being as entire as in the first hour of investment, and this had been done without a ladder being raised in escalade. To the honour of the British soldiers employed on the occasion, it must be stated, that not a female of the garrison was subjected to insult.

War.—War, which society draws upon itself, is but an organised barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented.—*Louis Bonaparte.*

JOSHUA NEWBURN.

The following narrative, relative to Joshua Newburn, who has recently returned to this country, after having been captured by the natives of New Zealand, and after having served for nearly nine years and a-half under the chiefs of various tribes, during which period he underwent the cruel torture of tattooing, is authentic, and may be depended upon. There is something so truly extraordinary in the history of this young man's life, during his nine years and a-half's residence in the interior of the island of New Zealand, that a few observations relating to him cannot fail to prove interesting.

Joshua Newburn is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Henry Newburn, for many years a freeman of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, in the City of London, and was born in the parish of St. Luke, on the 27th of March, 1817. His family are still living in that parish in respectable circumstances. He received a plain education at an Hoxton academy (Gloucester House), under a Mr. Pearce, and was afterwards apprenticed to a gas-fitter in the city; but his inclinations being seaward, his father caused his indentures to be cancelled, and on the 27th of February, 1832, he was articulated for the term of three years to a Captain Plant, master of a whaler, named the Marquis of Lansdowne, bound to the South Seas. After a voyage of three months and fifteen days from the date of leaving Portsmouth, the ship reached the Bay of Islands on the New Zealand coast, where she brought up, and young Newburn, who was then but fifteen years of age, having suffered much sickness on board, obtained leave to go ashore to seek medical advice. As there were several canoes manned with natives around the ship, trading with the crew, Newburn took the advantage of bargaining with a *rungataree*, or lead boatman, to take him ashore; but after they had left the ship, instead of the men rowing into the mouth of the harbour to the English settlements, they made away for a sandy beach at some distance off, and, having dragged him on shore, they stripped him quite naked, beating him at the same time with their paddles, till they left him insensible; they then took to the canoe and made off. As soon as he had partially recovered from the effects of their violence, he wandered about the island in quest of a human habitation, desirous, if possible, of alighting upon some white man. This he continued to do for two days and nights, making the best of his way through forests of fern, breast high, which (being literally bereft of clothing,) shockingly chafed and lacerated his body. On the third morning, as he sat under a tree, fa-

mished with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue, he was perceived by two native youths, the sons of a chief living hard by, who, pitying his condition, conducted him to the hut of their father, who was lying sick upon a mat. Seeing that Newburn was destitute of clothing he furnished him with an old pair of canvas trousers and a tattered shirt, and having afforded him such refreshment as his circumstances would admit of, he sent him to a neighbouring chief, who, he said, would use him well.

To follow the life and adventures of this young man from that period up to the time of his quitting the country for England; to detail the chequered circumstances he met with during the nine years and upwards he served with various tribes of the island; to depict the scenes he witnessed, the imminent perils he encountered, the severe, almost incredible hardships he endured, the dreadful privations he underwent, and the miraculous escapes he experienced, would occupy the space of a large volume. He is now in London, and although he speaks his native language correctly, yet it is with difficulty that he at times can find words wherewith to express his ideas. His body is cicatrized in many places from the wounds he has from time to time received from the spears and knives of the natives whilst he was engaged under different chiefs, contending with militant tribes; and his face has undergone the horrible operation of tattooing, which gives him the appearance of a New Zealand Chief. Although he is now only in his 25th year, from the acute sufferings he has undergone (having been at one period exposed for fourteen months in the bush,) he appears considerably older, and his constitution has been so severely shattered, that it is quite impossible that he could have subsisted another year had he remained on the island. He speaks the New Zealand language with the utmost fluency, and became ultimately so thoroughly initiated into the ways, habits, and manners of the natives, that they identified him with themselves, and styled him by a term of distinction "*Mootooah*," which means "the tattooed spirit." In describing the scenes he witnessed among the tribes he is exceedingly simple, and imparts what information may be sought of him in a very clear and artless manner.

VISIT TO THE BIRTH PLACE AND THE TOMB OF BEWICK.

(From the 2d series of Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places.)

From an early age, there were few places that I had a greater desire to visit than the scenery of the youthful life of Thomas Bewick. Accustomed from a boy to delight in the coun-

try; to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses; to lie amongst summer grass, by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there; or to join in active pursuit, amid the yellow woods of autumn or the deep snows of winter, of the wild creatures of the field and forest,—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure, to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he gave you the truth and variety of life itself. I had therefore a strong curiosity to see the spots in which the accurate and poetic observer had picked up the material for his after-works—like Shakspeare—in boyish rambles, when he never dreamt of the wealth he was garnering in his heart.

Being, therefore, at Newcastle with Mrs. Howitt, an equal lover of the country and admirer of Bewick with myself, we resolved to spend a day in a visit to Cherryburn and Ovingham. Fortunately we had for our guides and companions, those who, next to Bewick himself, were best acquainted with the localities and their connexion with the artist—two of his daughters. The worth and amiability of the man are transmitted to his family, who, without pursuing his art, are yet full of the same sterling spirit and virtues, and of his inextinguishable attachment to nature.

That trip of about ten or a dozen miles which Thomas Bewick during the days of his apprenticeship used to make on foot, in order to see his parents and native haunts, we found shortened for us by the Carlisle railway; and had scarcely resolved to be at Cherryburn, when lo! we were there. Even as we now whirled up the valley of the Tyne, we could recognise the character of many a snatch of scenery in Bewick's wood-cuts. The winding river, its steep banks hung with lofty trees and luxuriant broom; the stream here pouring over a gravelly shallow bed, here rippling past willowy islands; and villages peeping out from amongst the thick foliage, and troops of urchins making the little crofts and river banks alive with their play.

We flew past a hanging little field, sloping from woods above towards the Tyne, where John Bewick, the brother of Thomas, and also a genuine artist, used to fancy that he would build himself a rustic retreat, and live and die amid the scenes that were dearest to him. He died ere he could realize this poetical imagination; and now the iron steam-path has cut in two the very field, and destroyed all its solitude. A few minutes more brought us to Cherryburn, the birth-place of John and

Thomas Bewick. It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farm-house, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artists; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling—"May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come."

The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. It was a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milkhouse on the ground-floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. Bewick was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of "the little window at his bed-head." Which room this was, however, none of the family knew.

The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cates before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth, hanging in their parlour.

Below the house, on the descending slope, lies the old garden shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom. One felt sure that this was just the spot to attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connexion which it held on his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the gravestone of his father and mother. One of those heavy, round-headed, and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone had been broken, and his filial pity led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents, on the left hand of the path leading to the porch in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering this to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look, in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. He could not suffer any thing to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle. He was fond of recording the dates of family events on his vignettes; and the curious observers, who have wondered what such a date, carved as it were on a rock, or rude stone, meant, would find,

if they could have the matter traced out, that it marked the passing of some domestic event of deep interest to him. Thus, in the Fables, at page 162, this inscription in a vignette—"died 20 Feb. 1785," is the date of his mother's death; and "died 15 Nov. 1785," is that of the decease of his father. It is equally interesting to know, that the words at page 152 of the same volume—"O God of infinite wisdom, truth, justice, and mercy," were those with which, he told his family, he was accustomed to preface his petitions to the Great Disposer of events, and that they and the Lord's Prayer comprised the substance of his prayers, and seemed to him more comprehensive than human wisdom could introduce into other language, however long and wordy. No doubt, this old and fractured headstone was become sacred to him, not merely for the purpose for which it had been used, but by the tears with which his own grief had watered it. And who could not see in the spot where he had now replanted it, beneath a spreading elder, the retrospect of blessed and sunny hours, in which the loveliness of nature, and the smiles of his mother, had made a heaven for his young heart! And what scene, except the brightest of the eternal Heaven itself, can ever cast into comparative dimness the paradise of a boyhood in the country, under the pure and angelic guardianship of a mother! In my own heart, such a time shines on through all the gladness or the sorrows of life, as a holy and beatified existence, belonging rather to a prior world than to this. God in his goodness has built me a house, and peopled it with hearts that make existence to me precious and beautiful; but even into the fairest hour of that domestic peace and affection, which no thankfulness can repay to the Divine Giver, still gleams the serenest and most joyful sunshine of those days, when around the native home lay greenest fields, golden with flowers, murmuring with bees, musical with birds, and in some odorous nook of the old garden, or under some orchard tree, I sate and listened to that voice, and gazed on that beloved face, which made the light and the charm of the young world to me. No, there was no winter, no sorrow, no weariness there! Crime nor impurity, selfishness nor deceit, cruelty nor contempt, could ever break in there with blackness and bitterness, from that world which we have since had to traverse, and to make desolate discoveries in; or if there were such things as winter, as passions, or as heaviness, they have been so swallowed up in the memory of fairyland delight, that their existence can no more be believed. There were walls of crystalline peace; hedges of rosy and innocent joy hemming in and guarding that true Eden

of human life from all jeopardy and frostiness; wings of angels hovered around in the sunshine, and wafted airs of delicious soothing on the nightly bed. There is not a bird that sings; there is not a flower that blows, in garden or in field; there is not a creature that belongs to the rural home, or enlivens the country by its presence or its voice, that does not call up before me those days of paradisiacal felicity, and the one ever loving, ever gentle, ever benignant being that made that felicity perfect. He that has been blessed with a worthy mother can never disbelieve in the being of a God, or the futurity of virtue. The peace and glory of heaven have received him into this world; the hand of angels has sown his early way with flowers of beauty from the inner sanctuary of God, fair beyond all mortal creation; the wisdom and purity of the divine nature have been shed for him on the maternal heart in measureless affluence; the glorious hopes of immortality have been made actualities on her tongue; the triumphs and the rewards of goodness have arisen before him in the very tones of her voice as she sung to him the songs that stirred her own soul, like glowing faces and forms of seraphs, whose nature and mission he could not then comprehend, but saw and felt that they were beautiful. Yes; where a true mother walks amongst her young children, there walks as actual a spirit of divine love and loveliness, as ever trod the pavement of eternity itself. She is a soul on fire with that hallowed flame of affection, and filled with that overflowing abundance of virtue, high principle and purity, that shall endow her children with a sufficient portion for their whole lives, and give them power, if worthily imbibed, to tread down all the serpent natures that beset the onward course of existence. And what balmy slumbers on a soft bosom, what hand-holding along fair scenes in country and town, while the mind sought, and the ear received in gentlest music, one long perpetual stream of intelligence on all that surrounded us, from that exhaustless fountain of our youthful knowledge; what bright hours of song, of legend or domestic merriment, of pity and pensive story, connect themselves with the name of a mother; and more than even these, what a sense of heroic defence against every unjust suspicion, or arbitrary harshness! Such are the feelings which crowd upon the grateful heart, after years on years have gone by, and when the greer maternal grave sinks into levelness with the surrounding turf, making us feel that woman in her dearest character as a wife, can scarcely rival herself in her heavenly nobility as a mother. It is only such a man, in such a moment of heavenly retrospect, that can comprehend all that that

old head-stone, in its green garden-nook, was in the eyes of him who there placed it.

Leaving Cherryburn, my recollection is of crossing the river at the spot where Bewick used to cross it when an apprentice boy on his way home, at the Ferry of Eltringham, and of strolling slowly on—for this visit was several years ago—through fields of ripe barley, the Miss Bewicks pointing out to us as we approached the village of Ovingham the spots which have been introduced in their father's designs, and relating anecdotes connected with the characters of his old acquaintances, or others that have been made to figure in his works. There was the old soldier who used to tell him of his wars, and so often of the battle of Minden, that he went by the name of "the old soldier of Minden." On one occasion of Bewick visiting Ovingham, the old man was dead, and as he approached the village he saw that broad hat and old veteran's coat, that had so often covered the worn limbs of his old friend, then hoisted on a pole as a scarecrow, and thus they show in one of his tail-pieces. There was the drunkard, that made a vow never to enter a public-house again, but used to call at the door and drink as he sate on his horse. These, and the houses where others had lived, were pointed out to us. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that are so delightful in his Natural History. The sandpiper and kingfisher go by with their peculiar cries, and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedge bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. The village is just such a place as you wish and expect it. Quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm houses, and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village, and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn, you recognise objects that have filled the imagination and employed the burin of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning headstones—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and with wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage, you have seen it before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

But it is at the west end of the church that you find the tomb of the artist. Here he lies beside his wife, and his brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he

would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother.

A square plot of ground adjoining the west end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron palisades. The graves of the deceased are covered with flat stones, and on the church wall above stand, side by side, these inscriptions:—"In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man." "The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick, died 8th of November, 1828, aged 75 years."

This spot, which will now for ever form the most noted one in the churchyard of Ovingham, was obligingly granted to the Bewick family by the lay patron, C. W. Bigge, Esq., and they were allowed by him, after Bewick's death, thus to enclose it. How little in such rustic places the fame of men who have there sprung or there repose, avails, might be seen in connexion with this very handsome and appropriate grant, for there were not wanting those, who ought to have known better, who rose in opposition to it, even went so far as to say that if the palisades were put up, they would pull them down again; and very characteristically asked the question—"If every man was to have such a piece enclosed, how was the churchyard to accommodate the inhabitants?" not being able to see that there was no danger whatever of every man becoming a Bewick.

On the south-side of the church is a tablet erected to the memory of another artist, Robert Johnson, a pupil of Bewick's, who, after shewing great talent, died in his youth, in Perthshire, in Scotland.

* * * * *

Thomas Bewick now sleeps well. In the very churchyard where he ran as a school-boy, or rode on gravestones as a sham-soldier with his comrades, he rests with his wife and his parents; and it has not been one of our least pleasures in visiting the North, to tread the scene of his birth, and stand by his village tomb.

ALMANACS.

The etymology of the word *Almanac* is involved in considerable obscurity. By some, it is derived from the Arabic *al manach*, to count. Verstegan, who has written on the antiquities of Great Britain, under the title of "Restitution of decayed Intelligence concerning Bri-

taine," makes the word of German origin, *almonat*, and says that the Saxons were in the habit of carving the annual courses of the moon upon a square piece of wood, which they called *almonaught*. The modern almanac answers to the *fasti* of the ancient Romans. There are several very splendid English almanacs of the 14th century existing in MS., particularly in the British Museum. A very curious specimen is in the library of Corpus Christi college, Cambridge.

Almanacs became generally used in Europe within a short time after the invention of printing; and they were very early remarkable, as some are now in England, for the mixture of truth and falsehood which they contained. In 1579, their effects in France were found so mischievous, from the pretended prophecies which they published, that an edict was promulgated by Henry III., forbidding any predictions to be inserted in them relating to civil affairs, whether those of the state or of private persons. No such law was ever enacted in England.

It is singular, that the earliest English almanacs were printed in Holland, on small folio sheets; and these have occasionally been preserved, from having been pasted within the covers of old books. In the reign of James I., letters patent were granted to the two universities and the Stationers' Company for an exclusive right of printing almanacs. These, in 1775, were declared to be illegal.

During the civil wars of Charles I., and thence onward to our own times, English almanacs became conspicuous for the unblushing boldness of their astrological predictions, and their determined perpetuation of popular errors. This, however, has recently received a check, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge issuing a British almanac, free from deceptions and absurdities, and having more to recommend it as a statistical work than former ones, which were all monopolized by the stationers' company of London.

At the present day, the almanacs of the continental states are generally free from misleading matters of this nature: and the almanacs most similar to some of those extensively circulated amongst the English are produced in Persia. A modern Persian almanac is thus described in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*: "The first page contains a list of fortunate days for certain purposes; as, for example, to buy, to sell, to take medicine, to marry, &c.; then follow predictions of events, as earthquakes, storms, political affairs, &c., after the manner of Moore's Almanac, except being apparently more concise." This resemblance between the productions of a highly-cultivated

nation, and one which is noted for its general ignorance, is a remarkable instance of the permanency of vulgar errors. The first almanac at Constantinople is said to have been printed in 1716, under the direction of Abdonaham. Regiomontanus was the first person in Europe who prepared almanacs in their present form, with the exception of their predictions, which were, in all probability, introduced into Europe from the Persians.—Some of the almanacs in the United States still contain predictions respecting the weather, and most people have learnt the result of Mr. Murphy's prophecies in England.

There is, perhaps, no class of books, which bear so obviously the stamp of the age, and of the spirit of different countries, as almanacs. Once they were almost entirely filled with subjects of a religious character. At another time they overflowed with astrological calculations and predictions. At present, they become every year more full of statistical matter, although we number a comic almanac, an almanac for the Epicureans, and, as a new feature in this department of literature, a *Phrenological* almanac, in all of which statistics are treated as of secondary importance. In the latter work, which lies before us, apart from the usual information to be found in the cheapest almanacs, we have a lengthened and learned introduction to the science of Phrenology, a classification of the mental powers, several remarkable "cases" in proof of the science, memoirs of Gall and Spurzheim, with the minutest details of the progress of Phrenology. In the time of Napoleon, an almanac was published in France, in which, to every day, an achievement of the emperor, or something else relating to him, was added. Almanacs, in the petty principalities of Germany, exhibit the endless genealogical tables of the princes. Some almanacs in modern Greek, printed at Venice, where, formerly, all books in this language were published, are found full of astrological superstition, and matters relating to the Greek church. One of the most curious almanacs which we have seen is an Italian one for 1822, exhibiting, in a striking manner, the Italian vivacity. To the 30th of July is added, *Sudano ancora le ossa!* to the eleventh of August, *Oh! che noja*; to July 12, *Cascano le braccia*; to January 2, *Sivoli e ombrello!* In Germany, *almanach* is the name given to annuals like those which appear in England, and the United States of America, under the names of Souvenir, Forget-me-not, &c. In France, a work appears annually under the title of *Almanach des Gourmands*, which is conducted with much spirit, and is in high repute among epicures.

Poetry.

THE POET'S HOME.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

(From the January Number of the Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine.)

Partner below'd, my true and constant wife,
Sick grows my heart, and tears o'ercharge mine eyes,
When I at times amid my care-fraught life,
Reflect that thou shar'st my toils and sighs ;
Yet thy dear presence doth them lighter make—
Would that my fate were happier, for thy sake.

Poets are dreamers, visionary men,
Whose fancies flitting ever through the brain,
Crowd, like wing'd bees with honey, to the pen—
That fairy wand, 'mid hours of care and pain,
Still conjures up unto the raptur'd view,
Scenes bright and glorious, everything but true.

Fantastic elves that haunt the poet's mind,
When waves his feathery sceptre haste away,
And o'er the regions of the cloud and wind
These revellers do hold despotic sway ;
Creating domes and turrets, halls and towers,
And silver founts, and rose-besprinkled bowers.

Ah, would that I possess'd the earthly heaven
Those elves have oft brought to my yearning mind ;
Would that to me such home of bliss were given,
That I might leave the world of gain behind :
Turn thee, my love, and on the picture look,
Which I have sketch'd to place in Nature's book.

I would not have a proud and stately pile,
Rearing its walls of stone unto the skies ;
No pomp or state my dwelling should defile,
Humble alike in structure and in size ;
No burly menial should attend its door,
To shame his master, and affright the poor.

I'd have a cottage-home embower'd in trees,
Like modest merit ever in the shade ;
My minstrels blithe should be the birds and bees,
And 'gainst the wall the plant which doth not fade,
The loving ivy evermore should be—
Type of her love who ever clings to me.

Not distant far a tiny stream should stray,
Prattling like childhood 'mid the summer-hours,
Dancing in joy along its devious way,
And kissing banks bedeck'd with fragrant flowers ;
And in the night unto mine ear should creep
Its murmurs low, and lull to balmy sleep.

And thou, my boy, thy father's pride and care,
At morn should rush into the meadows gay,
Drinking the freshness of the taintless air,
And bounding on in wild and happier play,
Whilst I would follow thee with earnest gaze,
And smile to see thy careless, elfish ways.

Thy sisters, too, should fondly round me cling,
Buoyant and laughing, in the glow of health,
Singing by fits like merry birds of spring,
And gathering hoards of bright and scented wealth ;
With cheeks of bloom and joy-illumined eyes ;
Gemming their hair with many a perfum'd prize.

Star'd should my garden be with choicest flowers,
Trees many-arm'd should branch above my head,

And I would wander, in the noon-tide hours,
Where leafy gloom upon my path was shed ;
A rustic chair should fill some quiet nook,
Where I might sit, companion'd by a book.

And I would have one spirit-haunted room,
Fill'd with the thoughts of great and glorious men,
Those godlike minds which have outliv'd the tomb,
And shine as stars above a gloomy fen,
Cheering our hearts with pure and holy light—
The beacon-fires by which we steer aright.

Dyed should its casement be with many a stain,
Limning the features of th' illustrious dead ;
And every sunbeam shining through the pane
Should shed its glory on a hallow'd head ;
So that I could not look upon the skies,
Unless I gaz'd through some immortal eyes.

Shakspeare the fam'd and mighty king of thought ;
The heaven-seeing Milton, thought to earth all blind ;
Byron, who held both earth and heaven as nought—
A comet rushing through the realms of mind ;
Spiritual Shelly, lofty-soul'd, though meek ;
And sweet-voic'd Keats, with pale, consumptive cheek ;

Wordsworth the worshipp'd, with his verse divine,
And Barry Cornwall, prince of English song,
Coleridge the dreamy, with his nervous line ;
And luscious Moore, with thoughts in dazling throng ;
Leigh Hunt, the pleasant, gossiping away ;
And Southey's patriot strain of youthful day.

Quaint, quiet Lamb should chat in humorous mood ;
And Hazlitt's critic fire about should play ;
Pale, pensive, pleasant, punning poet Hood,
With far-fetch'd fancies gloom should chase away ;
Bulwer and Scott my spirit should enchain,
And Campbell charm me with his classic vein.

Homer and Virgil, Greek and Roman sage,
The learn'd and wise of every age and clime ;
They who have stamp'd their counsels on a page
Which hath outliv'd the moulderous touch of Time ;
They, though of ancient days, for ever young—
I'd have them all, the great of every tongue.

Vain is the wish—th' illusion will not stay—
I gaze no more with fancy-cheated eyes ;
I see around a traffic-trodden way,
And the dull smol-e bedims the beauteous skies ;
Dark, dusty mansions once again I meet,
And hear the tumults of the crowded street.

I feel that I am prison'd up and pent,
By the stern barriers of an adverse fate ;
Yet even now my prayers to heaven are sent
For all the blessings of my humble state ;
Clean is my hearth, my fire is red and bright—
My children's eyes reflect its cheerful light.

My babes of love, my treasure'd little brood,
I thank my God that you have never known
What 'twas to want a meal of homely food,
That hunger ne'er hath worn you to the bone ;
When to your warm and pleasant couch you creep,
Glad are the visions of your sinless sleep.

Wife of my soul, why should I now repine ?
Oh, am I not in thine affection blest ?
Thy dear eyes ever kindly answer mine—
Come then, Content, and be our cherish'd guest ;
And thou, my spirit, strive the goal to gain,
Where joy's pure sky shall ever bright remain.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Bloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



Engraved for Macmillan & Co.

NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO., 1870.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 13.]

SATURDAY, 29TH JANUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

(With an Engraving.)

An architect of the last century, when describing the Metropolis, professionally enough opens his book by exclaiming, "Thank God! old London was burned;" and apart from the individual suffering incident to the devastations of that awful fire, there is no question but that we are indebted to it for a series of improvements which it would have otherwise required centuries to accomplish.

To a certain extent, this remark equally applies to the buildings appropriated to the sittings of the national legislature, for it had long been our reproach that, whilst the capitals of France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and even the United States, were distinguished for spacious and splendid edifices for the offices of Government, or the halls of Legislature, the Metropolis of the British Empire, although unparalleled in extent, wealth, and political importance, had neither a palace nor a senate-house worthy of the name. This reproach will now be rolled away; yet we cannot repress the feelings of regret that the unique and venerable chapel of St. Stephen and the adjacent magnificent Hall should have been placed in imminent peril of total destruction, even for the accomplishment of such an object—forming as they did an integral part of the ancient Palace of Westminster, than which, it has been justly observed, "there is no single edifice, nor compound building, in this country, which involves such a variety of histo-

rical, political, and forensic associations with the eventful changes and vicissitudes of our national history—or which more strikingly demonstrates that the architects of what are commonly called the 'dark ages,' studied at once stability, grandeur, and beauty in their sacred and regal edifices."

The fire, by which both the old Houses of Parliament were destroyed, broke out on the evening of October 16, 1834, and rapidly spread through the numerous passages, lobbies, and staircases which, at various periods, had been constructed for the more convenient communication between the two houses, and their respective Committee rooms and offices, without regard to the almost prophetic warning given by Sir John Soane, who, in 1828, thus adverted to the insecure manner in which these adjuncts were constructed.*

"In the year 1800, the Court of Requests was made into a House of Lords; and the old buildings of a slight character, several stories in height, surrounding that substantial structure, were converted into accommodations for the officers of the House of Lords, and for the necessary communications. The exterior of these old buildings, forming the front as well as the interior, is constructed chiefly with timber covered with plaster. In such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials, should a fire happen, what would become of the Painted Chamber, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall? Where would

* Designs for Public Buildings.

the progress of the fire be arrested? The want of security from fire, the narrow, gloomy, and unhealthy passages, and the insufficiency of the accommodations in this building, are important objects, which call loudly for revision and speedy amendment."

On the evening of the fire, the wind blew briskly from the south west, but became more southerly as the night advanced, and to this circumstance, and to the foresight exercised by Sir John Soane in interposing a strong party wall between the Library and the New Gallery and Staircase erected by him, may be attributed the preservation of the Law Courts and of Westminster Hall,—the vast timber roof of which, would have rendered it an easy prey to the devouring element. "There are two comforts in this fire," observes a writer of the time, "one negative the other positive,—it did not destroy Westminster Hall, and it did unveil St. Stephen's Chapel." It was really wonderful to see the sharpness and beautiful finish of the mouldings, the crockets, the embossed ornaments, and other cunning workmanship in stone, notwithstanding the violence which the chapel had suffered from ancient destroyers and modern improvers, besides having come out of the fiery furnace of so tremendous a conflagration.

Without entering further into its details, this catastrophe afforded a noble opportunity for eliciting the talents of the architects of this country, and excited extraordinary interest in the profession. The Government most auspiciously and wisely determined to admit the most unlimited competition, and appointed the Hon. Sir E. Cust, the Hon. T. Liddell, C. H. Tracy, Esq., M. P., and George Vivian, Esq., commissioners, for the purpose of receiving and adjudicating upon the designs. Within the short space of four months, no fewer than ninety-seven sets of designs were transmitted, comprising at least fourteen hundred drawings, of large dimensions—of elaborate detail, embracing complicated and extensive suites of apartments—of varied forms and applications, and of great difficulty and intricacy in combination.

The meed of superior excellence and the prize of five hundred pounds each were awarded to the designs of Charles Barry, Esq., J. C. Buckler, Esq., D. Hamilton, Esq., and Mr. Railton. Mr. Barry's design was recommended to Parliament as the best, and the remainder were subsequently exhibited to the public, in a room appropriated to that purpose in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.

The chief grounds on which the preference was given to Mr. Barry's plan, by the talented Commissioners, were stated by them to be the

superior merit of the internal arrangements and the beauty of the external architecture. The chief elements of the latter consist of the happy effect produced by combining the embankment from the river with the basement of the principal elevation, the extent and solidity of which, greatly contributes to the grandeur of the whole—its massive simplicity and unity of design, the beauty and magnificence of its general proportions, and their harmony with and adaptation to Westminster Hall. These features are already apparent in the present state of the works, which are raised to the height of an ordinary dwelling-house, and exhibit a beautiful continuous range of light Gothic windows; but the general and unqualified approval of the design which the various published views have elicited, is perhaps the most gratifying and honourable testimony, both to the genius of the architect, the taste of the Commissioners, and the chaste and enlightened judgment of the select Parliamentary Committee, who have at once rendered suitable homage to the talent of the architect, and justice to this monument of the national taste of the nineteenth century, by committing to Mr. Barry the carrying of his own splendid conceptions into practical effect, whilst he has as nobly left the minor question of his personal remuneration to the gratitude of his country.

The foundation is partly on the ancient bed of the river, which was dammed up, the old river soil removed, and the new foundation laid. It consists of a kind of concrete, formed of stones, lime, sand, gravel, &c., mixed together with water, and which, when dried, is as waterproof and substantial as solid rock. This foundation is intersected by an infinite number of walls (six or seven bricks thick,) and intersecting one another at short intervals, so that the ground-works appear to consist of a number of cellars, about twenty or thirty feet square, and sometimes inverted arches are employed.

Without a ground plan it is not so easy to describe the internal arrangement of the edifice; but we may assist our readers to a general conception of the subject by stating that Westminster Hall will be the great public entrance or vestibule in common to the Houses of Parliament and to the Courts of Law. From hence a flight of steps ascends to Stephen's porch, to which there will also be access by steps from Parliament Square and Old Palace Yard. Public corridors lead from each of these entrances to the House of Lords, whilst at nearly a right angle with Westminster Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, the old House of Commons, will form a beautiful and appropriate vestibule to the new House of Commons,

through a magnificent hall, forming the first story of the central large tower shown in the engraving; in this hall the outer public lobby of both houses terminates. Around, or adjacent to these, are disposed the Division rooms, Committee rooms, Refreshment rooms, Robing rooms, &c., and a series of open squares or areas, for the purpose of light and ventilation. The apartments contained in the angle to the right of the engraving in front of the Clock Tower, and nearest Westminster Bridge, are devoted to the residence of the Speaker; adjacent to which, are the chief Clerk's rooms, and the Library of the Commons. The first landing stairs are appropriated to the Commons' entrance from the river, and the portion of the edifice adorned with the small turrets is intended for the Commons' Writing Library. The central, and more elevated portion of the river front, will be divided into select and unopposed Committee rooms. The second landing stairs, forming the river entrance for the Peers, conduct to the Conference room for both houses.

The western angle, at the left of the engraving, and corresponding with the Speaker's residence at the east, contains the apartments of the Librarian and the Usher of the Black Rod, and the entrance from Abingdon-street, at the upper end of which, the towers of Westminster Abbey are seen, is appropriated to the use of the spiritual Peers.

It is proposed by the architect that the first floor of the great Tower, at the angle formed by Abingdon-street and Old Palace Yard, should form the Royal or State entrance, and that the upper stories should form depositories for the public records; connected with this entrance are the requisite vestibules, robing rooms, and galleries leading to the throne in the House of Lords. Although the Tower is not essential to the general purposes of the structure, and some objections have been taken to the shade it will throw upon the remainder of the pile, there is little doubt, that, in conformity with the opinions expressed by the Commissioners and the architect, this important and magnificent adjunct will be erected.

Both Dr. Reid and Mr. Barry give a decided preference over a number of small chimnies, to one main shaft, which might form the centre pillar, or staircase, of the principal Tower, and into which all the flues for air and smoke may be conveyed. On the subject of ventilating and warming the new Houses of Parliament, a mass of valuable information was collected by the select committee appointed for that purpose in 1835, and the whole of the interior will be so constructed, both in reference to ventilation and accoustics, as to form a model for all other public buildings.

The general character of the design is of the third style of Gothic architecture, including the Tudor period, but without the expensive ornaments, paneling, and niches which would needlessly enhance the expense, and render the building liable to earlier decay, however excellent the stone of which it might be erected. In connection with this subject, it would be an unpardonable omission to overlook the highly interesting report, presented by a Commission appointed at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, to ascertain, by minute enquiries, the comparative adaptation of various classes of stone, and the effects of a London atmosphere upon each, as well as to enquire into the state of the most exposed parts of St. Paul's Cathedral, the towers of Westminster Abbey, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and the quarries from which each of the stones of these buildings respectively were taken, having special reference throughout to the stone to be used for the proposed Senate Houses.

In August, September, and October, 1838, Mr. C. Barry, accompanied by Mr. De La Beche and W. Smith, F.F.G.S., and Mr. C. H. Smith, made a tour of inspection to various stone-quarries in the kingdom, and visited numerous public buildings, for the above objects. Of this tour these gentlemen presented a report to the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests. They likewise procured a fair average specimen of the workable stone from each of the quarries which they visited, and deposited cubes, prepared from such specimens, as well of others which were forwarded to them, in the Museum of Economic Geology Department of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests.

The enquirers did not extend their researches to granites, porphyries, and similar stones; but, in acknowledging the receipt of several specimens of granite, they stated that the Marquis of Breadalbane had munificently offered to make a free gift to the nation of sufficient granite to build the Houses from his estates near Oban, in the west of Scotland, should the granite from that locality be considered fit and available for the purpose.

The enquirers were assisted by Professors Daniell and Wheatstone, of King's College, London, in determining the physical and chemical properties of a large portion of the specimens of the stone obtained; and the early portion of their report details the results.

In our next Number we shall present a few extracts from the latter portion of this Report, with a notice of the present appearance of the buildings.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

With the permission of the benevolent and talented writer, we give the following chapter on Slavery in England, from Mrs. Copley's "History of Slavery and its Abolition," which we have selected, not only for its intrinsic interest, but especially as it is calculated to awaken and sustain that thorough detestation of slavery which forms one of the most generous features of our national character.

The volume is embellished with a spirited whole length portrait of Thomas Clarkson, the time-honoured colleague of Wilberforce, and the author of the History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, to which this forms an appropriate sequel, if such it may be called, seeing it presents a comprehensive epitome of the nature, origin, moral effects, and sources of slavery, and its history from the remotest antiquity to the present time.

This subject is intimately interwoven with modern English history, and at the present moment it assumes unusual importance, from the interesting facts that the Great Powers of Europe have just concluded a solemn treaty effectually to terminate the illicit trade in slaves, which has hitherto mocked their united efforts, and that at this moment a spirited correspondence is before the public, between Lord Aberdeen and the government of the United States, which is putting forth the most pitiful quibbles to thwart the Allied Powers. Whilst falsely arrogating to itself the attributes of freedom, slavery, in its most hateful forms, rampantly stalks under its sway.

The long postponed claims of Africa to reparation, for the cruel wrongs inflicted on her children, also combine to render correct information on slavery, in all its aspects, peculiarly valuable—nor is it too much to assert that its acquirement is an imperative duty on all who can, by their influence or otherwise, give a wholesome direction to the public mind in reference to this gigantic evil.

Mrs. Copley has nobly performed her share of this duty, and we know of no more effective means of contributing our quota than by recommending that this volume should form a part of every library, in every Sunday school vestry, Mechanics' institute, or reading room in her Majesty's dominions, and a more appropriate school book could not be selected for the young folks of the empire.

In the year 410, the emperor Constantine being obliged to draw off his soldiers from the protection of Britain, voluntarily resigned the sovereignty of the island, and discharged the inhabitants of their allegiance to the empire. But liberty seemed now a boon scarcely worth receiving; in fact, was but an addition to their misery, deprived as they were of the means of defending it. During a period of nearly forty years, they were exposed to frequent inroads from the inhabitants of the northern part of the island, and again and again they sought protection from their ancient conquerors the Romans, and afterwards from the Saxons, the latter of whom took advantage of their confidence, and, partly by craft, partly by force, made themselves masters of the country, and after a contest which lasted upwards of a century, established a government consisting of seven kings, and called the Saxon heptarchy, which lasted for two hundred and forty-three years. About the middle of that period christianity became nominally the religion of the

country. In connection with this circumstance, an incident is mentioned which affectingly indicates the wretched state of our country, and the dark and gross ideas entertained on the subject of personal liberty and relative obligations.

Some youths from Yorkshire were sold by their mercenary parents to Roman merchants, who exposed them for sale in the public market at Rome. "That trade," observes the historian, "was then commonly practised among the English, who made no scruple of selling their children when overstocked." The beauty of their fair complexions and blooming countenances attracted the notice and admiration of many persons in Rome to these British youths; among the rest, Gregory, then in a private station, but afterwards bishop of Rome, inquired to what country they belonged; and being told that they were Angles, and born of idolatrous parents, he regretted that so fair an exterior should cover benighted and degraded minds, and resolved to go and preach the gospel to a nation for whose spiritual welfare he felt so deeply interested. His popularity and usefulness at home proved obstacles in the way of accomplishing his benevolent design at that time. He, however, bore it in mind, and afterwards took measures for sending missionaries to instruct the people in christian religion. The effects of christianity were soon discerned in the steps taken for the melioration, or abolition of slavery. In 693 it was enacted by Ina, king of the West Saxons, that if a slave were compelled by his master to work on a Sunday, he should become a free man, and the master pay thirty shillings (then an enormous sum) as a fine.

In the year 696, Withred, king of Kent, decreed, that if a master gave freedom to his slave at the altar, his family also should be free; he should take his liberty and have his goods. At a general synod, in the year 816, it was provided, that, at the death of a bishop, every Englishman of his who had been made a slave in his days, should be set at liberty, and that every prelate and abbot should set at liberty three slaves, and give them three shillings each.

About the year 827 or 828 the seven kingdoms were united into one. This continued to the time of the Norman conquest, interrupted, however, by frequent invasions of the Danes, and struggles for superiority. These struggles were terminated by the celebrated battle of Hastings, in which the king (Harold) and his two brothers were killed, and William, the Norman Conqueror, became possessor of the throne of England. This took place in the year 1066.

In 877, Alfred, the great and good Saxon king of England, ordained that some particular days should be granted to all slaves, to devote them to the society of those they loved, or to employ them in labour for their own benefit. He also decreed that, if a master forced his slave to work on a festival, he was to pay a heavy fine. In 945 it was decreed by king Athelstan, that, on certain occasions, "some one should be set at liberty, who, for his crimes, had been condemned to slavery," and this was to be done, "for the mercies of Christ." The same statute observes, "It is necessary that every master be compassionate and condescending to his servants, in the most indulgent manner that is possible. The slave and the free man are equally dear to the Lord, who bought them, and bought them all with the same price; and we are all, of necessity, servants of God, and he will judge us in the same manner that we on earth judged them over whom we had a judicial power."

The period of Saxon ascendancy was professedly one of great liberty, but scarcely so in reality, because there was an invidious distinction maintained between noble and base blood. There was then little of the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence, so common in our day, by which persons are enabled to surmount their early disadvantages, and, as they become possessed of wealth, gradually to glide into the higher ranks of society. Trade and commerce, by means of which the industrious poor have risen to affluence, were then comparatively unknown. This, without any positive law, tended to keep persons to their original rank in society; and if, by any extraordinary accident, a person of mean birth acquired riches, he was soon marked by the nobles as an object of indignation and envy; and, in the unsettled and unequal state of the laws which then prevailed, it would have been impossible for him to defend the property he had acquired, or to protect himself from oppression, except by courting the patronage of some great man, and paying a large price for his safety, as well as binding himself to some kind of service or subjection to his patron; in fact, submitting to a degree of slavery. It is conjectured that there could not be in England less than a million slaves, (or *villeins*, as they were called,) by whom the land was cultivated, and who were attached to the lands of their arbitrary landlords. These were called *national slaves*, and enjoyed some peculiar privileges; in particular, they could not be separated from the land; indeed, no native subject could be legally sent beyond sea, though peasants too frequently sold their children, or themselves, into perpetual, and even foreign bondage, and

the Anglo-Saxon nobility frequently disposed of their female servants in the same way. In the year 1102, a canon of council prescribed, "Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals." It is an established fact in history, that the English were generally in the habit of selling their children, and other relations, to be slaves in Ireland, without having even the pretext of distress or famine; and the port of Bristol, which has since sent out so many ships laden with human flesh to Africa, was then equally distinguished as a market for the same commodity. But under the influence of christian principles, the generous Irish, in a national synod, not only put an end to the nefarious traffic, but emancipated all the English slaves in the kingdom. This took place in the year 1172. Ireland being then afflicted with public calamities, the clergy and people began to reproach themselves with the unchristian practice of purchasing and holding in slavery their fellow-men. Although these slaves were fairly paid for, and although they were natives of an island from which the Irish had begun to receive great injuries, it was unanimously resolved in council freely to set them at liberty. The Irish were, at that time, a much more enlightened people than the English. This fact has not been sufficiently remembered to the honour of Ireland, when pleading with Britons to impart the succours of humanity and the blessings of the gospel, to the ignorant and oppressed population of that interesting island.

During the various revolutions of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, the peasantry, together with the cattle, became the property of the successive conquerors.

On one occasion, Cedwalla, a king who had embraced the christian religion, under the instruction of Wilfred, presented to his instructor a tract of land, *with the persons and property of its inhabitants*, comprehending eighty-seven families. The bishop gave them their liberty, instructed them in the christian religion, and baptized into the christian faith two hundred and fifty slaves. The number of slaves taken captive in war, was still greater than that of predial or rustic slaves. Of the treatment of these unhappy beings we know very little. It is to be feared that they were considered beneath the protection of the law, and left to the arbitrary authority of their possessors; but of the predial slaves we can collect some interesting particulars. This kind of slavery could legally emanate but from one source; viz., birth of servile parentage. It could not arise from contract, but must be hereditary. Every villain must have been born on the estate of a

certain master, to whose ancestors his father and more remote progenitors had belonged. In case a master could not prove this claim, or if, on the death of a master, the successor or representative were unknown, the villeins might lawfully emerge from slavery into freedom; but then the question arose, Could they support themselves? Too often the spirit was crushed and broken by long habits of servile dependence, the opportunity of freedom was neglected, and the settlement of a new proprietor earnestly desired, who, together with controul, should receive the responsibility of supporting the vassals. It is even said that, in some instances, poor free men voluntarily and, indeed, illegally recorded themselves as villeins, thus entailing bondage on their posterity as well as themselves. Some writers state, that if a free man married a *nief*, or female born in thrall, and settled on a villein tenure, he lost the privileges of freedom during his occupation; but others, on the contrary, say, that the *nief*, by marriage to a free man, herself became free, during his life, but if left a widow, might be reclaimed by her former proprietor. These statements, probably, refer to different periods, and serve to show the progress of liberal sentiments in the legislature of our country. The Norman conquest certainly augmented, rather than infringed upon, the liberty of the subject; or rather tended to increase the proportion of free population, by enacting, that any person of servile condition, having lived a year and a day in one place without being claimed, should be entitled to perpetual freedom. Greater facilities were also given to voluntary emancipation. The laws gave the people legal rights, and rescued them from arbitrary bondage. The lords could not deprive the husbandmen of their land, so long as they did the proper service; nor could they be called upon to do any work beside the due service prescribed; nor could any person be sold out of the country. Peasants, also, had a right to leave the lands they occupied when they pleased, and to choose whom they pleased as masters; only, having no funds, they were constrained to seek the same mode of subsistence; so that, in fact, their service was a rent for the land they cultivated for subsistence. An easy mode of enfranchisement was established, and, from its publicity, tended not only to secure the freedom of the liberated, but to give the generous master the gratification of knowing that his bounty was witnessed by the first men in the district. In the full county court, he was to take his slave by the right hand, to deliver him to the sheriff, and to declare his manumission; to show him the open door, and to put into his hand the arms of a

free man,—a lance and a sword. The sweetest blessing of life then became the legal property of the bondsman: from that moment he was irreversibly free.

Many humane statutes were enacted for the protection of the slave: if injured in life, or limb, his blood was not the less regarded on account of his servile state. The maimed villein, the insulted female, the son of a murdered slave, might appeal against their haughty lord, and not only inflict on him the penalty due to his offence, but, at the same time, obtain their liberty, as some reparation of their wrong.

The domestic slaves, in the service of the Saxon landholders, were generally distinguished by a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, soldered fast round the neck, so loose as to form no impediment to breathing, yet so tight that it could not be removed, except by the file. On this humiliating gorget was engraven, in Saxon characters, an inscription, purporting the wearer to be "A. the son of B. and *born thrall* of C." Persons of this class filled most of the menial offices of the household and farm, as scullions, sewers, swineherds, goatherds, shepherds, neat-herds, &c., each of whom carried their several badges of office, as a horn and staff, a crook, an ox-goad, or whatever else might belong to their office. Among the higher servants, one called a fool, or jester, was generally considered a necessary appendage to the dignity of a household of distinction. The talents requisite for filling this office were, mingled simplicity, shrewdness, and ready wit; especially an aptitude at knowing when to utter, and when to suppress, pointed remarks. These were among the vassals, and wore a similar badge to that above described, only of silver, instead of brass.

According to the simplicity of the times, these domestic vassals not only fed in the house, but in the same hall with the family; and some extraordinary and affecting instances are related of their fidelity and attachment to a family with which they had been all their lives connected, and by whom they had, on the whole, been treated with kindness.

Sometimes, especially in moments of irritation, the latent spirit of freedom would arise, and prompt a man to attempt his escape from vassalage, but more frequently, persons in this capacity, rather prided themselves on the idea of being "faithful slaves;" and language like this has, on more than one occasion, been uttered:—"I resolved to renounce his service, but that was when he was fortunate; now he is in adversity I would hazard my life in his interest."

Vassals were not permitted to bear arms:

hence the sword and buckler were regarded as the insignia of freedom; and for a master to put them into the hands of his slave, was synonymous with giving him his liberty; as, also, was the gift of a portion of land, however small: hence, probably, arose the term *a freeholder*, as applied to a person possessing land in his own absolute right. A late celebrated writer gives the following animated description of the ceremony of manumitting a born thrall: "Kneel down," said the master. In an instant the slave was at his feet. "THROW* and ESNE† art thou no longer," said the master, touching him with a wand; "FOLKFREE‡ and SACLESS§ art thou, in town and from town, in the forest as in the field, a hyde of land give I thee, in my steads, at —, from me and mine, to thee and thine, for aye and for ever. God's malison on him who this gainsays." No longer a serf, but a free man and landholder, the late sullen inactive clown sprung upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft, almost to his own height, from the ground. "A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the collar from the neck of a free man! Noble master, doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I labour or fight for you! There is a free spirit in my breast; I am a man changed to myself and to all around!"

These voluntary enfranchisements, on the part of the master, were by no means infrequent. As the influence of christian principles spread, in that proportion men were convinced of the sinfulness of holding in bondage their fellow-men; and the evident advantage of being served by free men, instead of slaves, was so generally perceived, that interest, as well as principle, aided the cause of humanity. Many, in a formal manner, granted manumission to their slaves, and many more ceased to enforce their claims, and suffered their vassals to glide into the condition of free peasants, or hired servants. Thus a great and important change was wrought by imperceptible degrees, and through a change of manners, rather than of laws; and about the beginning of the sixteenth century the state of villeinage had ceased to exist in England. The redemption of captives taken in war, or of those who, from famine or other necessity, had sold themselves or their children as bondmen, was uniformly allowed, though the price was exorbitantly high if it were suspected that the slave or his friends had wealth at command. A ransom price was

generally fixed as soon as the captivity commenced; and the allowance granted to the slave for his labour was sufficiently liberal to allow him to look forward, at no very distant period, to obtaining his liberty by his own industry and frugality. It was considered unworthy of a civilized people, and of the christian name, that those who, from a pressing necessity, sold themselves in slavery, or who, by the calamity of war, fell into that condition, should lose their liberty for ever; and it was regarded as a christian duty, not only to facilitate the attainment of freedom where persons themselves held captives, but also to redeem from captivity those who had fallen into the hands of pagan enemies. This was very different from what had formerly been the case. The Venetian and Almafitan merchants had carried on an extensive commerce with Asia and Africa, and in order to import their luxuries, had supplied the market of the Saracens with slaves. Their apology would, perhaps, have been, that they were purchased from their heathen neighbours; but a slave dealer was probably not very inquisitive as to the faith or origin of his victim, or the means by which he was deprived of his liberty. This trade was not peculiar to Venice, but practised even by our own countrymen; and however imperfect their views of christianity, to the influence of christianity we must ascribe it, that, at a later day, they were found, not only relinquishing their own captives in war, or forbearing to enslave them, but even redeeming those who had been captured by heathens. A christian having purchased or redeemed another from slavery, was entitled to his services until the price of redemption was repaid; and those who had sold themselves into slavery were at liberty to redeem themselves, by paying the price originally given, with the addition of a fifth part. Among other promoters of the great and glorious principles of freedom, we must mention Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation. This great and good man flourished in the 14th century, having been born 1324; died 1384. In the same noble spirit with his other actions and sayings, he came forth from his obscurity, and taught princes and the nation at large, that it was contrary to the principles of the christian religion that any one should be a slave. He possessed great influence with John of Gaunt, the celebrated duke of Lancaster, and, through him, with the king (Edward III.), as well as with a large proportion of the nobility and gentry of England; and it is probable that the prevalence of his sentiments did much towards promoting emancipation.

It is now upwards of three centuries since

* A slave.

† Property to be inherited.

‡ Free from being enrolled or claimed before an assize or court.

§ Free from payment of service as a kind of rent.

slavery of any kind existed in England. Its gradual abolition, under the influence of christianity, and the advantages resulting to society, serve to illustrate two very interesting sentiments: first, that christianity, without any express command for the abolition of slavery, has provided a sure and inoffensive corrective of all oppressive institutions, in the gradual influence of its liberal and benignant principles; and, second, that equity and humanity are consistent with sound policy, as well as with moral obligations. Where is the British nobleman or landholder now, who would, if he could, have the free and intelligent peasantry, by whom his lands are cultivated, and whose good will, attachment, and gratitude, he can insure by liberality and kindness, transformed into a race of sullen, degraded, and oppressed serfs, like those who toiled in the fields of his forefathers? No: all enlightened persons and governments admit, as an established fact, that the interests and happiness of all classes of society can only be promoted and secured by a uniform regard to the original and unalienable rights of man, which exist antecedent to all distinctions in society, and which cannot be trampled upon with impunity. In any state, as soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labour and rewards of industry spontaneously arise, the arts of life flourish, the conveniences and comforts of life are multiplied, and contentment, peace, and prosperity prevail.

BILL-MEN.

It will be generally admitted, we think, after perusing our Chapter on Handbills, that the bill-man is an important public functionary, not to be overlooked in estimating our national resources,—seeing it is by him that handbills find their way to the public, and have thus become so powerful an engine of trade. As a public body, bill-men might fairly lay claim to be considered a “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,” for no one will deny that correct and early information on “cheap clothing,” “falls in teas,” and the numerous “bargains” that are being daily offered to the community, is the most useful kind of knowledge we could acquire; and although they may display less judgment and discrimination in the character of the intelligence they dispense than that which distinguishes the knowledge diffused by another Society bearing a similar name; yet it will be readily granted that it is at least cheaper, more varied, and practical; and that, as a society, they never allow their personal or party predilections to

interfere in the discharge of their responsible duties. Invested with this importance, the bill-man is not to be classed with the less honourable members of the profession who dispense gratuitous knowledge—he has no kindred with town-criers, bell-men, or the venders of “full, true, and particular accounts,” and is far removed above those gentlemen who perambulate the streets with large placards at the extremities of poles, and as some one wittily said, have a shilling a day and their *board*. We are doubtful whether he might not even claim precedence to the bill-sticker himself, who, though not a man to be despised in these days of universal placarding, may have his labours defaced in a night, poor man, by a shower, or covered over by some rival “external paper-hanger,” and generally bears the marks of his profession wherever he goes. On points of honour, however, we will not contend, especially as it is difficult to “draw the line” between two bodies who so happily unite in accomplishing the same object, and only differ in the means they employ.

Bill-men may be divided into two classes—the stationary and the perambulatory. The former may be seen at the doors of linen-drappers, tea-merchants, and shoe-shops,—the latter everywhere; and it is a singular anomaly, and exhibits a striking instance of “man’s inhumanity to”—Bill-men, that the maimed and wooden-legged members of the body, should be found walking the streets, and their more fortunate brethren stationed at the shop-doors,—a circumstance which may have escaped the notice of our readers, but which they will nevertheless find to be true. The stationary bill-man is generally an orator in his way—his duty is, to coax the public inside his patron’s establishment, and for this purpose, he spares neither words nor truth. See him at the door of some struggling draper, bills in one hand, goods in the other—mark his tact in thrusting his patterns of dresses on all the women who are willing to loiter and listen—how he discriminates between the servant-maid “out on an errand,” and the mechanic’s wife on her way home, displaying some gaudy ribband before the one, at a price quite irresistible to any servant-maid with money in her pocket, and simply handing a bill to the other; and should a crowd of boys gather round his door—observe the pomposity with which he disperses the urchins, and the self-complacency with which he resumes his duties. And then the volubility of his tongue—the endless encomiums he passes on the goods—the oft-repeated invitations to “walk in”—the flattering promises of “bargains”—the moving appeals to cheapness—if persuasion be one end of oratory, you may learn a lesson from a bill-man!

But it is only when two rival establishments, near enough to annoy each other and the public, contemplate nothing short of mutual annihilation, and for this purpose secure the aid of disinterested bill-men, that they may be seen in their glory. Such scenes then ensue!—never were heard such bandying of compliments—such unblushing declamation—such wholesale abuse,—each striving to excel his opponent in the loudness with which he trumpets his “bargains,” and frequently contesting the right of the doubting customer to enter what shop he prefers. We remember witnessing such a scene in Cranbourne-Alley, near Leicester-Square, where an elderly female, hesitating “which of the two to choose,” was roughly laid hold of by the rival bill-men, and might have been dragged piecemeal into both establishments, had not some parties liberated her from the excited opponents, who adjourned to a neighbouring court, and terminated their dispute by a pugilistic encounter. How very far will not misguided zeal carry some men!

A marked characteristic of bill-men generally is their acuteness in discovering the shops of parties about to remove, retire from business, or “sell off;” let but a tradesman exhibit the remotest symptoms of any of these popular expedients for forcing trade, and a host of bill-men will instantly crowd his doors. And here the services of the walking bill-man are also available. He knows every street in the town—is well acquainted with the suburbs—has been for years employed in the same vocation—was never known to have thrown his handbills over a wall, and spend the day in a tap-room—he is a steady, hard-working man, and “has his living to get.” Alas for his honesty! like him who has not music in his soul, he is not to be trusted. There is danger as well in suspecting a man, as in placing implicit reliance on him, and bill-men, who at the best, are but mortals, *have* been known to dispose of their burdens—more advantageously than their employers anticipated—for waste paper, and in various other ways best known to themselves. Yet, flagrant as may be the instances of their dishonesty, it is undeniable that on the whole, they are generally at the post of duty, industriously circulating the news of bankruptcies and insolvencies, which if preserved, might form a valuable local Gazette, or index of the state of trade.

In many respects, however, street bill-men are street nuisances, and would only be tolerated in a country like our own. We have a singular antipathy to them, and invariably cross the road when we describe any of the fraternity in perspective. To be jolted and jostled in the streets by *over-bearing*

porters, “parcel deliverers,” or vacillating foot-passengers, who cannot decide whether to take the right or the *wrong* side of the way, are unquestionably serious evils—highly aggravated when you are hazarding your own and other people’s limbs, to gain a railway station. But they are trivial compared with the misery of being checked in your “onward course” by the street bill-man, who singles you out just as you conceive you have escaped his notice, and with a grace and condescension which you cannot civilly resist, presents his bills of “gratuitous advice” or medical assistance—bills, alas! often dishonoured and unaccepted. We delight to trace the hidden causes of our partialities and antipathies, and we believe our reasons for the dislike in question date from our first visit to the “Great Metropolis.” Strolling down the Strand with a friend one evening, being then, as we had often read in the windows of the butter-venders, “fresh from the country,” we reached the doors of the Adelphi Theatre, and being naturally reminded, in so crowded a locality, of our maternal injunctions to beware of London sharpers, we were just in a mood to defy all the rogues and pickpockets in town. A bill of the play was politely offered us as we passed, which, in our ignorance of its pecuniary value, we as politely accepted, but we were not suffered to progress beyond a step before we were most violently laid hold of, and uncivilly requested either to return the article or pay the bill. The injustice, as we then conceived, of such a demand, (for it was without a precedent at any of the provincial theatres we had visited), coupled with our deep conviction, just then, of London knavery, led us to offer some resistance which might have terminated in landing us somewhere else than the boxes of a theatre, had not our friend interfered to explain this feature in the “lights and shadows of London life.” From that day a secret distrust of bill-men was engendered, which the perpetual thrusting before us of announcements concerning “Cheap shoes,” “Washable hats” and whisker dyes, has warmed into a dislike, and the pertinacity of the *medical* branch of bill-men, has soured into a positive antipathy. Nor are we without fellowship in this prejudice of ours—we doubt not but that the bill-man entertains rather different notions of mankind in general from what mankind entertain of themselves—that he considers them a most uncivil race may be fairly presumed, and it is equally probable that he believes the public frequently blind to their own interests, for no street-walker can shut his eyes to the fact that the bill-man’s gratuitous presentations are often most uncivilly rejected, and sometimes even given

to the four winds of heaven, before his face. Medical quacks, however, who are equally as dependent on advertising as the bill-men themselves, appear lately to have taken this alarming exhibition of general distrust into their most serious consideration, and to have devised a plan for awakening public confidence in their empiricism, as novel as it is ingenious. But a few days ago, we observed in one of our most crowded thoroughfares a liveried servant, habited in a suit with which he might have gained admittance to the "swarrie of the select footmen of Bath," immortalized in the *Pickwick Papers*, distributing a packet of the most approved envelopes, to the well attired and respectable portion of the foot-passengers. On witnessing this lavish and in discriminate profusion, as we supposed, of invitations, our first impression was, that some eccentric nobleman had conceived a crotchet of giving a public dinner at his residence, and had adopted this means of requesting the honour of the public's company,—and some of the nobility have perpetrated more silly, though less gratifying jokes upon the community,—but what was our astonishment in crossing over to obtain a token of this unexampled liberality, in recognizing in the gaudily-dressed footman, the form and features of our old friend—or rather enemy—the bill-man of ——— Street—as determined a fixture there as the lamp-posts themselves; and our mortification may be conceived, when, on opening our envelope, instead of an invitation to dinner at a certain hour, we found the usual intimation that Dr. ——— might be consulted daily from 10 till 4. We protest against the employment of these surreptitious "moving advertizers," not only on grounds of public honesty and fair-dealing, but as tending seriously to injure the interests of the diminutive and deformed street bill-men, who, it is clear, can never be metamorphosed into respectable footmen, and are withal as worthy a class of men as the rest of their professional brethren.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO CLOCKS.

Since the announcement of Mr. Bain, the chronometer maker, that he could apply voltaic electricity as a moving power for clocks, the scientific world has been much divided in opinion as to the practicability of the scheme. All doubt on the subject, however, is now set at rest by the evidence of facts. Since last Christmas eve, a large illuminated public clock, (in front of the London Polytechnic Institution, in Regent-street) has been going day and night, with perfect success, by the sole agency of a galvanic current.

Of all the discoveries of the present age, there are few, if any, so extraordinary as this. To think that man should be able to extend his daring hand into space, grasp thence the subtlest and most powerful element in creation, confine it in small wooden boxes, and bid it control the mechanism of a time-piece, with a regularity inferior only to that of the earth's revolutions—to think that all this is not only possible, but easy, leaves the imagination lost in amazement at the apparently illimitable powers of the human mind, and the quenchless thirst for knowledge begotten of it.

The clock in question is intended by its inventor to indicate mean time with the exactitude of a chronometer. As a description of this most remarkable piece of machinery will, doubtless, be interesting to our readers, we shall endeavour to make them understand its working details. First, however, we invite their attention to a most important preliminary fact. It is the primary object of the ingenious contriver of this machine, to make all the clocks of a district go unerringly alike. For this purpose he employs, as the heart of the whole, a "Regulator" clock, which is a time-piece upon the ordinary plan of construction, with a pendulum and weights, but of so perfect a kind that it will keep correct time for months, and even years, without variation. This regulator governs the supply of the galvanic fluid to the clocks put in motion by its means, and their movements, therefore, correspond, of necessity, with those of itself, and of each other. In a word, all the clocks in electrical communication with the regulator, indicate exactly the same time that it does.

In the instance of the London Polytechnic Institution clock, the regulator employed is placed in the Manager's room, and locked up in a glass case, to prevent intermeddling with it; and although its present office is limited to the control of but one out-of-door clock, it could, with equal facility, be made to regulate and give motion to five hundred others.

In order to fully comprehend the plan upon which electrical clocks are constructed, it will be necessary to previously understand the nature and peculiarities of an electro-magnet; for without the employment of this philosophical instrument, no motion can be communicated to machinery by voltaic electricity.

The electro-magnet is called an *artificial* magnet, in contradistinction to the natural magnet. It is manufactured by coiling insulated copper wire round a piece of soft iron of a particular form. The copper wire is employed for the purpose of conveying a stream of electricity to the iron, and the wire is "insulated," that is to say, it is bound closely round with

hread, to prevent the escape of the electricity ; hread, in this case, being a non-conductor. When the wires of a galvanic battery are connected with an electro-magnet, and a circuit for the passage of the electric current has been established between them, the piece of soft iron becomes a magnet of great power, capable of firmly attaching to itself heavy weights ; and so it will remain during the passage of the galvanic fluid. But the moment that current is stopped, or interrupted, the iron ceases to have any attractive power, and it consequently relaxes its hold upon the weight, at the same instant of time. It is the power of making and breaking at pleasure the attractive influences of the electro-magnet, that arms the electrical clock maker with his whole machinery of motion.

Bearing in mind this leading fact, we will now show how the clock itself is worked. The dial plate of the regulator we have mentioned, is furnished with a *second* hand, which, of course, describes its circles once in every minute. To the inner part of this second hand is attached a copper pin, which goes round with it, the free end touching the dial plate as it revolves. In the whole course of the circle thus made by the pin, small ivory pegs are regularly inlaid at exact distances from each other. The number of these pegs is sixty ; but it an essential condition of their arrangement that they should be, first of all, quite flush or even with the surface of the dial plate ; and next, that they should be at exactly equal distances from each other, the width of each piece of ivory corresponding exactly with the width of the metal between it and its neighbour. The figure we have been describing would, therefore, present a circle composed of alternate compartments of metal and ivory, every single piece of both of which would be of the same surface-dimensions, and the whole of them equi-distant. Along this circle, the pin we have mentioned travels with the second hand, touching alternately the ivory and the metal. We beg particular attention to this description, because, upon its entire comprehension, hinge the explanations we have yet to make.

In the glass case of the regulating clock a "constant" galvanic battery is deposited, and between it and the dial plate, a proper communication is established by means of conducting wires. The dial plate, being made of metal, is now charged with electricity. From this dial plate other wires are then conducted to the working machinery of the clock, and there placed in communication with an electro-magnet. This electro-magnet regulates the motions of the hands ; as often as it is charged

with electricity, it attracts to itself a spring which is so contrived as to move both hands forward the exact distance required ; this done, the current is broken ; it then becomes powerless, and relaxes its hold of the spring, which returns to its place. A moment after, a similar operation is performed by again establishing and breaking the current, the same being repeated once in every second of time, so that sixty makings of the current, and sixty breakings of it, constitute a minute of time, and the hands are moved forward accordingly.

It now only remains to explain how these makings and breakings of the electrical current are conducted, in order to arrive at a complete knowledge of the whole process.

We have seen that the dial plate of the regulator is kept constantly charged with the fluid, and that a pin fastened to the second hand, traverses (every minute) a circle composed alternately of metal and ivory, both hand and pin being made of metal. Ivory, be it remembered, is a non-conductor. While the pin in question is passing over the ivory, all electrical communication between the dial plate and the electrical clock is therefore broken ; but when the pin passes from the ivory to the metal, it is again established, because there is no intervening non-conductor to interrupt its passage. As the pin passes from ivory to metal, and from metal to ivory, once in every moment of time, the necessary galvanic communication with the electro-magnet, in connexion with the electrical clock, is made and unmade in exactly the same period, and its movements are consequently identic with those of the regulator.

We have said that five hundred clocks could be controlled by this new power as easily as one, but for a description of the necessary means, we must avail ourselves of another occasion.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PRIDE.

BY G. E. S.

"*All men think all men mortal but themselves.*" It strikes us very forcibly that the alteration of a single word in this quotation—though it might spoil the rhythm—would convey an equally wholesome truth. We would read it thus, "*All men think all men proud but themselves.*" Ask the first man, or woman either, that you meet, whether he or she—as the case may be—be not rather proud ? "*Proud ! bless your heart, Master, what have I got to be proud of ?*" "*Well, my good woman, I didn't mean to offend you, and now I look a little closer, I don't think you have much to*

be proud of." Has she not, though—only try the experiment.

"None of your fashions for me—I don't care for your fashions, I ar'n't proud—not a bit of it," says country John to the shop-keeper, who is trying to persuade him to buy a hat with a brim only two inches and a half wide, whereas the orthodox breadth of brim in his native village, is just three inches and a quarter, neither more nor less. "I don't care for your fashions. I ar'n't a bit proud," he repeats, when, having been with difficulty suited to a hat, he descends to the lower habiliments of his fit out. "I ar'n't a bit proud; I don't care for fashions—give me a red waistcoat—a real plush—for my money." "Well, here's one just your size, colour and all," says the shop-keeper. "No, no, that won't do; 't'as'n't got pearl buttons." "But, my good man, pearl buttons really are not worn now, they ar'n't indeed." "I don't care for that," says John, "I tell you I don't mind fashions. I ar'n't proud," and so he goes on through the whole inventory of his purchases, till the poor slop-seller wishes him and his humility together fairly out of his shop.

And are you not really a little—a very little proud, Master John? Stop till next Sunday, and we shall see which has the best opinion of himself, you, or the Squire of the parish.

"And suppose John is proud of his broad brim and red waistcoat and pearl buttons, what then."

Why he is proud and does not know it.

"But is not the feeling one of vanity rather than pride?"

Call it vanity if you like; it is only another name for a bad principle. True, it is only one of the forms—and the very lowest form—in which pride evinces itself; but then, for the time, there is nothing about John so palpable to his ideas; and so he is proud of a broad brimmed hat and a red waistcoat.

"But may not a man wear a broad brimmed hat and a red waistcoat without being proud of it?"

Yea, verily—shape, colour, and texture are mere matters of taste, and doubtless the glittering coronet and the spotless ermine cover as much heart pride as does John's rustic finery—but no more.

So much for pride of *dress*. Then there is pride of *station*.

"Did you call on our old schoolfellow, Powell, when you passed through York?" inquired Mr. — of his brother, who was just returned from a professional journey in the North.

"Oh no," was the reply.

"Why, how was that?" rejoined the bro-

ther, "you were more than a month in York, and I thought that you and Powell were quite cronies at school."

"Very true, Henry, so we were; but don't you know he keeps a shop now?"

"Well, Ned, and what of that? I do not know—I do not see what great obstacle that circumstance could have been in the way of a friendly call. Indeed, I should have thought that his reasons for choosing a trade, instead of a profession, would have been an additional motive with you to have shown him some little respect."

"Ah, I remember hearing something about his father's losses, from the failure of the bank at W—, and that on this account he declined going to Cambridge, and fixed himself at his uncle's counter; and I think it *was* very handsome of him. But for all that, I should have felt rather awkward in his little back parlour—I can fancy it, smelling of candles and soap—and besides, he is married, and, of course, his wife is a person of no education."

"Of course, Ned; you know nothing about it then; for his wife is one of the most interesting women I ever met with, and so far from having no education, appears to have had a remarkably good one. And pray why should not a tradesman's wife be as well educated as a lawyer's? Resolve me that point, if you can, Ned. And then, as to the back parlour—Ned, Ned, I will not say you are a fool, because that is a very naughty word, as our dear old grandmother used to say; but I can't help thinking you are a simpleton."

"You are amazingly complimentary, certainly, Harry; but I don't exactly see what about."

"Well then, Edward, to be serious, did you call on Powell?"

"No, I told you I did not."

"Has his house been described to you?"

"No. But what very odd questions you are asking. What can you possibly mean?"

"Well, I won't catechize you any more, but I do feel indignant at the stupid slang that one part of the world uses in speaking of another part of it. And you, my dear brother, have caught it, or you would not have presupposed a 'little back parlour' in a house that you knew nothing about."

"Why, Harry, I think you are getting proud now. What is there in the idea of a back parlour that excites your ire in this manner?"

"Nothing at all, Ned, in the idea itself, but a good deal in the use that is made of it. It is just one of the set phrases that are always to be met with in second-rate novels, and other books besides, when the domicile of a tradesman is introduced; and the notion conveyed, and in-

tended, too, to be conveyed, is one of contempt and degradation. Now tell me, Ned, honestly, when you spoke of Powell's back parlour, was not your imagination revelling in, or rather revolting at, a dingy hole, eight or nine feet square, dark as a malefactor's cell, and redolent of candles and red herrings?"

"Something like this, I confess; but I can't, for the life of me, see what you are driving at."

"Why, just this, Ned; you are a proud fellow."

"So you have often told me, but I am not bound to believe it."

"What hindered you from calling on Powell?"

"I have told you."

"You have, and all that you have said resolves itself into this,—'I was too proud to be seen in the house of a tradesman—too proud to be known as the acquaintance, or the friend of a tradesman—'"

"Well, well—it may be, but would you have me shake hands, and be 'Hail-fellow, well met,' with every grocer or tailor I meet in the street?"

"Certainly not—for the probability is, that your opportunities of mixing with grocers and tailors, or any other tradesmen, are very limited, and that it would cost you some pains to be admitted on terms of intimacy among them; but for that very reason, you should be cautious how you estimate or sneer at them. It is not wise to despise what we have no means of appreciating. I would not, by any means, seek the companionship or friendship of any man *because* he is a grocer or a tailor; but I would not, on that account, reject it, if I found it worth having."

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

"I am just going to pay our old friend Mary B—— a wedding visit," said Mrs. F—— to the Honourable Lady M——; "will you accompany me?"

"Oh no! not for the world," replied her ladyship, "and I wonder that you should think of going. Do you know she actually married a lawyer—a mere man of business?"

"Yes, so I suppose; but yet I am not aware why I should be wanting in politeness to her; or, indeed, why I should, on any occasion, avoid her company. A lawyer's wife may, for any thing I know to the contrary, be perfectly eligible to be my friend."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. F——, we will not dispute that point this morning. I know you don't like what you call 'pride of station'; but for all that, I think Mary B—— might have done better if she would. I understand

that she received proposals from Sir J—— L—— about the same time that B—— made up to her, and to think of her preferring the lawyer to the baronet!"

"Or, in other words, Lady M——, the man of sense, prudence, and good character, to the dissipated and extravagant fox-hunter—to say nothing of the difference in temper, for you will acknowledge that your Baronet is a notoriously hasty and passionate man; while I believe my lawyer is remarkable for his affability and kindness. Surely our friend was no fool for not sacrificing her domestic happiness to 'pride of station.'"

Of all the varied forms that pride assumes, perhaps the pride of station is the most frequent, if not the most inveterate. Birth—money—intellect—character—each in their degree, enlist in their favour, the pride of the human heart; but all men have not birth—property—intellect—or character to boast of. But low in station must that man be, who cannot imagine a still lower grade in society, that may be looked down upon with scorn. Thus the haughty patrician of ancient descent darts his indignant glances at the mushroom nobility of the day. The titled commoner, again, regards with complacency, his escutcheon unstained—uncontaminated by plebeian blood. The merchant and manufacturer, in their turn, revolt from too close a contact with the tradesman and shop-keeper. The shop-keeper, "well to do in the world," smiles contempt on the horny hands and soiled garments of the mechanic—the "unwashed artificer." And the mechanic, in his turn, draws comparisons in his own favour. And does it end here? Oh no, just step into yonder kitchen, and discover the cause of the lengthened discussion that seems to have produced such a sensation in the little world there. What is it? Why you will find that Fanny the cook is mightily enraged that John the footman should have presumed to invite his sister (a maid of all work! oh, horrible!) to a projected party of pleasure that is to take place next week.

"To think that you should have asked *her*, when we meant to keep our party so *respectable*."

Thus from the palace to the cottage—from the drawing room to the kitchen—does this wide spreading vice extend; contracting the social circle, and causing disquietude to all within its influence.

Carried to an extreme, how demoralizing in its tendency—how odious in its consequences. Filial duty, brotherly affection, friendly intercourse, must all give way to its stern demands.

The son, who by his own application and industry, or—what is more likely—by the interest and assistance of his father, has risen to what he supposes to be a higher rank in life than that in which his parents have moved, feels ashamed of his origin, and almost disowns his relationship to the authors of his being. The brother who, by the mutations of life, has been reduced in circumstances and prospects, must expect to be received with coolness and alienation by those who ought to be the first—the very first—to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded heart. The sister who—to use the common language in such cases—has disgraced herself and her friends, by marrying in a rank beneath her, must expect no more the overflowing kindness of a brother's heart to reach her. Oh no!—"We cannot think of acknowledging the connexion"—Cannot you? and why not? Do you not know that "a high look and a proud heart is an abomination to the Lord," and "the proud *He* knoweth afar off?"

NEW BOOKS.

Poems of Past Years. By James Parker.
Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1842.

Several of the poems in this modest volume have already appeared in this Journal and in its predecessor, and, if we mistake not, in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine. Mr. Parker, therefore, needs no formal introduction—his verse is the spontaneous overflowings of a pure and cultivated taste, and of a heart full of high wrought sympathy with the beautiful—"Religion, poetry, and love."

As his motto imparts, the poems collected here are "chance notes from the lute—fancies and thoughts," many of them of such a tone, and expressed with such a masterly hand, as will awaken vibrating chords in every mind attuned to the enjoyment of nature, and the exercise of the heart's purest and noblest affections.

The following stanzas touchingly pourtray the float of early recollections which rushes through the mind of the aged traveller, when, descending the vale of life, he can revert to the sweet prime of his journey in association with the quiet, deep, unmantled enjoyments of a village home, and the sacred exercises of youthful piety:—

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath bell, the Sabbath bell !
It peaeth loud and clear ;
And thoughts within my bosom swell,
Of many a vanished year :

It hath a music all its own—
A voice in its peculiar tone,
That whispers in mine ear,
Of days when, in my native dell,
I heard it first—the Sabbath bell !
That valley, with its waving woods—
Its waters flashing free—
The bank whereon our cottage stood,
Beneath the linden tree ;
The wild-flowers that, in beauty, there
Unfolded, in the summer air,
Their treasures unto me—
All—all are wakened by the spell
That lives in thee—sweet Sabbath bell !

A church is there, with turret grey—
A venerable pile ;
And ever on the Sabbath day
We met within its aisle ;—
A mingled group, and sweetly, there,
The song of praise—the voice of prayer,
Arose to Heaven the while—
For young and old within that dell
Assembled with the Sabbath bell !

And many a stately yew-tree cast
Its shadows deep around,
To tell the stranger that he passed
O'er consecrated ground :
A church yard—solitary place,
Where thousands of the human race
Their last repose had found—
Unbroken by the sounds that fell
From each succeeding Sabbath bell !

Friends of my youth ! your faces gleam
Before me in the night :
As when we roved by wood and stream,
Ye mock my dreaming sight !
And she—the loveliest of all !—
The dews of evening coldly fall
Above her form once bright :
Yet still her whisper seems to dwell
In that sweet-sounding Sabbath bell !

Oh ! change hath visited the spot
Where we were wont to play ;
And many a one hath left his cot,
In other lands to stray :
I marvel if, on memory's track,
Their fond emotions wander back
To that uncloudy day !—
I marvel if their bosoms swell
With echoes of the Sabbath bell !

It hath a deep—a thrilling power
To cheer my darkest mood ;
It comes like dew unto the flower,
Upon my solitude :
And, even amid the careless crowd,
Where feeling sleeps beneath its shroud
Fond thoughts will oft intrude
Of those sweet forms, though now they dwell
Far from their home and Sabbath bell !

Oh ! when this weary race is run—
When life's last pulse is beating,
And every thing beneath the sun
From my dim eyes retreating ;—
When friends are gathered round my bed,
To hear my dying accents said,
And watch my spirit fleeing—
I fain would breathe my last farewell,
Soothed by thy sound—sweet Sabbath bell.

In an appropriately gladsome strain the poet thus welcomes spring—that yearly elysium of birds and bards ; and although many months must intervene before its arrival, our readers

will enjoy the contrast presented by the snows and sterility of winter.

SPRING.

The Spring is hovering now
With fragrance on her wing,
And smiles upon her sunny brow—
The Spring, the glorious Spring!
And, in her flight, she showers
Upon the longing earth
Soft dew, to nurse the sleeping flowers,
Till they awake in mirth.

The icy spell is broken
That held the world in chains,
And not a lingering trace or token
Of its chilling power remains.
Boreas hath sped away
Across the ocean foam,
O'er frozen wave and iceberg grey,
Back to his polar home.

The forest's deepening shade
Is fill'd once more with song,
And echoes from each swelling glade
The joyous notes prolong;
And, like some whisper'd tale,
Or, love's first timid sigh,
The fresh and fragrant southern gale
On noiseless wings sweeps by.

Upon the meadow's breast
The daffodil is blowing,
And, like the stars in evening's crest,
Its golden flowers are glowing;
And the pale primrose blooms
Deep in the solemn woods,
Enriching with its young perfumes
The leafy solitudes.

Oh! is not this the hour
Of gladness and of glee!
The butterfly is on the flower,
The bird upon the tree;
And from its mossy cell
Comes forth the merry bee,
To revel on each opening bell
That blooms upon the lea.

The sun's reviving ray
Laughs on the gushing streams,
As o'er their pebbly beds they play,
Exulting in his beams.
All nature is awake,
And her many voices sing
O'er dewy hill and shining lake,
The Spring, the glorious Spring!

There is a soothing beauty in the following
"Invocation to Sleep," fitted to call down the
goodness as we read. Truly, as Byron sings,
"Our life is two-fold: sleep hath its own
world."

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come! lay thy gentle fingers on my brow,
And close mine eye-lids with thy soothing hand;
O blessed Sleep! come, thou who canst bestow
Oblivion from all sorrow,—whose command
Summons the airy land of dreams before our view.
In that mysterious world I would relight
Departed hours; and, from the Past, renew
A thousand shapes and sounds—lovely and bright,
But lost for ever to the waking eye,
That opens on a world whence all their beauties fly!

Come, gentle Sleep! come and surround my bed
With the broad shadow of thy sable wings;
Thy thickest clouds around my chamber spread—
Veiling the presence of external things,
Of sound or sense; let no intrusive ray
Pierce through their darkness, nor disturb the rest
Their influence yields; till Fancy soar away
Through undiscovered realms, 'mid visions blest,—
Too blest to linger when the waking hour
Shall break thy chain, O Sleep! and dissipate thy power!

Oh! fond delusion,—sweet, alas! but vain—
Restorer of the lost—the loved—the dead!
The morning dawns—they disappear again—
The phantoms of an hour. We seem'd to tread
The self-same paths together, as of yore,
Forgetful of all intervening years:
And hearts estranged seemed as if still they bore
Their old affection, which, with bitter tears
We long had mourned.—Have they too the same feel-
ings—

Dost thou, O Sleep! to them afford the same revealings?
The morning dawns: they disappear again;
They will not stay—those phantoms of the Past!
The captive must awaken to his chain;
The exile's dream of home will end at last!
Yet thou, who hast the lapse of years o'erstept—
Defying change and distance; thou who hast
United hearts that long in absence wept—
Thy solemn glimmerings on my spirit cast,
And for a while its wonted joy restore,
Oh, gentle Sleep! and I will bless thee evermore!

As a further specimen of Mr. Parker's poetry,
we give the following Sonnet, written in the
hour of affliction:—

Sadly and wearily they pass away,—
The lingering hours that usher in the light;
And still my prayer arises through the night
Of restlessness, "Oh! would that it were day:"
Would it were day!—and yet the morning brings
Nor solace, nor relief from all my pain,
But eager longings for the night, again,
To spread around my bed her shadowy wings!
Would that my spirit could repose awhile
From all the strife that agitates my breast!—
Would that the morn, with its awakening smile
And balmy breath, could bring my spirit rest!—
Would that the evening could restore to me
My vanished peace—my lost tranquillity!

We have more than once heard of Farewells
to the Muses, sung by their favoured songsters,
when all that the word was intended to convey
applied only to the interregnum between the
publication of one volume and its successor;
such we hope is Mr. Parker's definition of the
term, as he thus closes that now before us:—

Then farewell unto thee, my Lyre!—a long farewell to
thee!
Thou solace of my sadder hours—thou chastener of my
glee:—
This song alone I wake on thee, and, these vibrations
past,
My dream of melody is o'er, for it shall be the last!

Poetry.

PITY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS E. HANKINSON, M. A.

(From "St. Paul at Philippi;" a Seatonian Prize-Poem.)

Pity! sweet seraph! whatso'er
 The garb thy gentle form may wear,
 So tenderly and deeply dear
 To this dark world of ours,—
 Whether, of regal wealth possess'd,
 Thy name and away be widely blest,
 Or, simply clad in russet vest,
 Thou lend'st thy humbler powers,
 Comfort thyself hast proved to speak,—
 Despair's dun tempest-cloud to break,
 And dew the dry and rigid cheek
 With soul-reviving showers:
 But, dear and welcome as thou art
 To the poor grief-o'erburden'd heart,
 Not half thy loveliness is seen,
 Till, catching pure devotion's mien,
 Thou liftest up thy brow serene
 To thy great Sire above;
 Bidding the guilty soul draw near,
 And pour her sorrows in His ear
 Whose chosen name is Love.

O, 'twas a sight which angel-eyes
 Beheld with all unwont surprise!
 And every golden chord was still,—
 And widely an electric thrill
 Through heaven's bright legions ran,
 While Pity from th' eternal throne
 Led down Jehovah's awful Son,
 And reft away each starry gem
 That bound creation's diadem,
 And laid the robe of glory by,
 And sent essential Deity
 To veil his light in man!
 'Tis finish'd! Hell hath fought in vain!
 'Tis finish'd! Death himself is slain!
 The eternal gates expand again!
 Immanuel re-ascends the skies,
 Fresh from his dreadful sacrifice!
 But Pity caught the parting word,
 That fell from her ascending Lord:
 She marshals forth his chosen band,
 To tell the triumphs he had won;
 And bids them speed from land to land
 The tidings of salvation on.

NECESSITY OF A STEADFAST CHARACTER.—

The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan—and veers, like a weathercock, to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows—can never accomplish any thing great or useful. Instead of being progressive in any thing, he will be at best stationary, and more probably

retrograde, in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that can advance to eminence in any line. Take your course wisely, but firmly; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet; while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very profitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be *Perseverance*. Practice upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.—*Wirt's Essays*.

READING.—Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty space as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a chosen friend. By reading we enjoy the dead—by conversation the living—and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, because it furnishes both the others.

Knowledge should be acquired gradually, and by study; for the superficial knowledge which is the result of the promiscuous and unregulated adoption of the discoveries of others, affects the mind, as a sudden removal of a person with weak eyes from a darkened room into a blaze of light does the sight—it overpowers and confuses.

AYLESBURY—This town was a royal manor at the time of William the Norman, who gave it to some of his favourites to hold by the following singular tenure—'That they should find, or provide, litter or straw for the king's bed and chambers, and furnish him with three eels in the winter, and three green geese in the summer, and thrice in the year, if the king came so often.'

GOOD ADVICE.—Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocumbe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 14.]

SATURDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

BUTTONS.

It is very common for people, when they wish to depreciate an article, to affirm, that "it's not worth a *button*," thereby insinuating that it is literally worth nothing at all, and consequently that a button is of about the same intrinsic value as the article in question. The saying is so current now-a-days, that we fear this useful appendage of dress has suffered by the comparison, and become as worthless in general estimation as the *hilum* of the Romans, which, primitively signifying the black speck on a bean, got associated with a prefix, and dwindled into *nothing*.* We differ essentially from the popular estimate of a button, and are desirous of shewing that it is not so unimportant a contrivance as it is held to be, and is by no means the lowest standard of comparison we may adopt, in computing the value of commodities. We disclaim, however, at the outset, all personal interest in this matter—we assure our readers we have no connection either with furnishing tailors, or Birmingham manufacturers, and in all respects possess "a soul above buttons."

It would be a matter of curious historical research, to discover the precise period when buttons were first used, and to whom the honour of their invention is due. It is doubtful whether they were known to the Greeks and Romans, for in the ancient paintings and mosaics at Pompeii, we invariably find the

toga and *pallium* fastened round the body by a kind of clasp, which the wearer could shift at pleasure; and this appears to have been the only substitute for the buttons of the present age. Yet in the Fourth Book of the *Illiad*, we have a passage clearly indicating that buttons must have been used in the days of Homer. It is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"—— For so the shaft she plies

That on the *buttons* made of gold which made his girdle fast,

And where his cures double were, the fall of it she plac'd."

Virgil, too, in the Second Book of the *Æneid*, speaks of a button shining in the cap of Julius, which must have been simply worn as an ornament. The lines are thus translated by Surrey:—

"For in their sight, and woeful parents armes,

Behold a light out of the *button* sprang

That in the tip of Julius cap did stand."

In Grenewey's Tacitus, the Roman historian is made to allude to rather a novel application of buttons:—

"But the danger was, that if she should be admitted to her defence, yet the princess eares would be *buttoned* and deafe, although she should confesse."

The conflicting testimony here adduced we admit our inability to reconcile, and we are equally perplexed in tracing the first use of buttons in English history. During the reign of Richard II. foppery of dress prevailed to such a degree, that it became the universal theme of satire and reprobation amongst the poets and historians of the day, and a statute was passed in its prohibition. And though we have a minute account on record of the dress

* *Nihil*—(from *ne hilum*) nothing—*Tyro's Dictionary*.

worn by the king himself—being informed that his coat was estimated at thirty thousand marks, its chief value arising from the quantity of precious stones with which it was embroidered,—no mention whatever is made of buttons. In the effigy of Henry IV. at Canterbury cathedral, the king's mantle is connected by cords and tassels, and by a splendidly jewelled band passing over the chest; and here again no buttons are visible. The probability therefore is that they were unknown in England in the fourteenth century. In the Elizabethan era there appears little doubt that buttons were used, at all events as ornaments, for George Gascoigne, a contemporary of Shakspeare, thus refers to them in his poem called "Woodmanship :—"

" — his bonet *buttoned* with gold,
His comelie cape bearded all with gay,
His bumbast hose, with linings manifold."

Leaving further research to the indefatigable Mr. Planché, and the admirers of antique costume, we may just hint that many eminent writers of our own country have at least considered buttons worth more than nothing, or they would not have thought them worth mentioning. In the Tatler, No. 120, we have the following description :—

"He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that *buttoned* it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies."

These must have been rather expensive substitutes for buttons, but from the Spectator, No. 175, we learn that baser metals have been used in their stead :—

"At the same time we have a set of gentlemen who take the liberty to appear in all public places without any *buttons* on their coats, which they supply with several little silver hasps; tho' our freshest advices from London make no mention of any such fashion; and we are something shy of affording matter to the *button-makers* for a second petition."

Goldsmith could not have referred to that "set of gentlemen," in his play of the "Good-natured Man," where Lofty, addressing Mrs. Croaker, says,

"When I ask, I'm not to be put off, Madam; no, no, I take my friend by the *button*."

A reply which may have suggested Chesterfield's sage advice to his son, "Never take a man by the *button*." Churchill, too, that unfortunate but erring genius, thus alludes to a button hole in the Fourth Book of "The Ghost :—"

"Men who all spirit, life, and soul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too."

In one of Burn's songs mention is made of

a button in connection with a Mrs. William Wastle—a lady who does not appear to have stood high in the estimation of the poet, for the burden of his song, which is descriptive of her charms, runs thus :—

"Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her."

And at the present day, buttons have not eluded the searching eye of a Boz. Listen to his description of the diminutive "parish clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell," in his admirable tale of Barnaby Rudge :—

"The little man who had hazarded the remark about the moon, had little round black shiny eyes like beads; moreover this little man wore at the knees of his rusty black breeches, and on his rusty black coat, and all down his long flapped waistcoat, little queer *buttons* like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too, in his bright shoe-buckles, he seemed all eyes from head to foot."

It would be useless, however, further to multiply instances of the honourable mention of these articles, both in prose and verse, having adduced sufficient, we hope, to prove that there are many things in the world more contemptible than *buttons*.

There is a very trite observation upon health and other blessings mankind enjoy, that "we never know their value until we experience their loss;" and the remark might, with equal truth, be applied to a button. Of all the little vexations that harass a man, there is none more perplexing than the loss of that little article. Figure yourself, some winter morning, meditating half an hour in bed, whether to rest or rise,—"*resolving and resolving*," till, with a desperate effort, you accomplish the astonishing feat, and discover, that, as far as it involved your personal comfort, you might have done the same an hour before, without any greater sacrifice. From your window you have a lifeless prospect of snow—the very floor strikes chill and damp, and as you perform your customary ablutions, you think of your snug parlour down stairs, and hasten for your toilet—The American ladies are said to blush at the bare mention of that article of dress, without which gentlemen are unaccustomed to appear in respectable company. As we do not anticipate our lucubrations will ever cross the Atlantic, we hesitate not to advance—You proceed to dress, and don your under linen garment; but just as an equilibrium of temperature is established between it and your body, you discover, *horribile dictu*, that it wants a *button*! Let it be at wrist or neck it is sufficient to call down an imprecation on the devoted head of your washerwoman, and again are you subjected to a freezing change of linen, and to a delay long enough to ruffle the temper

of the best of mankind. We have known a serious family quarrel arise from the same neglect; how much therefore may hang on a button! The value of buttons may also be estimated by experiencing their absence both at the bottom and tops of trousers, and sometimes at the ends of foils. In the former cases, the inconvenience may be remedied, but in the latter it generally proves fatal—life or death thus resting on a button!

But a button is not only a useful article, but a most expressive one also, and there are more uncertain tokens by which you may judge of a man than the button he wears. Most of our readers, no doubt, have read of the *Pickwick* button, and some of them may have heard of the proposed Anti-corn law button, and seen the actual Repeal button. (The latter article, by the way, is a contradiction in terms, for, as the *Examiner* justly remarked, the property of a button is to unite, not to sever.) Now, no one will deny that those who exhibit any of the said buttons on their coats may, with all propriety, be considered either *Pickwickians*, repealers, or opposers of the Corn-laws—the conclusion is a legitimate deduction from the premises, and their buttons would convict them in any court of equity. A man's politics may therefore be gathered from his buttons, and so also may his position in society and sometimes his particular calling. Those gentlemen who are partial to buttons having men's arms, eagles, and other curious devices executed in relief, openly avow their grade, even if they were habited otherwise than in coloured breeches and white stockings; the sportsman's button generally exhibits two grey hounds in full chase; "railway" buttons, if they could be deciphered, would indicate the termini of the lines, and that the wearer was the property of the company; military and naval buttons distinguish the different services; and buttons with a solitary letter of the alphabet qualifying the word "division," stamp their owner as connected with the constabulary force of his country. People should therefore be wary in the selection of these articles, especially as mankind are prone to judge from appearances, and infer so much from a button.

Whilst a button is thus both a useful and an expressive article, it is also highly ornamental to dress. And here, as in architecture, harmony conduces essentially to beauty—a difference in size or pattern destroying the effect of the whole. Some country people, however, either from choice or necessity, display on their waistcoats a host of buttons, varying in size, from half-crowns to sixpences, and embracing most of the known materials of which buttons are formed. The contrast thus ex-

hibited may be pleasing to themselves, but is offensive to a pure taste; and for the same reason the absence of even *one* button from the back of a coat, materially affects its appearance, and detracts from the respectability of the wearer. As is generally the case with all ornaments, the use of buttons may be carried to an extreme, which is abundantly evident in the lavish profusion crowded within the limited space of pages' jackets—in the serpentine rows which meander down the clothes of our juveniles—in the glaring species worn by coachmen and mail-guards, and in the daring attempt of some parties to change the established number and position of the buttons usually attached to the wrists of gentlemen's coats. We knew a coachman who was so far gone in the button mania, as to have discarded those generally worn by his brethren of the whip, and supplied their places with Queen Anne's shillings, his waistcoat being fastened by other silver coins of the same reign; if any of our readers have travelled on the Cheshire roads, they may have some remembrance of the same eccentric individual. Fashions may change—hats of the past century would raise a smile if worn in this—but the man who betrays his vanity even in his buttons, is worthy of as little consideration as Burns' "Mrs. Wastle."

A singular case occurred but lately which shows that the legislature of former days did not consider buttons beneath their notice. An action was brought in one of the Bail Courts for the recovery of a tailor's account, which, amongst other items, contained a charge for *covered* buttons. The defendant set up a plea against the whole bill, on the ground that, according to the 4 Geo. I. cap. 7. the charge for buttons was illegal, and that act *does* declare that "no tailor shall make buttons bound with cloth," on pain of forty shillings per dozen, but the learned judge dismissed the plea, declaring the statute obsolete.

The purposes to which buttons have been applied are as varied as the articles themselves. We have seen them substituted for counters at the card table—employed as ornaments in work-boxes, and used in seminaries to teach arithmetic. Sir Walter Scott, in his auto-biography states that he found the buttons on his jacket most valuable, at school, in assisting memory, being accustomed to associate them with particular grammatical rules and even entire sentences, which he could recal at pleasure by simply referring to the button with which he had connected them. And he mentions a circumstance which shows at once the force of habit, and the love of mischief inherent in boys. A rival school-fellow, envious of the

ready memory which Scott appeared to possess, by some mischance discovered the fact that, in cases of doubt, he invariably resorted to his buttons, and as invariably succeeded in recalling what he desired. Determined to deprive his opponent of these valuable adjuncts to learning, he succeeded in removing them by degrees from his jacket, and had the unenviable satisfaction of witnessing the Great Magician at fault when he next consulted his buttons! We have heard of the key—these were the buttons of knowledge.

"Keep a thing seven years," saith the proverb, "and you will find a use for it;" and the adage applies strictly to buttons. Never part with them, for if you possess a portmanteau or an umbrella,—a pair of gloves or of cloth boots, or if your wife carries a reticule, buttons will always bring their own value; and even the tax gatherer, as he calls at your door, could say a word in their favour, when he hangs his bottle on his button. But what would not men abuse if they abuse each other? Alas! that buttons should be converted to the basest of purposes. A knot of urchins before our window are engaged at "pitch and toss" with the very things we have been lauding, and in many a disfigured farthing we have recognized the form and lineaments of a button!

Reader, if we have raised this little article one iota in your estimation, our labours will at least be worth a button.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

(With an Engraving in No. XIII.)

It might be sufficient to state that after due enquiry the stone selected for this edifice has been obtained from the quarries at Bolsover Moor; but the report on which that selection was justified, presents so many interesting facts as to the present condition of numerous public buildings, and the causes of their preservation or decay, as to render it equally valuable to the practical builder, and to the general reader. The Commissioners observe:

"Before we proceed to adduce a few examples of the present condition of the various buildings that we have examined, we would wish to observe, that those which are highly decorated, such as the churches of the Norman and pointed styles of architecture, afford a more severe test of the durability of any given stone, all other circumstances being equal, than the more simple and less decorated buildings, such as the castles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; inasmuch as the material employed in the former class of buildings is worked into more disadvantageous forms than in the latter, as regards exposure to the effects of the weather: and we would further observe, that buildings in a state of ruin, from being deprived of their ordinary protection of roofing, glazing of windows, &c., constitute an equally severe test of the durability of the stone employed in them.

"As examples of the degree of durability of various building stones in particular localities, the following may be enumerated:—Of the sandstone buildings which we examined, we may notice the remains of Eoclestone Abbey, of the thirteenth century, near Barnard Castle, constructed of a stone closely resembling that of the Stenton quarry in the vicinity, as exhibiting the mouldings and other decorations, even to the dog's-tooth ornament, in excellent condition. The circular keep of Barnard Castle, apparently also built of the same material, is in fine preservation. Tintern Abbey may also be noticed as a sandstone edifice that has, to a considerable extent, resisted decomposition; for, although it is decayed in some parts, it is nearly perfect in others. Some portions of Whitby Abbey are likewise in a perfect state, whilst others are fast yielding to the effects of the atmosphere. The older portions of Ripon Cathedral, constructed of sandstone, are in a fair state of preservation. Rivaux Abbey is another good example of an ancient sandstone building in a fair condition. The Norman keep of Richmond Castle, in Yorkshire, affords an instance of a moderately hard sandstone, which has well resisted decomposition.

"As examples of sandstone buildings of a more recent date, in a good state of preservation, we may mention Hardwicke Hall, Haddon Hall, and all the buildings of Craigleith stone in Edinburgh and its vicinity. Of sandstone edifices in an advanced state of decomposition, we may enumerate Durham Cathedral, the churches at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Carlisle Cathedral, Kirkstall Abbey, and Fountains Abbey. The sandstone churches of Derby are also extremely decomposed; and the church of St. Peter's, at Shaftesbury, is in such a state of decay, that some portions of the building are only prevented from falling by means of iron ties.

"As an example of an edifice constructed of a calciferous variety of sandstone, we may notice Tisbury church, which is in unequal condition, the mouldings and other enrichments being in a perfect state, whilst the ashlar, apparently selected with less care, is fast mouldering away.

"The choir of Southwell church, of the twelfth century, may be mentioned as affording an instance of the durability of a magnesian-calcareous sandstone, resembling that of Mansfield, after long exposure to the influences of the atmosphere.

"Of buildings composed of magnesian limestone, we may mention the Norman portions of Southwell church, built of stone similar to that of Bolsover Moor, and which are throughout in a perfect state, the mouldings and carved enrichments being as sharp as when first executed. The keep of Koningsburgh Castle, built of a magnesian limestone from the vicinity, is also in a perfect state, although the joints of the masonry are open in consequence of the decomposition and disappearance of the mortar formerly within them. The church at Hemmingborough, of the fifteenth century, constructed of a material resembling the stone from Huddlestone, does not exhibit any appearance of decay. Tickhill church, of the fifteenth century, built of a similar material, is in a fair state of preservation. Huddlestone Hall, of the sixteenth century, constructed of the stone of the immediate vicinity, is also in good condition. Roche Abbey, of the thirteenth century, in which stone from the immediate neighbourhood has been employed, exhibits generally a fair state of preservation, although some portions have yielded to the effects of the atmosphere.

"As examples of magnesian limestone buildings in a more advanced state of decay, we may notice the churches at York, a large portion of the Minster, Howden church, Doncaster old church, and others in that part of the country, many of which are so much decomposed that the mouldings, carvings, and other architectural decorations are often entirely effaced.

"We may here remark, that, as far as our observations extend, in proportion as the stone employed in magnesian limestone buildings is crystalline, so does it appear to have resisted the decomposing effects of the atmosphere; a conclusion in accordance with the opinion of Professor Daniell, who has stated to us, that, from the results of

experiments, he is of opinion, that 'the nearer the magnesian limestones approach to equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, the more crystalline and better they are in every respect.'

"Of buildings constructed of oolitic, and other limestones, we may notice the Church of Byland Abbey, of the twelfth century, especially the west front, built of stone from the immediate vicinity, as being in an almost perfect state of preservation. Sandysfoot Castle, near Weymouth, constructed of Portland oolite, in the time of Henry VIII., is an example of that material in excellent condition; a few decomposed stones used in the interior, (and which are exceptions to this fact,) being from another oolite in the immediate vicinity of the castle. Bow and Arrow Castle, and the neighbouring ruins of a church of the fourteenth century, in the island of Portland, also afford instances of the Portland oolite in perfect condition. The new church in the island, built in 1766, of a variety of the Portland stone termed roach, is in an excellent state throughout, even to the preservation of the marks of the chisel.

"Many buildings constructed of a material similar to the oolite of Ancaster, such as Newark and Grantham Churches, and other edifices in various parts of Lincolnshire, have scarcely yielded to the effects of atmospheric influences. Windrush Church, built of an oolite from the neighbouring quarry, is in excellent condition; whilst the Abbey Church of Bath, constructed of the oolite in the vicinity of that city, has suffered much from decomposition; as is also the case with the cathedral, and the churches of St. Nicholas and St. Michael, in Gloucester, erected of a stone from the oolitic rocks of the neighbourhood.

"The churches of Stamford, Ketton, Colley Weston, Kettering, and other places in that part of the country, attest the durability of the shelly oolite termed Barnack Rag, with the exceptions of the portions of some of them for which the stone has been ill selected. The excellent condition of those parts which remain of Glastonbury Abbey, shews the value of a shelly limestone similar to that of Doulting; whilst the stone employed in Wells Cathedral, apparently of the same kind, and not selected with equal care, is, in parts, decomposed. The mansion, the church, and the remains of the abbey at Montacute, as also many other buildings in that vicinity, constructed of the lime-stone of Ham-hill, are in excellent condition. In Salisbury Cathedral, built of stone from Chilmark, we have evidence of the general durability of a siliceous limestone; for, although the west front has somewhat yielded to the effects of the atmosphere, the excellent condition of the building, generally, is most striking.

"In the public buildings of Oxford, we have a marked instance both of decomposition and durability in the materials employed; for, whilst a shelly oolite, similar to that of Taynton, which is employed in the more ancient parts of the cathedral, in Merton College Chapel, &c., and commonly for the plinths, string courses, and exposed portions of the other edifices in that city, is generally in a good state of preservation, a calcareous stone from Heddington, employed in nearly the whole of the colleges, churches, and other public buildings, is in such a deplorable state of decay as, in some instances, to have caused all traces of architectural decoration to disappear, and the ashlar itself to be, in many places, deeply disintegrated.

"In Spofforth Castle we have a striking example of the unequal decomposition of the two materials, a magnesian limestone and a sandstone; the former employed in the decorated parts, and the latter for the ashlar or plain facing of the walls. Although the magnesian limestone has been equally exposed to the sandstone to the decomposing effects of the atmosphere, it has remained as perfect in form as when first employed; while the sandstone has suffered considerably from the effects of decomposition.

"In Chepstow Castle a magnesian limestone in fine preservation, and a red sandstone in an advanced state of decomposition, may be observed, both having been exposed to the same conditions as parts of the same archways; and in Bristol Cathedral there is a curious instance of the effects arising from the intermixture of very different

materials, a yellow limestone and a red sandstone, which have been indiscriminately employed both for the plain and decorated parts of the building: not only is the appearance in this case unsightly, but the architectural effect of the edifice is also much impaired by the unequal decomposition of the two materials, the limestone having suffered much less ruin decay than the sandstone.

"Judging, therefore, from the evidence afforded by buildings of various dates, there would appear to be many varieties of sandstone and limestone employed for building purposes which successfully resist the destructive effects of the atmospheric influences: amongst these, the sandstones of Stenton, Whitby, Tintern, Rivaulx, and Craigmyle, the magnesio-calcareous sandstones of Mansfield; the calciferous sandstone of Tibury; the crystalline magnesian limestones, or dolomites, of Bolsover, Huddlestone, and Roche Abbey; the oolites of Byland, Portland, and Ancaster; the shelly oolites and limestones of Barnack and Ham-hill; and the siliceous limestone of Chilmark, appear to be amongst the most durable. To these, which may be all considered as desirable building materials, we are inclined to add the sandstones of Darley-dale, Humber, Longannet, and Crowbank; the magnesian limestone of Robin Hood's Well, and the oolite of Ketton; although some of them may not have the evidence of ancient buildings in their favour.

"If, however, we were called upon to select a class of stone for the more immediate object of our inquiry, we should give the preference to the limestones, on account of their more general uniformity of tint, their comparatively homogeneous structure, and the facility and economy of their conversion to building purposes; and of this class we should prefer those which are most crystalline.

"In conclusion, having weighed, to the best of our judgment, the evidence in favour of the various building-stones which have been brought under our consideration; and freely admitting that many sandstones as well as limestones possess very great advantages as building materials, we feel bound to state, that for durability, as instanced in Southwell Church, &c., and the results of experiments, as detailed in the accompanying tables; for crystalline character, combined with a close approach to the equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia; for uniformity of structure; facility and economy in conversion; and for advantage of colour, the magnesian limestone, or dolomite, of Bolsover-moor and its neighbourhood, is, in our opinion, the most fit and proper material to be employed in the proposed new Houses of Parliament."

Owing to the situation, as well as the nature and extent of the works, and the interruption to which they have been subjected, their actual progress is not generally known. Viewed from the river they now present a very imposing aspect, and enable us to form an idea of their architectural beauty—the grandeur of the design and the vastness of the undertaking far surpassing any that can be derived from a drawing. The east wing, forming the Speaker's residence, can now be seen from Westminster bridge, and of itself forms a noble piece of architecture, admirably illustrative of the style of the whole. This, and the corresponding wing at the west, with the whole of the river front, are carried up to the floor of the second story, and exhibit the windows of the first with doors and gateways. The excellence of the Bolsover stone is now manifest, the texture and colour are admirable—the tints passing off from ochre to a bright silvery grey. In the annual notice of public improvements furnished in the Companion to the British Almanack, the writer

observes, "no less admirable is the execution of the masonry, and the skill shown in the workmanship of all the ornamental details: several large panels, each consisting of a single stone carved with a coat of arms in bold relief, are intended to be placed between the lower and upper windows of the two principal floors, instead of the spaces in those compartments being filled, as originally designed, with the smaller plain panelling carried along the front at that level. These panels, which represent the arms of all the English sovereigns from the Conqueror to Queen Victoria inclusive, have been designed by Mr. T. Willement. On passing along either of the two avenues leading through this portion of the building unto the terrace an immense vista of corridor is seen extending right and left, of which only the bare unfinished walls as yet exist. Having passed through this mass of building, we reach a very large open space behind, all of which will be covered by other buildings and courts, besides those portions of the plan which cannot be carried into execution until the whole of the present Houses of Parliament, &c., shall have been cleared away. What is now seen from Palace-yard is two sides of the inner quadrangle of the Speaker's residence, which, although it will be shut out from the public view, is nevertheless as carefully finished, though in a simpler style than the rest, as if intended to be exposed. The north front of this wing will be very distinctly seen from Westminster Bridge, since it is not only carried parallel with it, but extends to the distance of two of its arches. It consists, as far as now executed, of nine *bays* formed by very elegant buttresses, semi-hexagonal in plan, and thus presenting an angle when viewed directly in front. In each bay there will be a single window below, with the water-table continued and carried up over it as a label or hood-moulding; and above it two larger ones with a canopied niche immediately between them. One of the bays on this side is occupied below by an archway leading into the inner quadrangle."

The building of the new Houses is expected to be completed within six years from the present time.

CALVIN AND THE BATTLE OF JARNAC.

Under the title of "A Summer in Western France," Mr. Adolphus Trollope, a relation of Mrs. Trollope, has recently thrown together a bundle of local histories, gathered from the records of the cathedrals and monastic institutions of that fine country, the interest of which is greatly increased by the novelty of the facts

brought forward, and the scarcity and secrecy of the materials from which those facts have been gleaned. The following account treats of a passage in the early life of CALVIN, with which we feel assured few, if any, of our readers are acquainted; and the subsequent details of a battle between the Protestants and Catholics, which took its name from the town where the great Reformer sought and found shelter from religious persecution, will not be read without an instructive lesson being suggested by the perusal.

The records of the church of Angoulême contain many notices, which prove that even in the palmy days of clerical power and wealth, and lofty ecclesiastical pretensions, the rule of Holy Mother Church was not always submitted to quietly, or without resistance, nor her possessions altogether secure from the vicissitudes to which all property was subject at a period when force was necessary to keep as well as to obtain, and each man's own right hand and stalwart arm constituted his most efficient title deed. In the long run, however, the church was almost always victorious, and the bishop and chapter went on, increasing in wealth, and the church in splendour, till the new ideas of the sixteenth century shook the power of the hierarchy to its base, and prepared the way for the more successful attack which levelled it with the ground two hundred years afterwards. In the middle of the thirteenth century, Hugues le Brun, count of Angoumois, had a long and obstinately maintained quarrel with Robert de Montbron, bishop of Angoulême, respecting certain property to which both contending parties laid claim. The bishop found his spiritual arms not a match for the temporal weapons of the count, and was, therefore, obliged to invoke the assistance of the monarch, always glad to aid a bishop, from whose wealth nothing for the most part was to be feared, against a feudal baron, whose power it was often very desirable to humble. The king, therefore, declared the bishops of Limoges and Cahors the judges of the quarrel; and these reverend prelates were not slow in deciding it in favour of their episcopal brother. The sentence passed on the count, in consequence of this decision, is curious and characteristic. He is ordered to bring back into the town from which they had been driven, the bishop and his clergy; and to go in procession, on the first high festival, from the monastery of St. Auzonne to the Cathedral, barefooted, in his shirt, without belt, hat, or covering of any kind upon his head. The gates of the town by which he must pass in making this procession, are to be taken down, and burnt in the open space before the Cathedral. The penitent, for such he is sup-

posed to be, when he arrives at the church, is to make, before all the people, a confession of his sins, more especially of that of having withstood the bishop, and he is to promise never to be guilty of the like again. He is, moreover, condemned to a fine of five livres, and to found an endowment sufficient to supply three wax candles, to burn before the high altar of the church of Angoulême for ever. The award of the judges is dated on St. Clement's day, the 23rd November, 1259, and is recorded by Corlieu, the author of an old history of the counts of the Angoumois.

The time, however, was soon to come when the church's victories were to be less easily obtained, and her battles to be of a more dangerous description. It was in the second quarter of the sixteenth century that Francis I. began to persecute the professors of the new doctrines, to whose enthusiasm the extreme corruption of his court had lent an additional impulse. And it was about that time that a young man of some five and twenty years of age, flying from the pursuit of those who were employed to hunt down the reformists, arrived one night at Angoulême, and succeeded in finding the concealment which he sought in the house of one Louis Dutillet, one of the canons of the cathedral. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Catholic clergy were unanimous in their opposition to the reformed doctrines. Bad and corrupt as the church was, the ecclesiastics were, by very far, the best educated body of the time, and, in all probability, contained among their numbers a greater proportion of virtuous and single-minded men, anxious for the truth, and capable of recognizing it, than any other class of society. Many members of the clergy, accordingly, openly espoused the cause of the new doctrines; and a still greater number, gifted with intellects capable of bursting the bonds of educational and professional prejudices, and with sincere and pious hearts, but not with the martyr's nerve of iron, secretly wished well to them. Louis Dutillet was one of the former class, and though a canon of the cathedral, he sheltered in his house from immediate pursuit, the youthful reformer, who, at so early an age, had not feared to draw down upon him the resentment of the church, and the persecution of the civil authorities. The stranger did not look like one whom tyrant force would be likely to bend, whose convictions could be biased by interest, or whose voice stilled by fear. A physiognomist who had looked on his high and broad forehead, his deep-set, active, and keen eye, and severe resolute mouth, would have deemed him formed by nature in the true martyr's mould.

The heat of pursuit having passed off, the young enthusiast ventured to shew himself in the town, and he remained at Angoulême three years, during which time his ostensible employment was teaching the Greek language. He called himself Deparcan; and the authorities of the town supposed him to be a poor scholar, whose whole time was occupied, and energies employed, on the laborious profession by which he earned his bread. But when the reader is told that this poor scholar was no other than the youthful Calvin, he will easily imagine that the time of his abode in the city of Angoulême was employed in other matters than the teaching of Greek, and was attended with far more important results than the presence among the citizens of any other one human being would have been likely to produce. It is believed that he composed during those years his Christian Institute. But neither did this labour entirely occupy his active mind and indefatigable spirit. The seeds which he then found means to scatter widely in fertile soils, were not long in coming to maturity, and a few years later produced fruits, which the sower, enthusiastic and violent-minded as he was, must have deplored.

When the kingdom became openly divided into two distinct factions, under Charles IX., Angoulême declared itself for the Protestants. The Comte de la Rochefoucauld Marthon, governor of the province, was ordered by the Duc de Guise to make himself master of the chateau; but he was driven from the town by Jean Ponte, the mayor, and the citizens. The city then remained in the possession of the Protestants, who, in the excess of their triumph, and stimulated as much by their hatred as citizens against the nobles, as by intemperate zeal for the reformed religion, were guilty of every species of excess and outrage. They laid waste the cathedral and other churches, broke the doors, overturned the altars and statues, stole all the vessels and ornaments of precious metal, and burned the deeds and charters of the ecclesiastical corporations. Sepulchres were profaned, the remains of the dead scattered to the winds, and many citizens known to be attached to the old religion were put to death in cold blood. The magnificent mausoleum of Count John the Good, which was the pride of the cathedral, and an object of much veneration to the populace, was destroyed, and the leaden coffin which enclosed the body was broken open. The corpse was found entire; and a sacrilegious ruffian named Ruffier, who was one of those engaged in breaking open the coffin, struck his knife several times into the body as soon as it was exposed to view. Others cut off the head;

and they were about to burn the carcass, but were prevented by some of the less furious of the party. The coffin was melted down into bullets. But the day of retribution was not far distant, and the battle of Jarnac, so fatal to the Protestants from the loss of their great captain, the valiant Conde, was at hand to avenge the barbarities committed in their hour of triumph. Jarnac is a small place on the Charente, a few leagues to the westward of Angouleme; and it was on the plains to the east of the town, in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages of Triac and Bassac, that, on the 13th March, 1569, the memorable battle took place, which inflicted so serious a blow on the reform party. Coligny had the chief command of the Protestants, and the Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Henry III., that of the Catholic army.

Coligny seems on this occasion to have been decidedly out-generalled by a well-managed feint on the part of the Catholics, who contrived to pass a brook which divided the two armies, during the night, and were at sunrise, ranged in battle array, and ready for immediate action, while the Protestant troops were still divided into separate bodies, stationed at different points. Three hours would have been requisite for their concentration. Coligny perceived his error, and would have fallen back upon Jarnac, where Conde still was with a body of six thousand infantry. But the enemy gave him no time to execute such a movement. At the first dawn of day the entire Catholic army knelt in prayer to the Giver of all victory, and besought his blessing and aid in the pious work of massacring their heretic fellow creatures and fellow countrymen. "Ainsi commença," says a provincial historian in his detailed account of this sanguinary day, "par un acte de religion, une journée de massacre et de haine, et dont la fin devait voir un lâche assassinat."

Coligny soon found himself unable to stand the attack of the overpowering force opposed to him, and despatched a message to Conde to bring up his division with all speed. And here Coligny made another great mistake, for in his impatience, and in the urgency of the occasion, he, himself, galloped off to hasten the Prince's movements. And there can be little doubt but that his momentary absence from the field did much towards assuring the victory of the Catholics. Conde was, however, soon on the field with four hundred gentlemen, leaving the main body of his troops to follow him. He had his arm in a sling from the consequence of a recent fall, and as if fate had determined on combining every species of mishap to crush him, as he was arranging his

little squadron for an impetuous charge, the horse of the Comte de Rochefoucauld kicked him and broke his leg. Without suffering the agony of this most disastrous accident to impede him for an instant in the business of the moment, he merely said, in a composed voice, "Vous voyez combien un cheval fougueux est dangereux un jour de bataille!"* and immediately charged at the head of his little band into the thickest of the enemies' forces. Coligny was too actively engaged in another part of the field to bring him any assistance, but he expected every moment to be supported by the arrival of the six thousand infantry from Jarnac.

The impetuosity of his charge had carried him into the midst of the enemies' ranks, which closed round him and his gallant band on all sides; and minute after minute elapsed—minutes which were worth in importance, and which almost seemed years to the isolated knot, whose position was now desperate—and the troops from Jarnac came not. At last, Conde's horse was killed under him. He was, of course, unable to rise, but he still maintained a fight, supported by one knee on the ground. It was at this moment that a deed of heroism and devotion was performed, which both D'Aubigne and De Thou have commemorated. An old protestant gentleman named Lavergne de Tressan, who was fighting amid twenty-five youths, all his sons and nephews, seeing the desperate condition of his leader, rushed towards him with his kinsmen, and protected him with their bodies till the old man and fifteen of his family lay dead around him.

Conde still breathed; but mutilated, exhausted, and bleeding from a score of wounds, he was unable to strike another blow for his own defence, or for the cause for which he fought. So, chancing at that moment to perceive among the Catholic ranks an individual named D'Argence, who had formerly been his friend, and had served under him, he called to him, and lifting his vizor, delivered up to him his sword. D'Argence received it with respect, raised him, extricated him from the *melee*, and placed him under a tree, where he proceeded to bind his wounds.

But the Duke of Anjou had given general orders that morning, immediately after he had risen from joining with the army in prayer, that the Prince should be put to death if possible. And while D'Argence, in humane disobedience to this order, was endeavouring to give the captured hero what assistance he could, Montesquieu, the captain of the Duc of An-

* "You see how dangerous a spiteful horse is in the day of battle."

jou's Swiss guards, ran up, and exclaiming, "Kill him! kill him!!" struck the disabled and totally helpless Prince a blow on the head, with the butt end of his pistol, which put a period to his existence.

The hatred of the ignoble and cowardly-minded Henry of Anjou, was not satiated with the death of his enemy. He exposed the mutilated limbs of that body, from which so gallant a spirit had just passed, to every insult and indignity which his soldiers could devise; and placing the mangled form in derision upon an ass, carried it, amid the hooting of the soldiery, in that manner to Jardac, where, at midnight, he finished the sanguinary day's work with a repetition of the revolting mockery with which he had commenced it, by causing a *Te Deum* to be sung.

The young Henry of Navarre, then only thirteen years of age, was present at the battle of Jarnac; and historians have noticed as a remarkable coincidence, that the three Princes of the blood royal, who on that day made theological disputes a pretext for bloodshed, whose real cause was their personal antipathies and rival ambitions, were all three destined to perish by violent deaths at the hands of assassins, stimulated by the fanaticism of theological hate. The death of Conde we have just seen. The Duke of Anjou, when he had ascended the throne as Henry III., was assassinated by a monk; and Henry IV. met with a similar fate from the unrelenting intolerance of Romanism, at the hands of an Angoumoisian fanatic.

LONDON REMINISCENCES.

BY A SENTIMENTALIST.

REMINISCENCE THE FIRST—AN EXPLORATION NEAR THE EAST END.

I had already ascended several flights of dark narrow stairs, full of abrupt angles and corners, and sudden twistings. Several times I lost my footing, and would probably have lost myself, if I had not, during the whole of my ascent to these unknown regions, firmly grasped hold of the hand rail, and made a point never to raise one foot until I had got a firm standing place for the other. During my progress I had, by means of the glimmering taper, observed several doors leading into the apartments of the different inmates. We had reached the top of the stairs which opened into a kind of landing place, where likewise were several black-painted doors, but all shut as close as if for eternity. I was now surprised at finding that my Cicerone opened, not one of these doors, but one of the

dirty wainscoat panels, which was made to swing on hinges. My mind now began to mis-give me, and I wished myself safely returned from my rambles. Nor were my apprehensions at all diminished by finding myself, not in a large room, as I had expected, but in a little closet, barely sufficient for two persons. The wainscoat door was now closed, and we were entirely in the dark, my guide having extinguished his light. In a few seconds I heard a sliding noise, which I afterwards found to arise from the drawing-up of one of the side partitions of this little closet. Being raised about two feet high, I was desired to creep underneath, and I then found myself at the bottom of a pair of steps. My guide preceded me; and having reached the top, he gave three distinct knocks. "Who's there?" was the question from above. "Only Jim," was the significant reply: but it was evident that more faith was placed in Jim's voice than in what he said. I now distinctly heard them removing a cross-bar, and in a moment the trap-door was opened, which was cautiously closed and barred as soon as we entered the room.

Well, thought I, had Hamlet been here he *would* have called it a "rat-trap," or rather, a rat-box, without wires to grin through. Throwing aside all appearance of suspicion, I began to converse with some of the inmates, of whom there were about twenty. It was a very long and rather wide room, and on one side there were six beds, nearly close to each other. On these beds there might be seven or eight girls and young women sitting up, engaged in a kind of trade of which neither I, nor perhaps any one else, had ever heard. Their implements consisted of a long sharp bodkin, and a pair of scissors, and with these they were busily picking out the initials of silk handkerchiefs. The number of handkerchiefs thus daily unciphered, would certainly indicate not merely a roaring trade in doors, but a flourishing one *out* of doors. On the floor were two or three dirty children, either squalling or sucking their thumbs. At the lower end of the room were four men, engaged in—nothing: they had ceased their work, and concealed their implements immediately upon my entry; but enough remained for me to perceive that they were coiners.

On one of the beds was a woman, about thirty years of age. She held in her arms a child about two years old, of a very sickly and emaciated appearance. In my own mind, judging from the physiognomy of the woman, I passed sentence upon her as a most hardened and insensible wretch. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "To his own master he standeth or falleth." Besides, thought I, it

may be that this poor woman has seen much trouble, and suffered much, and under a coarse exterior she may conceal a kind heart. It may be that her own complexion is but the reflection of those associates with whom she is obliged to mingle. Or it may be, that this is her birth-place, and that, some thirty years ago, she tottered and crawled upon this very floor,—and, perhaps, upon this very bed she hung upon the heart of a mother even more wretched and unhappy than herself,—perhaps sucking in iniquity more freely than her mother's milk. At all events, thought I, I will try and touch the tenderest spring of human sympathy; for no woman can be so abandoned as not to love her own child. "Your child," said I, "seems very sickly." "Yes, sir, he is; but I should be so very sorry to lose him." I was happy to find, as I thought, that the vitiating circumstances in which she was placed, had not destroyed her maternal affection. "Yes," I replied; "it would be a great loss; you must take great care of him." "Yes, that I will; for I don't think I could manage to live without him; I should lose eightpence a day if he was to die." "Eightpence a day! what do you mean? he can't work." "Oh dear yes, I lend him out at eightpence a day for people to beg with." My eyes were opened. Gracious heavens! and is it possible that such human woe or wretchedness, or that such heartless depravity, can be found in a christian land? I know not whether I felt more disgusted or horrified at the thought, that an Englishwoman could be found so hardened or so necessitous, as to sell her child's heart-blood for money. When I looked at the poor little suckling, at its unnatural mother, at the young women employed on the different beds, at the disconcerted and interrupted coiners, and thought of the fate of the little lisping things crawling on the floor, or venturing from one chair to another, and the continued round of vice which here held sway from dim morn to twilight, and from twilight to morn,—and when I reflected that in the other rooms of this house, scenes might be enacting of even a more frightful and vicious character, and that this was but one house among thousands of the same kind,—I began to wonder how the same God who burnt up Sodom and Gomorrah, and who had swept away their very ruins with the besom of destruction, had so long spared this mighty city, great it might be in its wealth, its power, its intellect, its refinement,—but no less great in its sins.

And what is the principal cause of the immorality and vice which, more or less, prevails in every hamlet and town of our native land, and which seems entwined around the very vitals of

the Metropolis of Europe? What was the cause of the depravity in this single room, whither my rambles had led me? The coiners by their coining, the girls by their work, the mother by the hire of her child,—all, all sought to earn a living. Yes, it was heart-breaking, spirit-breaking, nature-perverting, demoralizing poverty, that drove these unhappy wretches to such frightful expedients for sustaining life. Let us—let legislators remember, that poverty is the main-spring of vice, that the physical necessities, the first demands of animal nature, *must* be attended to and answered, before a people can advance in the course of intellect and morality, or become truly contented, pious, and christian. Competence is not always united with virtue, but great poverty and great vice are almost always bed-fellows.

THE CHAIN RULE.

Out of every thousand boys that learn arithmetic, scarcely one is to be found who is acquainted with the *principle* of a single calculation he has been taught. A knowledge of forms, and of forms only, is, in the majority of cases, the whole amount of arithmetical learning obtained at school. Tell a boy that the results of "Addition" and "Multiplication" are the same, and that the principle of both is alike, notwithstanding their difference in forms, modes, or rules, and he will either incredibly laugh or stare at you. But only ask him "how far he has got" with his figures, and he will announce himself a proficient in the "Rules of Three," "Practice," "Vulgar Fractions," and "Decimals."

Arithmetic requires *thought* for its comprehension, and school-boys are seldom taught to think. We have just stated that a boy would laugh or stare if he were told that the results of Addition and Multiplication were alike; but he would cease to do either if he were first made to multiply 170 by 22, which he would find to be 3740, and were then desired to write the figures 170 twenty-two times under each other, and add them up, with the same result. He would be surprised; and his surprise would not be lessened if he were requested to place the figures 22 one hundred and seventy times under each other, and told that the total would be, in this case, the same as in the other. These facts would lead him to *think*; and when once thought is begotten, difficulty is at an end.

Whatever, therefore, allures the mind of young people to study, is desirable. The information obtained by its agency is solid and durable. With the view of encouraging its exercise in the solution of arithmetical ques-

tions, we are now about to introduce our readers to the peculiarities of the CHAIN RULE, the prerogative of which is to simplify and shorten every kind of calculation.

One of the sub-divisions of arithmetic, as it is universally taught and learnt in England, is known as the "Double Rule of Three." There are several methods of working this rule in use, but they all merge into one common necessity, namely, first to find one of the *two* unknown quantities indicated by its title, and then the other; the finding of the second being dependant upon that of the first. In order to make this practically clear, we will state the following question, which is illustrative of every day commercial transactions.

What is the interest upon £650 for 22 months at the rate of 4 per cent per annum?

To work this question in the common way, the interest upon £650 must first be found for a year, or twelve months; and then the amount of the same ascertained for 22 months; and the statements will consequently be as follows:

If £100 produce £4, what will £650 produce?

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ 100 \overline{) 2600} \\ \underline{2600} \\ 0000 \\ 0000 \\ 0000 \end{array}$$

£26 answer.

The interest for 12 months having thus been ascertained to be £26, the amount for 22 months will be discovered by saying,

If 12 months produce £26, how much will 22 months produce?

$$\begin{array}{r} 22 \\ 12 \overline{) 572} \\ \underline{24} \\ 332 \\ 332 \\ 0000 \end{array}$$

£47 13 4 answer.*

* The division of 572 by 12 is here made short, in order not to multiply figures. At schools, however, it would be thus conducted:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \overline{) 572} (47 \text{ pounds} \\ \underline{48} \\ 92 \\ 84 \\ \underline{8} \\ 20 \\ 12 \overline{) 160} (13 \text{ shillings} \\ \underline{12} \\ 40 \\ 36 \\ \underline{4} \\ 12 \\ 12 \overline{) 48} (4 \text{ pence} \\ \underline{48} \\ 00 \end{array}$$

The Chain Rule, in other words the RULE OF PROPORTION, or EQUATION, settles both these questions at once, and with the fewest possible figures. In the first, the divisor is 100; and the sum to be divided by this 100, is 650 multiplied by 4. In the second, the divisor is 12; and the sum to be divided is 26 multiplied by 22. Now, instead of making two separate propositions, suppose the divisors in each were multiplied together, and the sums to be divided were also multiplied together; we should, in that case, have but one divisor instead of two, and but one amount to be divided instead of two. For the sake of clearness, we will put the separate divisors into one column, and the amounts to be divided into another; we will then multiply the divisors by one-another, and the sums to be divided also by one-another; and having thus obtained a total of each, we shall see if the result is, by a final division, the same as was obtained by the previous process. It must, however, be particularly noted, that the second term of the second proposition, namely £26, is a result of the first proposition; and it must therefore be omitted in the Chain Rule statement, otherwise, cause and effect would be blended together. Attending strictly to this point, we shall have the two following columns of figures,—one, of the divisors, which is always to the left-hand column—and the other of the amounts to be divided, which is placed opposite to it on the right hand.

DIVIDEND.

DIVISORS.	650
100	4
12	22

For the *divisor*, 100 multiplied by 12, is 1200. For the *dividend*, 650 multiplied by 4, is 2600; and this again by 22, is 57,200. Let us now divide the one by the other:—

$$1200 \overline{) 57200} (47.13.4$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4800 \\ 9200 \\ 8400 \\ \underline{800} \\ 20 \\ 16000 \\ 1200 \\ \underline{4000} \\ 3600 \\ \underline{400} \\ 12 \\ \underline{4800} \\ 4800 \end{array}$$

The result therefore is the same ; both methods of calculation giving £47 13s. 4d. as the answer.

Little good in the way of saving time and figures would, however, be gained by the Chain Rule, unless the above calculation could be materially shortened.

That it can be so shortened we shall now prove. The process is by previously *cancelling*, from the two columns, equal amounts on both sides. Thus: from the 100 in the divisor and the 650 opposite, let a cypher each be removed; they will then be 10 and 65. Let these 10 and 65 be again divided by 5, and we shall have in their places 2 and 13. Now, as 13 cannot be divided by any other term without a remainder, which must not be, or is, in other words, a prime number, it has been reduced to its lowest denomination, and must so remain. Such, however, is not the case with the 2 opposite, which may be got rid of by cancelling it and dividing the 4 in the dividend column, by itself, from which 2 will result. This last 2 may in turn be cancelled, and the 12 in the opposite column made 6, to correspond. Again, this 6 in the divisor column, and the 22 in the other, may be divided by 2, in which case they will respectively be 3 and 11; beyond this no further cancelling can take place. Recapitulating what we have done, we shall find that, in the divisor column, there is but the figure 3 left, and in the other, only 13 and 11 to be multiplied together; the solution will therefore be—

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \\ 11 \\ \hline 3)143 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

£47 13 4 answer.

The actual working of this operation, by a person moderately proficient in its practice, would take less time than we have occupied in describing it. The cancelling is to be done by crossing with a pen the figure to be obliterated, and writing down the one that is to take its place. This part of the process we cannot show in type, because such figures (with the cancel mark across them) have not yet been cast in England, and are not therefore to be obtained for the purpose of illustration. But a few self-lessons on a slate will soon render the thing familiar to all who wish to become acquainted with it. To still further show the advantage of the Chain Rule in shortening calculations, we will alter our previous question in such a way, that the single Rule of Three must be worked *four* times over, in order to arrive at an answer by the common method of calculation.

A capital of £650 is invested at 4 per cent. per annum, and 22 months' interest is due upon it. If the sum of the interest is received, and the amount placed in a savings' bank, with interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, to be paid upon it, how much will that interest, at 3 per cent., amount to in 7 months?

If an ordinary school-boy could calculate this question at all, he would proceed to his task by first finding what the interest upon £650 comes to at 4 per cent. for a twelve-month; then, having got it for 12 months, how much it is for 22 months; next, how much 3 per cent. upon this sum would amount to for a year; and finally, having obtained it for a year, how much it is for the 7 months. And these various findings he would at last arrive at, by employing the Rule of Three four times, as we have just observed. Now the statement by the Chain Rule is as follows:—

DIVISORS.	DIVIDEND.
	650
100	4
12	22
100	3
12	7

1 pound equal to 20 shillings.

When these figures are properly cancelled,* those in the divisor will be reduced to 6 and 10, and in the dividend to 7, 13, and 11; and the answer will be thus:—

10	13
6	11
—	—
60	143
	7
	—
	6,0)100,1
	—
	16s. 8d.

N.B. The last term of the equation in the dividend column must always agree with that in which the answer is required. For this reason it became necessary to introduce the pound as equal to 20 shillings, as the required answer is in that coin.

In the brief space we can allot for a notice of the Chain Rule, we hope it will be perfectly understood that we are not giving rules for its management. These must be sought for in the proper quarters, our sole object being to

* Cancel 20 in the dividend, and 100 in the divisor, placing 5 as an equivalent. Then cancel this 5, and divide the opposite 660 by it, leaving 130—the 650 to be cancelled. Then cancel the cypher of the 130, leaving 13, and the cypher of the opposite 100, leaving 10. Divide the 12 in one column, and the 22 in the other, by 2, leaving respectively 6 and 11. Finally connect the 4 and 3 in the dividend, and 12 in the divisor.

direct attention to its condensing powers, by the ready means of an example or two. As a curious instance of its application, we will, however, narrate a circumstance that once occurred in our presence at Dover.

A German schoolmaster,* who had just landed from Calais, went into a shop to buy some quills, the price of which was three farthings each, or five farthings for two, if a quantity were taken. To this latter condition the German agreed, and he accordingly desired the stationer to supply him with 10 francs' worth, as he had no English money to pay with, the value of each franc being settled between them at tenpence. But the stationer had no sooner commenced counting out his quills than he was lost in a whirl of calculation. How many to give for ten francs baffled all his knowledge of arithmetic. The customer, perceiving his confusion, good humouredly took up a piece of paper and wrote upon it the following equation:—

	10 francs
1 franc equal to	10 pence
1 penny equal to	4 farthings
5 farthings equal to	2 quills

Having first cancelled the 5 in the divisor column by reducing the figures 10 in the one opposite to 2, the question was settled by intermultiplying the remaining figures, namely, $2 \times 10 = 20 \times 4 = 80 \times 2 = 160$ quills.

"There, my dear Sare," said the purchaser, addressing the master of the shop, and handing him the paper, "you shall give me one hundred and sixty English quills for my ten francs, and in return I shall give you this lesson upon the German CHAIN RULE."

NEW BOOKS.

Every Family's Book of Health and Domestic Economy. Shewing how to preserve Health and keep House with Cheerfulness, Frugality, and Comfort. London: W. Strange. 1841.

Much as this little work promises, if all the sage advices and directions it contains were honestly followed out, disease, dissatisfaction, and discomfort would be much less common than they are now unhappily found. To those who cannot avail themselves of Mr. Strange's Domestic Dictionary, which we noticed a few weeks since, this will form an excellent hand-book—containing, within eighty-six pages of closely printed matter, the most valuable suggestions scattered through numerous expensive

works. As a specimen of the whole, we select the following chapter

ON EXERCISE.

"I may, (says Dr. Uwins, in his Treatise on Mental Diseases) urge upon all, and especially those whose habits and callings are sedentary; to contrive some motive for daily and regular walking; even should they not appear at present inconvenienced by their confinement, the cloud will be instantly collecting that shall sooner or later darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fulness of apoplectic steror. A physician with whom I was well acquainted, and who scarcely ever was upon his legs, used to say to me that he found no inconvenience in sitting day after day in his carriage and his study: nor did he, so far as his immediate feelings were concerned: but he died suddenly and prematurely from an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted had he made less use of his carriage and his books, and more of his limbs. In contrast with this case I will just state that I last week conversed with a veteran in literature and in years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the 'soundness' of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often distressing circumstances, by a steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. It is curious that he has survived for a long period almost all the literary characters that were his friends and contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of those who have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add, also of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of his equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued. 'Were I a gentleman, Dr. Uwins,' my neighbour, Mr. Abernethy used to say to me, 'I would never get into my carriage;' and certain it is that many diseases of the most troublesome kind, besides unsoundness of mind, may be traced to the idle habit of carriage gestation."

Persons in the middle or poorer ranks of life are not likely to suffer by too much lolling in a carriage; but there are thousands of them; and especially females, who suffer greatly from want of a due measure of bodily exercise.

It is an unfortunate circumstance in the life of females, that many of those whose parents or husbands are respectably situated in life,

* Almost all German schoolmasters understand and teach the Chain Rule.

spend their days in idleness, or in the silly pursuits of fashion and frivolous amusement. Such women are truly unfortunate; they are, with but few exceptions, a prey to nervous disorders; their minds are vacant; they have exhausted their mental powers in the pursuit of novelty, and the temptation is strong to seize upon any thing that may promise to relieve the tedium to which they are subject. Employment is indispensable to the well-being of all, but particularly to the susceptible minds of females: in a state of idleness, come vain desires and fancied miseries, which are by habit converted into sad realities, the less easily to be cured, as they are tenaciously fixed upon the constitution of the mind. The confirmed nervous and the hypochondriac can no more be argued into convalescence, than can those afflicted with gout or fever.

Exercise in the open air, bathing, and keeping the mind occupied upon useful or innocent objects, are the best things for warding off the attacks of nervous disorders.

Gymnastics have been considered an important branch of education, and are now, we believe, found to have a place in many of our boarding-schools for young gentlemen. There has, no doubt, been much quackery indulged in and practised relative to this subject, as to most others; but there can be little doubt that the human frame may be much invigorated and strengthened by a judicious adoption of gymnastic exercises. One thing to be regretted is, that the advantages to be thus obtained have been chiefly confined to the male sex; yet surely the other sex ought not to be forgotten or neglected in arrangements of this description.

A small work, published some twelve or fourteen years since, had some valuable suggestions upon the subject of Calisthenics; or the means of strengthening the constitution of young females by appropriate exercises; and as it is but little known, and has been long out of circulation, we shall transfer to our pages so much of it as we think possesses the merit of practical utility.

"It is a mistake to suppose that to attain the remarkable health of laborious females, it is necessary to sacrifice personal appearance. A very short experience of a judicious and rational system of exercise will show, that we may cultivate a sound and vigorous state of health without sacrificing the graces, and that the means of rendering the constitution robust and firm, may improve female charms, but can never impair them. But we have an ulterior view in recommending and promoting these exercises. It is not for their salutary effects on the body alone that we view them as a useful

branch of education: we expect them reasonably to generate a corresponding firmness in the mind. The imagination of females is naturally more vivid than that of men, and, generally speaking, surrounding circumstances strike more forcibly on their nervous system. This temperament, when properly regulated, makes them often capable of displaying a more enthusiastic heroism in the cause of duty and honour than men; but when they find themselves in ordinary circumstances which do not produce strong and continued mental excitement; when they are suddenly assailed by seeming danger without the support of energetic sentiment, then is felt all their characteristic weakness: and the unfortunate habit they have acquired of depending for protection on the more steady, though less enthusiastic courage of the other sex, renders them unable to fix upon the prompt and decisive step which the occasion requires.

"How many valuable lives would be saved, how many moments of anxious terror and alarms would be prevented, were females gradually accustomed to look danger in the face—steadily without assistance to walk over a plank, or to contemplate a height; to view the raging billows at their feet, or hear the deafening thunder over their heads: all this it is very likely they may be called to bear, and are we not their truest, their best friends, when we wish to arm them with self-possession and composure of mind, to enable them to seize upon the most prompt and efficacious means of averting the danger?

"We now proceed to lay down rules for a few exercises, which, while they greatly tend to invigorate the body, give courage and firmness to the mind.

"The place of exercise should be airy and dry, not overlooked by any building but the house it is attached to, and should be covered with the finest gravel. The simplest dress is the best to be adopted—no shawls nor any other thing that may hang loose from the body. The hair ought to be gathered up under a small light net cap, so that none of it may, by accident, fall over the eyes, and impede the sight. Laced boots are the best for the feet. The pupil, being thus prepared, should be taught to stand erect, with the shoulders back, and practise swinging the arms at full length slowly backwards and forwards, first with the right arm and next with the left, and afterwards both together. In this exercise the fist ought to be clenched and the swing forward ought to go as high as the head, and backward as far as the pupil conveniently can. Before we proceed farther it may be necessary to enjoin each pupil always to consult her own feelings as to the

degree of exercise she is capable of performing, and to desist the moment she feels the approach of painful lassitude; the object being to nourish and increase the degree of natural strength, never to exhaust it.

"After having practised the foregoing exercise for some time, we recommend that of running, and this ought not to exceed the rate of a moderately brisk trot. The arms ought to be placed behind at the small of the back, each hand grasping the forepart of the opposite arm: this ought also to be the position while resting betwixt the exercises, as it tends to keep back the shoulders and project the chest. Take particular care before the running commences, that the boots are firmly laced, and the straps not apt to become loose, as a fall might be the consequence. In taking this salutary and natural exercise, the advantage of the plain, simple, and easy dress we have recommended will be easily perceived.

"*Rope skipping* is an excellent exercise, very commonly practised by young girls, and we can hardly mention one more salutary. It opens the chest, gives free play to the lungs, strengthens the arms, and gives agility to the limbs. It is related of a well-known surgeon and lecturer, who is no less conspicuous for the roughness of his manner than for his abilities in his profession, that he was called to attend at the house of a lady, who had a daughter about fourteen years of age, whose health seemed gradually declining. 'Stand up,' said he, in his usual rude and boisterous manner. The half terrified girl obeyed. 'Breathe so,' was the next word of command: after this was performed, he turned to the mother. 'Madam,' said he, 'my fee is two guineas, payable before I pronounce upon your daughter's case.' The lady with great complacency took two pound notes out of her purse, and, wrapping two shillings in them, laid the packet on the table. The practitioner immediately seized it, carefully unfolded it, and securing the more valuable wrapper in his pocket, threw down the two shillings: 'There, Madam! my advice is to buy your daughter a *skipping rope*. My time is too valuable to waste it with you any longer."

"*Swinging* is a good exercise, and those who can endure it should persevere in it; but if it produces heaviness, stupor, or giddiness, it ought to be relinquished. However, we have known a little practice remove these uneasy sensations. At any rate, the swings ought to be gentle, not too high, nor rapidly executed. It is proper to add, that the apparatus should be well secured from the possibility of breaking down, and means ought to be adopted by

fastening, or otherwise, to prevent the person from falling out.

"Learning to swim in some sequestered spot of water, where there could be no possibility of intrusion, would be very desirable in the education of females. Many of them are, from unavoidable circumstances, obliged to pass from one part to another in ships; and it is unfair, we had almost said inhuman, that they should not be taught the same means of self-preservation that men are; that they should be, as it were, scooped out of their lives by the jeerings of vulgar prejudice, or the precepts of false delicacy. When will the time arrive that woman shall assume those equal rights to which she is entitled? but which bad education and perverted talents have deprived her of the means, often the inclination, to assert?

"The practice of archery we strongly recommend. It is productive of considerable amusement, gives precision to the eye, and agility to the muscles of the breast, arms, and shoulders, and is of necessity practised in the open air. The hands ought to be guarded with thick leather gloves, such as housemaids make use of, and the bows ought to be light and easily bent, as the target is not intended to be placed at any great distance.

"We earnestly recommend to avoid the fatigue of over-exertion. Do every thing easily; fatigue wastes the powers of the body, but gentle exercise invigorates them. Should any particular limb be manifestly weaker than the others, endeavour to strengthen it by gradual and short continued exercise; and where stiffness prevails in the joints, recourse should be had to frequent rubbing. It may be here observed, that rubbing is, in some degree, a very proper substitute for exercise in those cases where the latter cannot be made use of from deformity, lameness, or some such unfortunate circumstance."

But do not let us, after all, underrate the benefits to be derived from mere walking. If it be not the best possible exercise, for either sex, it is at least to be classed with the best. President Jefferson used to say, "The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of the animal. No animal has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in the day for a long journey as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half-an-hour in the morning, when you rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy."

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

On the 15th Verse of the 7th Chapter of Ezekiel.

"The sword is without, and the pestilence and famine within; he that is in the field shall die by the sword; and he that is in the city famine and pestilence shall devour him."

Woe to the holy city! woe! the hour foretold is near,
And Desolation's howling voice is rising on the ear;
And wailing moans, and murmuring plaints, are heard
from shore to shore,
Till every echo finds a voice, deep, wild, as ocean's roar.
Dark, boding clouds are gathering o'er the palaces of pride,
And every spot its story tells of ruin far and wide;
The wind's loud tone, the lightning's flash, the thunder's
hoarse deep roll,—
There's not a scene nor sound, but strikes a terror to the
soul.

Woe to the beauteous city! doom'd to fall in ages past,
By power more mighty than Time's touch, a tempest's
fiercest blast:

Woe to the peasant and the prince, the shepherd and the
seer;
Yon blackning cloud hath found a voice, "The hour
is still more near."

The sword of vengeance wastes without, and famine
wastes within,
And beasts of prey are wandering near, their loud roars
swell the din
Of warrior's shouts, and woman's shrieks, and children's
feebler cry,
While prayers and curses rise around, to move or mock
the sky.

Hark!—'tis the warrior foemen's shout! the yell of con-
quering foes,—
The one wild shriek of baffled hosts, who dread that con-
flict's close:

See! fire and murder waste the land, the spoiler revels
free,

His hand is on the golden stores which soon his own will be.
The sacred chalices of gold, the city's stores, are gone;
The gorgeous flagons disappear; the city is their own!
The Babylonian's at the gate, and Mercy, shrinking, flies,
While Havoc stalks, and lone Despair broods o'er its
miseries.

Pale, beauteous babes, with timid cry, ask, and in vain,
for bread;

There is no mercy in the land; the happy are the dead.
Wild dying groans unheeded rise; the aged and the weak,
With flashing eye, and hollow cheek, for one poor morsel
seek.

Young mothers clasp their 'little ones,' with sad and
shrinking heart,
And mutely raise their eyes on high, and then in frenzy
start,

To feel the lifeless head fall down, to wail their children's
fate,

And then, with curses loud and deep, pass onward desolate.
And some in sullen horror, plunge the dagger in their
breast,

Too weak to bear the present ill, they only seek for rest;
And some, with wild and wolfish glance, their mates in
hunger tear,
And howling o'er their human meal, gorge on in plenty
there.

The favoured city is a waste! its hosts a wandering band,
Who, spoil'd and humbled, seek a home in some far
distant land;

The prophecy is all fulfill'd; a remnant linger on,
O'er every nation scatter'd wide, a friendless race, *alone*.
F. G.

Amongst the Greeks an umbrella was a mark of elevated rank; and as such occurs on the Hamilton vases in the hands of a princess. It is of the modern form, with strips pendulous from the rims, and occurs in the present fashion upon the monuments of Persepolis, and an Etruscan Vase in Dempster. Women of distinction had it of ivory. The Romans also used it, especially at the theatre, to keep off the sun. The female slaves, who carried one over the head of their mistresses, were called *umbelliferæ*. These parasols were made of green linen, the modern colour, stretched upon a hoop, and were supported by a staff; probably the cloths were protracted in such a manner as to cover their heads and shoulders. Upon a bas-relief, a Love mounted on a dolphin, carries one very convex. They were borne by women and effeminate men, both against sun and rain. Our ancestors used them against rain, and the term *umbrelles* is also ancient. Du Cange mentions the custom of expanding or contracting them, and says, that they were made of skins. Coryatt says, umbrellas are made in Italy of leather, something in the form of a canopy hooped in the inside, with divers little wooden hoops, which extend the umbrella to a pretty large compass. They are especially used by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow "that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

Mr. Northcote, in his "Memoirs" of Sir Joshua Reynolds, says—"It has been related as an anecdote, that, on one of the evenings when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses at the academy, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and the great, the Earl of C—, who was present, came up to him, saying, 'Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said.' To which the president, with a smile, replied, 'That was to my advantage.'"

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Stoccombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



Engraved for Bradshaw's Journal

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 15.]

SATURDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AS IT NOW IS.

BY ALEX. FALKNER, ESQ., OF NEWCASTLE.

(With an Engraving of Grey Street.)

There is perhaps no difficulty which more besets the mind of the writer who would form a correct observation, and then proceed to pen a just description, of any given locality, than the tone of feeling which influences him for the time being. Party interests almost always mingle with the conceptions of the author, either to add their charm, or indite their libel,—and his intellectual vista, thus clouded and obscured, is productive of a representation of the objects, viewed either in too bright or too sombre an aspect—portrayed in too showy or too shadowy tints.

Notwithstanding that certain portions of our island, from local peculiarities, are more aqueous and vapoury than others, or that the murky smoke of our manufacturing towns is but a too melancholy contrast to the open, generous air of our agrarian districts, yet, nevertheless, certain *locales* have been, by almost unanimous consent, rendered notorious for “perpetual rain,” “insufferable smoke,” or “killing noise,”—and others (perhaps equally absurdly) famed for their “invariable fine weather,” “incomparable air,” or, as in the case of Durham, for “inimitable mustard!” We shrewdly suspect that there are certain states of the pocket and the feelings, in which the bright side of the picture *alone* is beheld, when all appears invested in—

‘The gayest, happiest attitude of things;’

and others in which the scenes, however charming, are shrouded in darkness and despair—when

“This goodly frame, the earth, seems but a sterile promontory—this most excellent canopy the air, this brave overhanging firmament—this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, appears no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.”

We have been led to make these remarks, from the great diversity of *spirit* which pervades the various works descriptive of those portions of her Majesty's dominions cyleped Northumberland and Durham, and particularly the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The antiquarian, rejoicing in the ample field spread out for him in those two counties—perfect Stonehenges of antiquity—has his love of legendary lore gratified *ad libitum*—whilst the poet, drinking deep from the two fountains of inspiration, the castellated topography, and the ample historical antiquities, of these counties, revels in the sunshine of olden times,—throws the charm of romance around the now tottering, tenantless walls, once a proud castle, with its banners waving on high, or the now ivy-mantled towers fast crumbling into dust, yet once the abode of beauty and of love—chronicles the history of time's Strongholds—the abbeys the monasteries, and the thousand other objects of romantic interest,—and throws an halo of glory and grandeur around the dark past, which indeed never belonged to it.

The march of intellect and modern improvement *savans*, on the other hand, have in their

descriptions, more particularly of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shuffled off all attachment to the wisdom of ancestry, and rising high upon the wings of modern architecture, have written the most exuberant and hyperbolic accounts of the "great modern improvements" recently effected by Richard Grainger, Esq., and other speculative builders, upon the general appearance of the town of Newcastle. While a third writer has recently administered a pungent cautery, published in Blackwood's Magazine, deprecatory of the noisome filth and nuisance of the place, aiming his attempted satirical blows against the waste and ruin of the many "tenantless tenements," and half-finished erections, misnamed the "improvements," of a place which, in his affected humour, he deems disreputable beyond all possibility of description. This latter writer has been so evidently labouring under an attack of *scotomy*, black bile, and divers other nervous affections and discomfitures, arising from the participation in the perils and disasters of "the June Gale in 1841," when he pretended to condemn Newcastle from a few hours desultory rambling through its streets, as to have been, in common sense and honesty, altogether unfit for the task of local description.

Such is the state of our local literature, especially the school of modern chroniclers, and in penning the following, we trust, impartial sketch for the perusal of the sober sense public, it shall be our endeavour to avoid the extremes and errors committed by others, that so we shall—

"Nothing extenuate,—nor set down aught in malice."

EARLY HISTORY.

When the victorious arms of Julius Caesar were first directed to British invasion,—when the rude natives were the slaves of those most degraded and barbarous superstitions, the bloody rites and ceremonies of the Druids—ere science had illumed the land which is now so brilliant with its effulgence, or "pure and undefiled religion" had emancipated man from the thralldom of the passions, and accomplished its blessed task in humanizing and deifying him,—when the Southerns had become but too easy a prey for their Roman invaders—the fierce and warlike free spirit of the Caledonian barbarians, added to the natural ruggedness of their country, offered at once a bold and daring resistance to the further progress of the transalpine warriors. Julius Agricola, who commanded the Roman forces, after routing Galgacus, proceeded to erect a continuous line of forts from the Solway Frith to the mouth of the river Tyne, in order to prevent, or at least guard against, the rude excursions of the

northern aborigines upon the newly conquered territory, one of which was upon the site of the modern town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. To render this barrier still more impassable, Hadrianus subsequently built a rampart, which extended from the Irish Sea, across the island, to the German Ocean, establishing a Roman station at Newcastle, with a bridge across the river Tyne. The great stone wall of Severus, with its eighteen towers and military station, the remains of which are still extant at Benwell Hill, completed this division of the country.

After the Saxon invasion, and subsequent to the days of the Heptarchy, Northumberland seems to have been the scene of many feuds and frays between the Saxons, Scotch, and English, and Newcastle, which the Romans termed Pons Ælii, the stronghold and residence of the Northumbrian kings, while the Roman Catholic religion imported and propagated a host of religious devotees, who founded so many monastic institutions as to change the Pons Ælii of the Romans into Monkchester, or The city of the monks.

Many were the religious houses founded, and many the wars and battles fought by the English with their northern neighbours,—the soldier and the pilgrim, religion and bloodshed, being the alternate character and occupation of the natives in these days of barbarity, both parties being by turns successful. Under Malcolm the Scottish king, however, much havoc and ruin were spread over all the northern portion of England, when William the Conqueror, in 1080, upon the presentation of Robert Curthose, his eldest son, built the new castle on the Tyne banks, to command the river and adjacent country, altering the name of "Monkchester" into that of Newcastle, which appellation has continued "even unto this day."

William Rufus, the son of William the Conqueror, after retaking the castle from Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had the whole town enclosed within a strong and massy wall, with many huge gates and portals; the last remaining of these was taken down as late as 1823; it was situated at Newgate, and was long used as a common gaol. The principal entrance to the castle was made by the Black gate, at the end of the Castle Garth, which was broken down in the repairs of 1822.

THE CASTLE

is situated on the north bank of the river Tyne, a few hundred yards above the bridge; it is built upon a natural eminence, and towers its dingy head much above the level of surrounding buildings; the walls are fourteen feet thick, with chambers internally, the entrance

to the keep being on the east side, by a long flight of steps; it is a square building, castellated at the four corners, surmounted by a high tower at the north-west corner. The decay of ages, and the smoke of commerce, have done much to render its massive walls both grim and gaunt, so that it presents to the stranger a commanding but not a "promising" appearance. As admission can be procured upon payment of a small gratuity, we shall conduct the reader to the top, and from the summit of eight centuries, take a glance at the adjacent country. It is perhaps the best situation for a topographical view, and will well reward the ascender for his time and pains.

Once on the pinnacle, with our hats secured against the wind, we look to the southwards; on the right we have the green banks and meanderings of the Tyne, with the borough of Gateshead and the distant fields of Durham, spread out before us, divided by the heavy stone bridge across the river, from the forest of masts and chimneys on both sides of the banks, which stretch to the west as far as the eye can reach—heavy laden keels are slowly moving down with the tide, while those emptied of the "jetty diamonds" are being pushed through the arches by the aid of the boat hook—some of the immensely high chimneys used by the alkali manufacturers, (300 feet in height) are vomiting their columns of dark smoke sky high, while a crowd of animated beings are elbowing their way along the Quay, intent upon some maritime enterprise or commercial transaction—no thing but ships, coal staiths, and manufactories, with their great chimneys, or low lurid coke ovens, are to be seen all down the river for ten miles, to its outlet at Shields, while above, the glass works, the foundries, lead works, and engineering establishments, crowded and huddled together on both sides of the river, complete the busy active scene of prosperous commerce.

Nor is the view to the northwards less interesting—overlooking the various church steeples and monuments, we have before us, in solemn majesty and lofty grandeur, that justly admired relict of antique architecture, St. Nicholas's Church. The steeple is 200 feet high, and was built upwards of four centuries ago. It is a magnificent object for the eye to rest upon, and is justly indeed the pride of the inhabitants, in spite of all Dr. Dibdin's scribbling to the contrary. Leaving this monument of antiquity, we have, right and left, and all around, an exhibition of modern improvements, in the gorgeous architecture of Richard Grainger—the noble and spacious streets extending on all hands, with the distant steeple of St. Thomas, and the less remote pillar to Earl Grey, form

a splendid panorama of architectural magnificence—of the wealth, spirit, and taste of the inhabitants of Newcastle, and only requires to be seen to convince the stranger of the comfort and convenience effected by Grainger for the inhabitants of the "Metropolis of the north."

Descending from the dizzy heights of the olden castle, by the help of a rough circular road, which once *was* a stair, we look around in wonder at the squalid filth and wretchedness of the hovels crowded round its base; the castle Garth stretches round to the right, much resembling St. Mary's Wind in Edinburgh, or Monmouth-Street,—it has been very appropriately named the "rag fair" of the town, its denizens being all moody and speculative men in the old clothes line. This monument of ages, which has been alternately in the possession of the Scotch and English—the residence of kings, lords, and nobles, and the receptacle for murderers, thieves, and fraudulent debtors, was also that in which John Baliol did homage to Edward I. for the grant of the crown of Scotland, ere Wallace had drawn his sword, or the children of freedom had rallied round his standard, ere the mighty spirit of Bruce was evoked to assert the independence of his country, and lately sounded a royal salute from its grey head in honour of the baptism of the Prince of Wales.

Taking leave of the old castle we are forcibly reminded of the words of Shelly, in his address to an object of a very different nature:—

"Thou hast a voice"—to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel."

TYNE BRIDGES.

The river Tyne forms the principal boundary between the counties of Northumberland and Durham, dividing the town of Newcastle from the borough of Gateshead, and at its mouth the towns of North from South Shields; at Newcastle it is spanned by a strong heavy bridge of nine arches, near the Gateshead end of which is the "Blue Stone," or point of demarkation between the two counties. It is 33½ feet in width, and was widened and repaired in 1801, under the direction of Stephenson. The previous erections across the river were successively destroyed by floods, and, being crowded with shops and houses on either side, not unfrequently by fire; in 1771 the flood carried away three of the arches, besides inundating all the lower parts of the town. The structure which now stands was built in 1774-8 by the Corporation—a temporary wooden one having been erected for convenience during the interval. Compared with the height of the banks of the river on either side,

the bridge may be said to lie low ; and to obviate the steep of " Bottle Bank " in Gateshead, and " Dean-street " in Newcastle, it has been proposed to throw a new bridge over the river at a great altitude above the present one. Various plans are in contemplation—upon the merits of which the Great North of England railway company will most probably decide ; one among others is to construct the new bridge entirely of wood, prepared with the anti-dry rot liquid, upon the site and top of the stone one now standing—the arches to be composed of so many separate layers bent in a semi-circular form, similar to those viaducts over the Jesmond and Willington Deans on the Newcastle and North Shields railway.

The next bridge across the Tyne is a magnificent iron chain one at Scotswood, three miles above Newcastle, completed in 1831 ; it is 630 feet in length, and about 37 in breadth ; it stands much higher above the level of the river than the old bridge at Newcastle, and is much more light and graceful in its appearance. A heavy piled bridge, a little further up the river, is now built by the Newcastle and Carlisle railway company ; this bridge, from being a dead level, looks uncommonly stiff to the eye, and offends good taste as much as does the " Panden Dean " stone bridge in Newcastle, whose three lofty arches and otherwise beautiful architecture are spoilt by being hunchbacked in the centre, looking as if some of its stone vertibræ were dislocated.

[To be continued.]

ERNESTA ;

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE OF PAUL PLEDGETT.

[From the Forget me Not for 1842.]

I was just twenty-five years old when my worthy father, Sampson Pledgett, pawnbroker of Cheapside, in the city of London, died, leaving me heir to his business, a fair character in trade, and a tolerable sum in ready money. My mother had departed this life about ten years before ; therefore my father's death was the heavier affliction, leaving me as it did alone in the world. But I will not dwell on the grief that overwhelmed me on this sorrowful occasion ; I will only say that I spared no expence in testifying my respect to the memory of the deceased—that I caused a handsome urn to be erected to his memory—that I put the servants into mourning, from the house-keeper down to the errand-boy—that the funeral, and my deportment thereat, were so solemn, that Miss Betty Lappets, the milliner over the way, observed, in strict confidence, to several of her friends, that she " never had

given young Mr. Pledgett credit for so much feeling, and that I was a pattern and example to all the young men in town."

I did not attempt to alter any thing in the shop, or in the manner of doing business there, for some months ; for I thought it would be a sort of silent disrespect to my father to change immediately what had satisfied him. But by degrees, almost insensible degrees, I found myself amending first one thing and then another, till at length I started on coming up to my own door, for it looked quite a different place. First I had the three balls re-gilt, and then the outside paint and varnish, being shabby, must be renewed to keep the balls in countenance : finally, the letters on the sign being dim with age and partly defaced, I employed a painter to restore them, and on going to the other side of the street to observe the effect, I found that, without any order of mine, he had rubbed out the name " Sampson," and substituted that of " Paul ;" which, though it gave me a shock at first, feeling as if some wrong had been done my father thereby, convinced me of the reality of that which had hitherto seemed like a dream, viz. that all the premises were my own, that I stood no longer in a subordinate situation, and that I was henceforth the head of my family.

After this I had less scruple in making changes than I had felt before. The unclaimed pledges, which were exposed for sale, had hitherto lain in the window, heaped up without any regard to appearance ; but now I removed the piles of blankets, the large books, and the heavy furniture, to the back of the shop, not only improving its looks from the outside, but giving far more light to those within ; and instead of these I arranged, as tastefully as I could, watches, chains, silver plate, and some curious china, which I found thrust out of sight.

My business increased, my shop was the smartest and cleanest in the street, and I sold off many things which might have been disposed of before, had they only been seen. On the whole, I had cause to be pleased with my alterations, and I have reason to think that the improved appearance of my premises led to the adventure which I am about to commit to paper, wishing my children and grandchildren to keep it in mind as the passage of my life most worthy to be remembered.

It was on a gloomy evening in August, 1747, that I was standing behind my counter, busily engaged with my books, when the window was suddenly darkened, and I perceived that a woman was peering anxiously into the shop. This was not a matter of such uncommon occurrence as to occasion much surprise, but she

retreated so hastily when she saw that she was observed that my attention was attracted towards her. In a few minutes, I perceived again that she was cautiously looking in at the door, as if hesitating whether or not to enter. I could not discern her features, for she wore a mask, and was shrouded in a cloak and hood, but from the lightness of her movements it seemed likely that she was youthful.

"What can I do for you, madam?" I inquired, as, gathering courage, she entered and advanced towards me. She came close up to me before she replied, and then her answer was included in one word, "Much." It was uttered in a low earnest voice, and I felt at once that she had come on no common errand. But I suppressed my expressions of astonishment, and civilly reiterated my question as to what her commands might be. "Are you willing," she said, in the same low voice, "are you willing to assist the unfortunate—to help one who cannot help herself—to save a fellow-creature from despair? I have come a long and lonely tramp to ask you this—oh, do not disappoint me!"

I replied that in the way of my business it was my bounden duty to help the unfortunate, and that in the way of charity I hoped I should not be found wanting. "But it is not only charity that I ask," said the stranger. "I am not begging an alms, believe me; I ask for more—I ask you to confide in me—to trust in me of whom you know nothing. Think you that you can do this?"

In my worthy father's lifetime, he had often taken occasion to warn me of the wiles of men, but more especially against those of women, and often expressed a fear that my disposition to listen to tales of sorrow would make me an easy prey to imposition. This flashed across my mind, and made me hesitate for a moment; but there was a charm in the voice of the speaker, and in the small white hand which rested ungloved on the counter, which was not to be resisted. I was strangely puzzled how to act, but at length I remarked that it was necessary I should know what was required of me before promising to comply with her request.

"The first thing I ask of you," she replied, "is to close your shop and come with me, bringing with you two hundred guineas, if you have so much by you. I promise that you shall have full value for it at the end of your journey. The second is that you do not ask where we are going, but follow me without further question, that you will deliver the required money to the lady you will see, and take in return the pledge she will offer you. The third is that you will not speak of the

events of to-night, at least until I permit you to do so. It is indeed much to ask—can you, *will* you grant it?"

I was again silent, for the suggestion of my own fancy, no less than my father's warnings, made me pause. Tales of midnight murders—of men tempted from their homes to be the prey of robbers and assassins by representations as plausible as the present, came crowding into my brain. Then, on the other hand, there were anecdotes of ladies who had fallen in love with youths of low degree, and of tradesmen taken on secret expeditions and returning enriched for ever, to balance my apprehensions.

Again the low voice sounded in my ear—breathlessly, as if the speaker anticipated a dreadful refusal. "You will not help us? Say so at once, and end this wretched suspense."

"You mistake," I replied, decided at once by her manner; "I will help you to the uttermost of my power." The words were scarcely spoken before I repented of them as rash and unadvised; but they could not be recalled. The stranger snatched my hand, and in the fervour of her gratitude pressed it to her lips.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she murmured, and, dropping her face upon her folded arms, she wept.

Her tears and the earnestness of her manner re-assured me, and I begged her to walk into an inner room the while I prepared to accompany her. Having called my only apprentice to close the shop, I left her in the parlour whilst I went up stairs to equip myself for my expedition. I stowed the required sum of money as carefully as I could about my person, taking at the same time the precaution to conceal a small pair of loaded pistols in the deep pockets of my waistcoat, and then, descending to my unknown visitor, I declared myself ready to set forth with as much composure as I could assume. She was pacing the apartment impatiently, and we left the house at once. I offered her my arm, but she declined taking it, and we walked on in silence for some time through streets that were familiar to me. Then, suddenly quitting the more frequented ways, we plunged into a nest of blind lanes and alleys, with whose character I was not unacquainted, though I had never entered their mazes before. Again my suspicions were aroused; and I was about to pause and insist on an explanation, when my conductress suddenly stopped at the door of a small house, which had every appearance of being uninhabited. She tapped twice; the first time slightly, the second time more loudly. The door was opened, and, having admitted her, was instantly closed again, and I was left alone.

I could now have fled without being observed, had I been so inclined; but curiosity began to take the place of fear, and I anxiously waited for the re-appearance of the female. She did not come for some minutes, and when she did she emerged from the door of a house a little farther on, and beckoned me to follow her. We resumed our silent journey, and soon struck into a narrow lane, or passage, between tall black warehouses, at the end of which I perceived the gleam of water. A few minutes brought us to the river side, and presently a small boat, indistinctly seen in the thickening twilight, shot from the shadow of the bank, and came close beneath us. There were no steps or other convenience for landing at that place, but the tide was at flood, and the boat nearly level with the shore. A few whispered sentences, whose purport I could not catch, passed between my guide and one of the boatmen; and, stepping into the little bark, she motioned me to follow. It was too late to retreat; I was by her side in a moment; and the boatmen, observing as much caution as possible, turned the bows of the boat down the river, and began to pull vigorously in that direction.

And now, seated in that fragile vessel, with that masked and silent woman beside me, and gliding down the darkening stream, going I knew not whither, I began to think that, should I even lose my life in this wild adventure, assuredly nobody was to be blamed but myself. I began to wonder how I came there, and experienced that strange sensation of being in a dream that cannot be shaken off, or of all my previous existence having been an unreal vision, which often accompanies a sudden and unlooked for change of scene and situation. I felt as if I must surely have left Cheapside years ago, and that, for aught I knew, I might be condemned thus to glide on for ages to come, uncertain of my destiny. I have no doubt that, at the moment, I was in a state of mind bordering on delirium: my neighbours say I must have been mad to venture there at all.

I made two or three attempts to get rid of this feeling, and to draw my companion into conversation; but she shook her head warningly, and made no reply to my observations. And thus we glided on for upwards of an hour, as I afterwards found, though I did not then measure the time very accurately. At last, the boat turned from its course in the mid current; we were borne towards the shore, and rested by some steps, against which the tide was washing with a cheering sound—cheering to me, for it told of land.

We were soon on shore, where a pair of large iron gates seemed to oppose our further pro-

gress. A small side wicket, however, was on the latch, and through this we passed into a large courtyard. By this time the mist had cleared away, and, though there was no moon, I could see by the uncertain starlight that a large and handsome building was before us. My companion now spoke, though still in a suppressed voice. "You will soon know now that I had no evil design in bringing you hither, but that I have spoken truth. Robbers and murderers do not dwell in mansions like this, at least not those who stoop to insignificant game. Follow me, and I will bring you to my mistress." I murmured some inaudible reply, I know not what, for I felt bewildered and ashamed of my fears, and obeyed.

My guide led me round the side of the building, and we entered a narrow alley, bordered with tall hedges of trimly-cut yew and privet. This led into a garden, which, from the white statues that gleamed out here and there from the flower-knots, and the rich scents that filled the dewy air, I guessed to be well kept and richly decorated. Winding through the smooth grass-walks, we passed to the other side of the mansion, where a flight of marble steps, with a broad balustrade, led to a terrace overlooking the river.

At the top of these steps, a lady was sitting, quite unattended; and, as my eyes were now accustomed to the twilight, I could see her face and form with tolerable distinctness. She might be two or three and twenty, perhaps more, but there was a maturity about her beauty, a dignity in her mien, which seemed to have been produced more by circumstances than by time. Her dress was a plain white petticoat of lawn or muslin, and her shoulders were enveloped in a large mantle of black velvet. Her dark hair was without powder, or any ornament but a simple bandeau of silver, clasped in front by a large diamond. It was partly twisted up behind, and partly fell in *waves*, rather than curls, over her cheek and neck. One hand lay idly on her knee, the other (her elbow resting on the balustrade) supported her pale cheek. She was gazing out on the river, and seemed absorbed in deep thought, for she did not perceive us until my companion was close beside her; then, as if awakening from a dream, she shook back her long hair, and, after a hurried whisper with her attendant, came towards me, exclaiming, "Oh! have you—have you, indeed, brought me help!"

That low but most earnest voice, that trembling yet stately figure, that eager dark eye, are before me even now; and though another image was that evening stamped more deeply and dearly on my heart, the Lady Ernesta, as I looked upon her then, always rises to my

memory as the loveliest woman I ever gazed upon. "And you have brought me help!" she said again, in the same tone; "may blessings be on your head! you cannot know the extent of what you are doing; you cannot know how valuable the life that may yet be saved through your means. Nay, it is not *one* life only—though the other is worthless in comparison with his—but mine—mine—*young* man, you will save mine also!"

I was much affected by her address, and replied in the most courtly terms I could command, that I was only too happy to be permitted to serve so fair and noble a lady, and that I was prepared to deliver to her the sum which I understood she required. She renewed her expressions of gratitude, and, turning to my guide, whom I shall henceforth call by the name of Agnes, she bade her fetch the casket from her chamber. The girl tripped away, but presently returned, saying that she had placed a light in the anteroom, and that we should see the jewels better there.

The windows were cautiously closed, so that the solitary light on the table might not be perceived from without; and I could now see my companions more distinctly, Agnes having by this time disencumbered herself of her mask and cloak. Though less strictly beautiful than her mistress, I thought I never saw a prettier face than hers, with its dark sparkling eyes, its clear brown cheek, and its soft red lips—lips which it thrilled me to remember had that very evening been pressed upon my hand! I gazed on her, perhaps too earnestly, for the colour mounted to her temples, as she hastily placed a casket in my hand and bade me examine its contents.

It was furnished with really valuable jewels; but the lady seemed filled with apprehension that I should not think them sufficient security for the sum she required. I assured her that they were well worth five times as much, but that, if she pleased to write me a simple acknowledgment for two hundred pounds, I would ask no further pledge for the repayment of my money. "No," she replied, "that must not be; take enough, do not spare them, for I fear I may never be able to repay you in money. If better times should come, I will hope some day to redeem them."

At last, we compromised the matter. I told down the money on the table, and received as a pledge a diamond necklace of considerable value. I then took a respectful leave, but, returning again, said, with some hesitation, "Pardon my presumption, madam, but I would entreat one favour. I am but an humble tradesman, but, if there be any thing further wherein I can serve you, believe me, I am no

craven, and will execute your commands to the uttermost of my power."

"Again and again I thank you, kind friend," said the lady; "and should I need your service, believe me, I will not hesitate to ask it. Meanwhile, attend to this, for your own sake as much as for mine—do not speak of our interview to any one; do not even appear as if you could guess aught of my purpose, nor venture to identify me with any person, whatever may reach your ears; no, not though you are told that the niece of Lord R—— is dragged to the Tower as a traitor!"

Next moment, I was by the river side, and the boat awaited my approach. Agnes stood on the steps, waving her little hand, and I was soon out of sight, as the boatmen pulled vigorously towards London. They were now released from the silence that had been before imposed on them, and laughed and talked to their hearts' content. I found that they took me for a dealer in French lace and other contraband articles, who had been brought down on a secret expedition to traffic with the female inmates of the mansion. I did not discourage the idea; and, when we reached the Tower-stairs, where they said they had been ordered to land me, I pressed on them a small present of money, which procured me a spontaneous promise of secrecy. I was well acquainted with my homeward way, and reached Cheap-side just as day began to dawn.

[To be continued.]

SPANISH PROVERBS AND NICK-NAMES.

The fondness of the Spaniards for proverbs will have been noticed by every one who has read *Don Quixote*. In colloquial intercourse, the Spaniard uses proverbs on almost every occasion, the pith and point of which can seldom be transferred to another language. These proverbs now form an extensive and varied fund of moral precepts, applicable to every possible emergency. So congenial are they to the Spaniards, and so well adapted to their stately language, that their use constitutes a national peculiarity. The grave and taciturn Castilian emphatically utters them in the way of rebuke; sometimes in a tone of railery, but oftener to convey counsel.

Nothing can be more pertinent, or more expressive, than the sententious sayings which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Sancho Panza, the truth and terseness of which no translator can retain; and amidst the freaks of folly and mental delusion which mark the character of the master, they form a striking contrast in the man, indicating shrewdness, and a mind

undisturbed by high flown fancies and fallacious theories. The object of Cervantes, in writing *Don Quixote*, does not, at first sight, catch the attention of the reader. The story, indeed, forms the least part of the merit of his work. He aimed at something beyond amusement—his novel is a satire, a keen though disguised satire, undertaken not to destroy a taste for chivalry, by the weapons of railery, for it had already ceased to exist, but to criticise certain acts of the government; to check the prevailing propensity for hair-brained enterprizes; to establish a standard for reading; to censure that relish for hyperboles, exaggeration, and gasconading, which had spread from Andalusia into Castile; to rouse public feeling, and, more especially, to ridicule the acts of certain corporate bodies which depressed the country, and were fast changing the national character. Cervantes was a true patriot; his object was to correct abuses. The contemptuous merriment he endeavours to excite against the Inquisition, is glaring and repeated; and had he written in any other tone than the one he adopted, a dungeon within its walls must have been his lot.

Perhaps no book in print presents so much fancy and originality, combined with an air of truth, as "*Don Quixote*." The force and dignity of the sentiments conveyed in it are often disguised under a ludicrous garb, while the best moral precepts are put forth by a clown. *Sancho Panza* is not, however, to be considered a mere *buffo* in the story,—as a bag of proverbs. Finely contrasted as his figure, mind, and all his peculiarities, are with those of his master, he plays a higher part than that of a mere domestic. He holds the place of a moralist, a Spanish moralist, fond of old usages and national prejudices, and although never burdened with school encumbrances, yet is he rich in the experience of others, and careful to keep on the safe side of tradition and custom,—a maxim early instilled into the minds of children in the Peninsula.

Foreigners are apt to consider the frequent use of proverbs in *Don Quixote* as a defect, whereas the Spaniards hold it to be one of the most admirable features in the work. They are proud of the proverbial idiom, contending that it is a proof of the antiquity and richness of their language.

The Spaniard, more particularly in the southern provinces, is gifted with a lively imagination, and excels in ingenious fictions and devices. He has a great flow of words, which renders his conversation varied and amusing, but it never degenerates into that loquaciousness which is to be noticed in the Frenchman and Italian. The cheerfulness of the Spaniard

seems to be the effect of deliberation. His perception is quick, and his memory retentive; and if in any thing he is remarkable, compared with others, it is in the greater ease with which he expresses the strongest as well as the tenderest passions. More than once has the writer of these lines heard a young couple, between whom no private interview was possible, make love in a large and mixed company, by alternately taking up the guitar and singing extempore couplets; and, strange as it may seem, other parties present did not always comprehend their meaning, in consequence of antecedents and inuendos, to which the lovers themselves only had a clue.

The Spaniards are fanciful even in matters of an ordinary kind. One day the writer of this paper sat down at a *loto* table, a round game, which, it will be recollected, is played with long cards, ranged in a row before each individual, whereon numbers are inscribed. One holds a bag, containing small balls, on which corresponding figures are marked, and as he draws them forth, he calls out the number. This charge fell to the lot of an Andalusian wag, who made the players acquainted with the amount of their numbers as he drew them from the bag, and yet never mentioned one. For each he used a figurative term, perfectly typical and easily understood. Instead of 12, for example, he called "*The Apostles*," and for 33, gave, as an equivalent, the "*Age of our Saviour*," going on in this way to the end, with a representative for each number.

Some Spanish authors, even of eminence, have tortured their brains to indulge in whimsicalities. D. Isidoro de Robles wrote two tales dignified with the name of *Novelas*, in the composition of one of which not a single *a* occurs; and in the other the letter *o* is entirely omitted. The first is entitled *Los dos soles de Toledo*, (the two Suns of Toledo) and extends to fifty-two pages, in the course of which there are four sets of verses, and yet in the immense number of words contained in this space, the first letter of the alphabet is not to be found. The other tale is called *La Peregrina Hermitana*, (the beautiful Female Hermit) and in the whole seventy-seven pages which it covers, eight being in verse, the letter *o* is not once used. These two curiosities may be seen in the first volume of *Novelas Escogidas*, (Select Novels) printed at Madrid in 1785.

The fondness of the Spaniards for nicknames is not less remarkable than their liking for proverbs. They apply nicknames to all classes of persons; and in Andalusia, La Mancha, and Estramadura, the male inhabitants of a whole village are sometimes known only by their

soubriquets; and in notarial acts, the cognomen is usually inserted after the real name, preceded by an *alias*. The nickname, which generally arises out of some striking incident, characteristic trait, or distinctive feature, is not given as a sign of ridicule or contempt. It serves, rather, as a mark of distinction. Zumalacarregui was called by his soldiers *Tío Tomas*, (under Thomas) as a testimony of their regard for him. When the nickname has once been given, the proper name is entirely dropped.

One of the first *guerrilleros* who took to the road, after the French entered Madrid, was Juan Martin Diaz, a field labourer in Castile. Filled with that just indignation which, at so eventful a period of Spanish history, roused the inmates of the cottage, and swelled the ranks of the patriots, Martin Diaz threw aside his hoe and pruning knife, and with a musket and a few ball cartridges, came to the vicinity of the capital, accompanied by half a dozen comrades, where he commenced his career by intercepting French couriers and cutting off stragglers. Secrecy being essential to success, when the members of this little band went forth in search of an adventure, they blackened their faces with an adhesive unguent, made of *humo de pez*, (fish smoke) easily washed off if any of them wanted to visit a town, in order to learn what was passing among the enemy. Owing to this disguise, their spirited leader acquired the *soubriquet* of *El Empezinado*, (smutty-face) which he ever afterwards retained. His seizure of a French estafette, bearing important despatches from Napoleon, which he delivered over to Sir John Moore, first brought him into notice. Hardy peasants joined his ranks; he armed them with the spoils of the field, and became a terror to the invaders. So many were the extraordinary feats performed by this enterprising chieftain, that he established for himself the reputation of being the best guerilla leader of his day, and rose to the rank of Major General. He afterwards governed the province of Zamora, but falling into disgrace with Ferdinand VII., his end was truly tragical.

Joseph Buonaparte was known by a nickname, which his enemies applied in a contumelious sense, and on that account, among the common people, tutored by the priests, he passed for a drunkard. Hence he was dubbed *Rey Papa Botellas*, (King Pope Bottle) a title which most probably would have stuck to him, even if he had consolidated his power. Many of the patriotic chieftains had also their several appellatives. Jaureguay was called *El Pastor*, (the Shepherd) from having tended flocks; while *Juanito* (Little John) *de la Rochapea* received his designation from a suburb of Pam-

plona, bearing that name, where he was born, and had been employed as a stable boy.

Porlier was christened *El Marquesito*, (the little Marquis) owing to his diminutive size and family title. Palaria was called *El Medico*, (the Doctor) from his having practised as a physician, while Antonio Costa, a fierce Catalonian leader and a great imposter, acquired the nickname of *Misas*, (Masses) from having in early life lived by extorting money from the credulous, on pretence of defraying the expences of masses to be said for the souls of the deceased relations of his dupes. After he rose to power, in his magisterial capacity, he was once called upon to try a clergyman, who had been caught carrying on a correspondence with the enemy, and whose guilt had been fully established. Judge *Misas* passed sentence by merrily telling the culprit that he might now go and say his masses in the other world. Old General Eguia was scarcely known in the army by any other name than *Coletilla*, (little Pig-tail) from his wearing a thin spindling tie, something in the style of Frederick the Great.

As a finish to the preceding portraiture, it may not be amiss to adduce a few more recent instances. The nicknames used by the Carlists were often laughable, although it was not always easy to account for their origin. Some are most extraordinary. *El Padre Eterno* (the Eternal Father) was a cavalry captain, who accompanied Don Carlos to the heights of Madrid; and there seems something almost impiously irreverent in such a cognomen being applied to him. In the disastrous retreat which followed, *El Padre Eterno* was cut off from his column, and obliged to take to the woods, accompanied by a few comrades and his wife, a spirited young woman, dressed in uniform, armed and well mounted, who never quitted his side, and fought as gallantly as did any man of the party. Increased by stragglers, this band scoured the country, and made excursions to the very gates of Madrid, but there was nothing in the conduct of its leader that savoured of a celestial calling. One night, he and his comrades were surprised by their pursuers at a road inn called *El Spirito Santo*, (the Holy Ghost) and, after a desperate resistance, were overpowered.

La Diosa (the Goddess) was another chieftain of the higher sphere, whose nomination is, however, less mysterious. His real name was Antonio Rodriguez, and it is supposed that he received his new designation from having been remarkably handsome and rather effeminate. When young, he fought against the French, and at the close of the Peninsular War, had attained the rank of lieutenant. When the late Carlist contest commenced, he raised a band in

La Mancha, but subsequently joined Cabrera with the rank of colonel. Having been taken prisoner by the Christinos, while acting with Tallada in Marcia, he shared the fate which befel that officer.

For reasons which it would be difficult to explain, the scripture name *Barabbas* was given to a youth only twenty-five years of age, and a noted bandit in Galicia. Five times was he captured while committing depredations on the road, and he has often released himself through his own ingenuity. Some of his escapes were of the most romantic kind; he was, in fact, a perfect Spanish "Jack Shepherd;" and should any English novelist ever be in want of a subject, he would find a prolific one in the adventures of this highwayman, in whose exploits a certain heroine played a conspicuous part. Barabbas mixed politics with his calling, and the better to excite the sympathies of the common people, professed to be a staunch Carlist. He also took care to have his acts sanctioned by the presence of a friar, an active and bold member of his gang, and a true Father Tuck. Barabbas was at length taken and executed; his constant companion *El Tragon* (the glutton) suffered with him, as did also the friar.

Palillos, the diminutive of *Palo* (wood), was originally a carpenter, the circumstance from which his *nom de guerre* is derived. The real name of *Ros de Eroles*, the late Catalonian chieftain, is Bartholomew Porredon. The Lemousin adjective "ros," in Spanish, means *rubio* (red or fair complexioned), and "Eroles" is the name of the town to which he belongs. *Serrador* (sawyer), one of Cabrera's lieutenants, originally gained his livelihood by sawing wood.

These sketches might be carried to a great length. An alphabetical list of Carlist nicknames might, in fact, be added, among which the following few would find a place: *Atale-Corto*, "tie him up short." *Abuelo*, "grandfather." *Anguila*, "eel, or slippery fellow." *Calzones*, "inexpressibles," or, as they have been recently denominated, "unwhisperables." *Cocheiro*, "coachmen." *Cuenta-Cuentos*, "teller." *Curita*, "the little curate." *El Feo de Buendia*, "the ugly man of Buendia." *Malos Cordos*, "rank thistles." *El Midero*, "the honey seller." *Orejita*, "little ear." *Perdiz*, "partridge." *Peso duro*, "hard dollar." *Pandero*, "tambourine." *Panduro*, "stale bread." *Remenlado*, "patched-cloak," and *El Salado*, "salt-seller, or witty fellow."

Ridicule,—which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.—*Lord Kaimes*.

THE INCENDIARY.

BY G. E. S.

"Well Jacob, any work?"

"No, mother, and no likelihoods of any. There's fifty men in the parish, and more than that, that hav'n't had work for the last six weeks, and the farmers make little account of me; they say they must employ all the married men before they can take on the single.

"Oh dear, oh dear! But, Jacob, they forget that you have got a poor bed-ridden father and a lame old mother to keep, and, bless you, Jacob—God bless you, they little know you would have been married long ago, if it hadn't been for thinking of us."

"They do know it, though," said Jacob, "for Squire Dalton checked me about it this morning, and called me a fool, to be dangling about an old woman's heels—those were his words, mother—instead of sending you both to the workhouse, and taking care of myself—he told me, mother, that if I had been married five years ago, I should be a deal better off now; and he said more, mother,—and I'll tell you what he said—he said it was a shame and a pity that there wasn't a law for killing off old folks when they got past labour, and couldn't take care of themselves. I could hardly keep my hands off him, mother."

"Now may God forgive him, Jacob, for saying such a cruel thing. I wonder whether he would like his father and mother to be killed off."

"As to that, mother, I would not trust much to him—they do say that he hasn't much regard for them, and would be glad enough to lay his old father's bones in the ground, to get his fine house to live in. But that's neither here nor there, mother, only I wouldn't be Squire Dalton for all his money."

"Well but, Jacob, what must we do—there's your poor father has been crying out all day for a bit of meat—or a cup of broth—or something of that sort—and you know what the doctor said, Jacob; and there's nothing in the house this blessed minute, but a few potatoes. I saw the butcher go by to-day, with a whole cart-load of meat, and they said it was for Squire Dalton's hounds—sure enough the dogs are better off than we—and the poor old man—oh, Jacob, he can't live long without he has better victuals than we've given him of late."

"He sha'n't die, if I can help it, mother—I'll work the flesh off my bones before he shall die for want—but there, what's the use of talking, when I can't get work to do. Mother, we must go to the parish at last."

"The parish, Jacob! Well, may be it's the best thing to be done; but dear, dear, I never

thought we should have to go to the parish for help. It's a terrible thing, Jacob, after we've lived so long here, and never owed any body a penny, and always willing to work—for I will say there wasn't a harder working man anywhere than your father—and I am sure he never spent any thing to speak of in drink—it is a terrible thing to go to the parish at last."

"Well, mother, I won't go if you are so much against it; I can manage somehow for myself perhaps, but how can you and father get along? but I'll try again to-morrow; may be I can get a job at the quarry till something else turns up."

"Do, Jacob, and God bless ye. Don't let's go to the parish if we can help it."

But Jacob could not help it. He went next morning to the quarry, but there was nothing to be done. The foreman had discharged half a dozen labourers the day before, because there was not sufficient employment for all his hands—true, there was stone enough to build half a dozen cathedrals, but it happened that there were no cathedrals on order just then, and it was useless to speculate on the possibility of any future requirements of that sort; and as Sir Robert Inglis's motion for new churches had not then been brought forward, it was a matter of uncertainty whether an extra parish church, or chapel of ease, would ever be wanted in that neighbourhood. As to bridges, there was no river to need them; and new houses were a bad speculation, where the rents of old ones were so hard to be got at. So Jacob soon got an answer at the quarry. But still he would not give up his search after employment—from eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night, the poor fellow was going the round of all the farm-houses in his own, and the neighbouring parishes; but with the same want of success. To all his applications the same answer was returned,—“I have no work to give you—must employ married men—go to the parish.” One farmer, more good-natured than the rest, and somewhat touched by poor Jacob's woe-begone look, gave him a cup of beer and sixpence, and with this he bought a bit of coarse meat for his father, as he retraced his way to his miserable home.

Jacob had seen better days, and so had his father and mother. Twenty years before, when he was about five years old, his father held a small farm, of about forty acres, which, with occasional assistance, he worked himself. Two cows, a few pigs, and a poultry yard, occupied the full care and labour of his mother; but several causes conspired to ruin them. First, John Harley, for that was his name, had imprudently signed a bond for a hundred pounds, on behalf of a friend; and had to learn by his

own experience, that “He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it;” but the lesson cost him the whole hundred pounds. Then again—as if to verify the proverb, that misfortunes seldom come alone—he happened to have a dispute with the rector about tithes, which cost him a law-suit, and another fifty pounds. And thirdly, when the lease of his little farm was out, his landlord refused to renew it, as he was throwing all his small farms into one large one, as fast as their leases expired. So poor Harley, at the age of fifty, was turned out of his home, and compelled to begin the world as a day labourer; on the very land that he had formerly farmed himself. This was bad enough, but still Harley's spirit was not broken; he went cheerfully to his labour, and when little Jacob was old enough, or rather, when he ought to have been at school, he was taken to the fields to drive the horses, while his father guided the plough. One day, however, a young horse was put into harness, and turned restive; the boy tried to hold him by the head, but, as if in mockery of his puny strength, the horse reared and lifted the little fellow from the ground, still clinging to its bit. The father ran to the boy's assistance, just in time to receive a terrible blow on his back, from the horse's heavy hoof. The boy escaped unhurt, but the father was entirely crippled for life. From that day he never left his bed, except when lifted out of it; he could not even turn himself upon it. From that day too—for Harley's little savings were swallowed up by the doctor's bill—the whole support of the helpless couple, as well as his own, devolved upon Jacob, then little more than twelve years of age; and nobly did he sustain the burden. For three or four years it was a hard struggle, but Jacob was able and industrious, and soon got to earn a shilling a day; and at sixteen he could do a man's work, and received a man's wages. “Never,” said his mother, “could there be a better son than Jacob. He does not care what he does for his poor father and me—what should we have done if it had not been for Jacob?” But times got gradually worse, at least for the poor; one after another, the small farms were taken into the large ones, till, bye and bye, there were only three in the whole parish. The number of labourers was reduced, and at the age of twenty-five, Jacob Harley found himself out of work, without a prospect of employment, and with his now aged as well as infirm parents to provide for.

“Well, mother,” said Jacob, as he sat moodily by the scanty fire, on which was boiling the meat which he had brought home for his father's supper, “it's no use talking, I must go to the vestry to-morrow night.”

"I suppose you must," responded his mother, with a deep sigh, "but Jacob," sobbed the poor woman, "you won't let them send us—I mean, your father and me—to the work-house."

"No mother, that I won't—we'll starve together first."

"And Jacob—your father little knows what straits we are put to—don't say a word to him about it—don't let him know you're going to the vestry—'twould break his heart, Jacob, to think that we should have to go to the parish."

"No, mother, I won't tell him. There's no occasion that he should know anything about it—and perhaps they'll set me a job, and that won't be like having parish relief, mother."

It was a bitter cold night on which Jacob, for the first time in his life, stood in the aisle of the village church as a pauper, waiting his turn of admission to the conclave in the vestry, who, seated round a warm fire and wrapped in self importance, sympathized but little with the physical privations of the numerous applicants for parochial relief; and still less, with the mental degradation that must ever accompany a state of unnatural dependence upon the tender mercies of a fellow man. One after another were called in, questioned, bullied, and dismissed—some with a paltry pittance for the week's support of a whole family,—such a pittance as would not have sufficed for the plainest dinner to which either one of the "Select Vestry" had sat down for the last month—some received an order on the parish baker for a loaf—or perhaps two loaves—with an admonition not to come near the vestry again for the next months—some, ordered to break stones on the road, with the prospect of earning—should they work very hard indeed—the luxurious sum of sixpence a day. But why go on to repeat an oft-told tale? Let it suffice to say, that the profligate and callous—as in such cases in general—carried away the prizes, while the industrious and modest came in for the generous allowance so frequently said to be awarded to monkeys—"More kicks than halfpence."

Poor Jacob, twenty times before he ventured to face the awful tribunal, turned his back and walked to the church porch, and as often returned, with that sense of desolation that poverty alone, in its sternest moods, can induce. He waited, however, till all the other applicants were dismissed, and then presented himself at the vestry door.

"What! Jacob Harley, is it you?" said the sleek clergyman, who, *ex-officio*, occupied the chair. "I didn't think to see you here—and what can you want?"

"Work, Sir," said Jacob, in a subdued tone.

"Work!" repeated the querist, with well feigned astonishment, "but we can't find work for all the idle fellows in the parish."

"I am't idle," said Jacob, roused by the unfeeling reflection. "I've tried all over the place for work, and I can't get any. Mr. Dalton there, knows that I went to him, and so does Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Parry."

"I know—you impertinent fellow? Yes, I remember now, you did come to me," said Dalton, "and looked as saucily as you please because I didn't give you any."

"I didn't look saucy that I know of, Sir—I am sure I wasn't saucy because you didn't give me a job," replied Jacob.

"Well, well, don't bandy words with Mr. Dalton, Jacob, that won't do you any good," interposed the rector; "but where else have you tried for work?"

"I went to Mr. Dale, Sir, and Mr. Allen, and I tried at the quarry, and—"

"Well, there, that will do, we have no time to go over the next parish with you—of course you could expect to get no employment there—they have poor enough of their own. However, you may go in the morning to the overseer, and give him this note. He will tell you what to do—I suppose we may venture so far, gentlemen," glancing his eye at his co-adjutors.

"Oh yes."—"Of course."—"Certainly."

Jacob knew full well that this foreboded stone-breaking, at sixpence a-day; and he thought of his bed-ridden father and lame mother; so he stood hesitatingly, with his hat in his hand.

"Well, Harley, what are you waiting for?"

"If you please, Sir," began Jacob, "my father and mother—"

"D—your father and your mother too," interrupted Squire Dalton, "are we always to have them thrown in our teeth?—let them go to the workhouse."

"Not while I can work, beg, or —"

"Or steal, you were going to say, you villain, were you?"

"I didn't say that, Sir," said Jacob, "and I am no more a villain than you are."

"Hold, Harley—how dare you?" said the chairman. "My dear sir," continued he, turning to Dalton, and speaking in the stillest, smallest voice of ecclesiastical censure, "my dear sir, I am sure you forget yourself a little—a very little—I cannot hear an oath, dear sir, particularly in this consecrated place, without noticing it; but this is no excuse," continued he, in an awfully altered tone, "for your unparalleled insolence, Harley; and I have no doubt I speak the voice of the vestry, in recalling the order we gave you to the overseer."

"Certainly, Sir"—"undoubtedly"—most decidedly so, Sir"—said the vestry.

"In that case," continued the chairman, "you will please to give me back that note; and when you can behave yourself better you can come again.—You may go sir."

"And as to your father and mother," shouted Squire Dalton after the repulsed and retiring pauper, "send them to the workhouse—tomorrow, if you like."

Is this vestry scene a caricature? No it is not—it were well for all parties if it were; for "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Maddened and desperate, Jacob Harley rushed from the presence of the cold hearted vestrymen, and as he passed under the Gothic archway of the old church door, he swore a bitter oath that he would never enter it again—"Steal!" he muttered, as he dashed along the foot path from the church-yard to his father's cottage, "he said steal, did he? And why not steal? What am I the better for being honest—industrious—sober? The parson calls me idle, and Dalton—Squire Dalton—what made him a squire I wonder?—calls me thief. The workhouse too!—send my old father to the workhouse—a better man than that Dalton is, or ever will be—and my mother too—No! While my name's Jacob Harley, they shan't go—steal, yes, I *will* steal first."

"Hallo, Jacob, is that you?" shouted a loud voice behind him, and startling him from his ominous reverie. Jacob turned his head, and saw through the dusk, a man approaching him, whom he recognized as Joe Turner.

"So you have been to the vestry have you," said Joe, as he came up with Jacob, who slackened his pace on being accosted.

"Yes I have," said Jacob.

"And what have you got for your trouble?" asked Joe.

At any other time, Jacob would have avoided a conference with Turner, for he never liked the man much; he was low lived in his habits, and profane and profligate in his conversation; and (notwithstanding the imprecation he uttered at the church door, and which he had learnt probably in the good society he had then just left) Jacob was neither. Moreover, Joe Turner's character was by no means a good one; he was a lazy, skulking fellow, generally out of employ, and almost as frequently in liquor. It was, besides, pretty well known how Joe obtained the means for this, and other indulgencies of the like nature—he was a poacher. On any other occasion, then, Jacob would have spoken a short "good night," and have got rid of his company; but he did not do so now. His heart was full of the insults—the degradations

he had received; and burned with unshallowed feelings of revenge. Had he been better taught he would probably have remembered that it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." But he had not been better taught. Had he been a Christian, he would have "cast his burden upon the Lord," trusting to his sustaining power—but, in spite of the "holy laver" that had once sealed him "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven"—he was not a Christian. The feeble barriers that circumstances, rather than principle had raised against the power of evil, had, during the last hour, been irretrievably broken down and trampled upon; and, save in his devoted love to his aged and helpless parents, he was another—but not a new creature.

Jacob poured all his sorrows into Joe Turner's bosom. He told of his poor old parents—one lame, the other bed ridden—of the sacrifices he had made for their comfort—of the happiness he had felt in putting his hard earned wages into his mother's hand—of the loss of his employment *because he was a single man*—of his weary search for a fresh master—of his repulses—of the approaches of privation, of destitution, of starvation, in his desolate home—of his father's detestation of parish relief, and his mother's horror of a parish workhouse—of his application to the select vestry meeting—of its results—of his determination to do anything, everything, rather than be trampled upon, spit upon, by the village tyrants again, and rather than his father and his mother should end their days in a workhouse.

Poor Jacob! would that some good Samaritan had heard your untaught eloquence—had seen your bitter tears; but they were only heard and witnessed by Joe Turner.

But if Joe Turner was not—as undoubtedly he was not—a good Samaritan; he had more of the milk of human kindness in his composition, than the priest or the levite of the select vestry; and if the oil and wine of consolation that he poured into the wounded heart of Jacob Harley was not of the best quality, it was at least, the best he had to bestow. He bade Jacob be of good cheer—hinted at some better means of support than dependance upon the fiat of a parish vestry—appointed a time and place for the full development of his plans—and finished his exhortations by taking from under his round frock a full grown rabbit, which he put into Jacob's hands, bidding him "get it cooked for the old people's supper, not forgetting himself."

The next night—but why trace the career of the wretched man, in his downward course? It was rapid, just in proportion as he had once stood above the power of temptation—like the

letting out of water, it was unrestrainable. Joe Turner himself stood amazed at the reckless frenzy of his new companion. In one thing alone was he unchanged, it was in his filial love—unchanged! no, he was changed there. It was brute instinct, rather than the virtuous overflowings of the heart, that formerly distinguished him, that impelled him still to cling to the authors of his being.

It was soon known that Jacob Harley was a poacher. Who could doubt it when they saw his downcast eye—his stealthy glances—his haggard countenance—his slovenly garb—his slouched hat?

Squire Dalton soon knew it. "Green," said he one day to his gamekeeper, "Harley has joined the gang; keep a good look out for him."

Jacob's mother soon knew it—and she mourned for the risk he ran, and would fain have persuaded him to relinquish his new calling—but what could she do? What could he do? Dangerous as it was, it was the only alternative between starvation and the workhouse. It did not last long.

In less than two months after his first and last appearance at the vestry meeting, Jacob Harley was caught by the gamekeeper Green, in the very act of taking a hare out of the wire in which it had been "snared." Resistance was out of the question, and he sullenly accompanied the gamekeeper and his attendants to the magistrate's house—the magistrate was Squire Dalton—at once the prosecutor and the judge. Several wire snares were found in his jacket pockets,—sufficient evidence to convict any man, in the judgment of a country magistrate—and Jacob was committed to take his trial at the next Quarter Sessions.

The blow fell upon his poor mother with stunning force—she fell to the ground, when the news were told her, as though a bullet had passed through her brain—after a while she revived, but her senses were gone for ever. Her husband—when he at length was given to understand the revolution that had taken place around him—his son a convicted poacher—his wife a helpless idiot—and the necessity there was that he should be removed, with his wife, to some place where they could both be taken care of,—faintly replied, "Yes, I see, I see; the workhouse—ah! the workhouse will do. Anywhere now."

With more delicacy than is usual in such cases, the poor man was placed in a cart, and carefully covered over with his bed clothes, while his now childish wife took her seat by his side. As they were driven away from the door of their cottage, she gave a vacant stare and said, "but dear me, we've forgotten Jacob,"

and again relapsed into silence. The poor father heaved a convulsive sob.

[To be continued.]

"YALLA-GAITERS" v. ALLIGATORS.

[From a late Irish Periodical.]

Not a hundred years ago, there lived on the banks of the Moy, in Ireland, a person who, though neither a very well educated man nor profound naturalist, was, what is perhaps of more consequence in the eyes of the world, a wealthy farmer, and a justice of the peace for one of the neighbouring counties. It happened that his worship, who was in the frequent habit of visiting his numerous farms on this beautiful river, was obliged to cross a small stream in its vicinity, and, although on horseback, he was apprehensive of wetting a portion of his dress, of which he took no small pride, and which he denominated his "yalla-gaiters." He therefore divested himself of those useful and ornamental appendages, and, placing them across the shoulder of his horse, pursued his way; and, after some time, arrived at the town of Ballina. Here, to his great horror, he discovered that he had dropped his "yalla-gaiters," and was pondering on the propriety of returning immediately in search of them, when his magisterial attention was attracted by a crowd of gaping rustics assembled round the caravan of an itinerant Polito, on which were depicted, in glowing colours, the various animals contained within. The magistrate forced his way into the crowd, and got in front of the caravan just as the showman, who had been delivering to the by-standers a long catalogue of attractions, summed all up by announcing a pair of fine alligators found on the banks of the Nile. "Yalla-gaiters," roared the magistrate, springing from his horse, and seizing the astonished showman by the collar, "you rascal, them is my yalla-gaiters; give them up to me this minute, or if you don't I'll cram you into jail, for I'm a magistrate." "Your alligators," says the astonished and affrighted showman, "why, them there alligators were found on the banks of the Nile." "Found on the banks of the devil," said the magistrate, "none of your tricks upon me, you rascal: I say they were found on the banks of the Moy, and they are my yalla-gaiters." All the protestations of the poor showman as to his innocence would probably have been vain, had not a friend of the worthy justice, who happened to pass at the time, and who was better skilled in natural history, explained to him his mistake, on which he slipped a crown into the hand of the terrified showman, and desired him to say nothing about the matter.

LONDON REMINISCENCES.

BY A SENTIMENTALIST.

REMINISCENCE THE SECOND—THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

The whimpering school-boy longs to be a man, when he shall be happy, and do as he lists; but the grown-up man, instead of glorying in his years, with melancholy pleasure dwells upon the reminiscences of his boyhood. Few, indeed, are content with the present. It seems, however, to be agreed that youth is the happiest period of our being, although it appears doubtful whether the thoughtless merriment and kitten-like frolics of boyhood can be called happiness. Even should they deserve that name,—and although the child may be a stranger to the cares, and anxieties, and misfortunes, which length of days reveals to us,—still he has *his* cares, his sorrows, his misfortunes; they may be essentially imaginary, but so are the greater part of human woes. If tested by the strictest rules of reason and philosophy, no man need be unhappy—no man sustains any real injury so long as he maintains his virtue—his integrity. In this sense, the vexations and misfortunes of youth are not more unreal and unsubstantial, than those which overtake and break down the sterner spirit of manhood.

I was led into this train of thought by the following circumstance:—

While sitting in my room I heard the incessant sobbing of a child, which, for some time, I heeded not. For more than half an hour these sobbing cries continued; and I began to reproach myself with having so long disregarded the voice of sorrow. I at once quitted the house, and proceeded in the direction of the voice. I saw at a distance a little boy, rubbing his eyes with his brown-holland pinafore. He was of about six years of age, stout, with a rough, ruddy complexion; but, apart from his present grief, he seemed a happy little urchin,—a circumstance which tended only to make his misfortunes the more interesting. He was evidently the victim of some unexpected and unsupportable calamity. His eyes were swollen with weeping, his sobs were stifling in his throat, his little heart was ready to break. His tears, instead of giving vent to his grief, seemed only to denote its energy. So young, and yet so wretched, thought I! And now my mind began to speculate upon the many causes of human woe; perhaps he is bewailing the loss of an affectionate mother, of a beloved father, a sister, a brother, a school-fellow. Perhaps—perhaps—till at length I was lost in the infinity of the causes of human

wretchedness. "Child of grief," I exclaimed, "tell me your sorrow." He mournfully raised his head, but it dropped on his bosom,—he could not speak—his heart was overflowing. I saw his struggling emotion, and could almost have mingled my tears with his—I felt my soul knit with the child's; and every moment I became still more anxious to alleviate his sorrows. With soothing language and caresses, I again asked him, "Why do you weep?" "My poor m——;" but the last word he seemed unable to articulate. Even so, thought I; unhappy orphan! destined so early to bewail the loss of a mother, a tender loving mother, in whose life was wrapped that of the poor child whom she has left behind her! "How long have you lost her, and where is she now?" With great effort he replied, "—— hole." I could hear but one word, yet that was enough; he had lost a mother, and they had buried her in the pit-hole. I knew not whether to admire his intense affection, or to lament his irreparable loss. Again he stammered out,—(for his grief seemed now to abate a little)—"—— b—blood ——." This he uttered with such pitiful, heart-rending accents, that I was not more afflicted than startled. "Blood-alley—gully-hole." A ray of hope now lighted up my soul. "You have lost your blood-alley down the gully-hole?" "Yes," he replied, despairingly. Looking down the grating of the street drain, there I beheld it in all its humbled glory. Happy in being able to relieve the sorrows of a fellow-creature, I put my hand into my pocket, and giving a penny to the spirit-broken boy, bid him go and buy two bloods at the corner-shop. His sobs ceased, his tears were dried, and an artless joy beamed in his ruddy face.

Returning homewards, I could not help thinking that the griefs and mishaps of mankind are frequently as imaginary as those of the little rogue who wept for his marble. The loss of a marble was really but a trifle; we should, however, remember that a child thinks as a child, and that a childish mind values only trifles. Manhood must not sit in judgment upon youth. In manhood's better judgment, youth has no real cause for grief—if judged by God and angels, the greater part of mankind's sorrows would appear as childish as the poor boy's grief for the loss of his marble.

Adversity.—Though the world is condemned for too generally treating those in adversity with disrespect, on a closer view, it will appear that this conduct is little more than retaliation. For as no man (says Alcibiades) will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their turn to be despised by us, when we are intoxicated with our successes.—*Fielding.*

Original Poetry.

POETICAL EMBLEMS.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

GOOD HUMOUR.—THE HEARTSEASE.

There's a purple flower with a yellow eye,
Which, in shine or in shade, looks cheerily;
No bud more choice can the garden yield;
Yet it blooms as fair, in the distant field;
In hedge-row rough, by the dusty way,
You may find it growing bright and gay,
And the coppice wild, and the dingle rude,
Save its charms to deck their solitude.

The dew of the morning upon it may lie—
It cannot bedew the sweet smile of its eye;
The storm and the tempest sweep over the plain,
To spoil its gay glances, they try but in vain;
'Tis a sparkling gem in the dark green wood,
It will bend to gaze on the crystal flood,—
Then smile at the rush of the taunting breeze;
Oh! who doth not know my bonny heartsease!

Oh! gentle maiden, I pray pass by
My cheerful blossom right lovingly;
And list a word of the minstrel's song,
To whom such fancies of right belong—
There's a spirit dwells in each fragrant flower
That e'er grew fair in summer's bower—
'Tis love, within the queenly rose,
Fragrance, the purple violet knows;
The star-like primrose, soft and dim,
Hath gentle hope her breast within,
And in the lily's pearly breast,
Pure innocence there stands confest.

And all are bright and good, but when
The fierce wind whistles in the glen,
And scatters from its fragile stem,
The charms of many a stately gem,
Then love will vanish from the rose,
E'en from the primrose, hope, too, goes,
And none will raise a cheerful smile,
Save my own favourite, the while.

Good humour, is the Pansy's fay,
Thee, doth he visit, maiden, say!
You may know him by his courtesy,
By his ready and winning sympathy;
By his pleasant voice, his kindly mood,
To think and act for others' good—
By his peaceful look and word,
By his cheek, when wrath is pour'd,
By each and every one of these,
You may know the spirit, who all can please,
The fay that dwells in my bonny heartsease.

IMMORTALITY.—THE AMARANTH.

Oh! name it not to me!
Hopes dash'd aside, and love that did not last,
And constancy that with the wild winds past,
Blend with that mimic tree.

True, its flowers do not die,
But still live blooming on, unchanged by years,
As if they careless were, of human tears,
And scorned mortality.

I gaze upon one now;
It is the same, in look, as in the hour,
When it was given me as love's own flow'r,
Pledge of a faithful vow!

But years have long passed by,
And all the hopes and visions which thou bore
In rich luxuriance, flower, are no more.
Thou art a mockery!

Oh! take it hence from me!
It tells of truth deceived, of love forgot,
Of early youth's wild dreaming hours, and not
Of immortality.

George the Second, generally after dinner, made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth. In passing through the chambers to her apartment one evening, preceded only by a single page, a small canvass bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet where wood was generally kept for the use of his bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea; and judging where it went "Come," says he to the page, "we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood." The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a short time found it. "Well," says the King, "you have worked hard, there's the guinea for your labour; but I would have nothing lost."—No bad example in the higher departments of State.

DAVID THE PAINTER.—This celebrated French artist, in his picture of the coronation of Napoleon, painted Cardinal Caprara without his wig. The likeness was exact. Caprara remonstrated with David on the omission, and desired him to supply it. The painter said he never had painted, and he never would paint, a wig. The Cardinal then applied to the minister for foreign affairs, and urged particularly that, as no Pope had hitherto worn a wig, it might seem as if he, Caprara, had left off his own on purpose to show his pretensions to the tiara. David, however, stood like a rock, even before Talleyrand, and said that his Eminence might think himself lucky that nothing but the wig had been taken off,—and to this very day, the wig is not to be seen in the picture.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone, and death though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.—*Hume*.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 16.]

SATURDAY, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AS IT NOW IS.

BY ALEX. FALKNER, ESQ., OF NEWCASTLE.
(With an Engraving of Grey Street in No. XV.)

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

No two counties in England are richer in antiquities than Northumberland and Durham; the hosts of olden castles are only outnumbered by the remains of religious institutions; so that the "jolly friars" and "belted knights" seem to have played equally prominent parts in the comedies and tragedies of ancestry. At Tynemouth, the most north-western corner of Northumberland, on a high crag, stand the eloquent ruins of Tynemouth Priory—the delight of the fair and fashionable, who resort hither, in the summer months, to exchange the inky rain of the town for the salt water of the German Ocean. The fort, castle, garrison, and Spanish battery at Tynemouth command the mouth of the Tyne. The entrance to the river is accounted the most dangerous trial to the navigator, on account of the heavy well at the "bar," as well as the "Black mid-land" rocks. Many a goodly vessel has been here wrecked, and the lighthouse people keep apparatus continually prepared to render assistance. From the priory a most delightful view may be had of North and South Shields, with the steam boat ferry plying continually between; above and beyond is the long endless line of mast heads marking the course of the Tyne—here lie the remains of Malcolm and his son. On the opposite side of the river, about a mile

to the west, are the ruins of Jarrow Monastery, founded in 681 by Abbot Ceolfrid, one of the stones of which, with a curious inscription upon it, is still supposed to be extant, being incorporated with the building in successive times. Leaving Tynemouth, and returning by the smooth and speedy railway, we have first the fine old church of St. Nicholas, with its spire, to describe. This pile, by a gradual process of deposit and absorption through ages, has but little of its original structure now existing; the rich old Gothic windows have, in part, been replaced by the masonry of the nineteenth century; but it has, however, been saved from one calamity, against which York cathedral was not proof, namely, destruction by fire. On entering the church, the number of monuments and obituary inscriptions upon the flagstones strikes the attention of the stranger. Here is recorded the fame of Collingwood, Ridley, Bewick, and also of Moises, the teacher under whom Lords Eldon and Stowell first developed their powerful intellects. St. Nicholas possesses also a richly toned organ, and a great bell, the deep, mellow tone of which, is unsurpassed.

At an early age a nunnery was established at Newcastle, with Augustine Friars, Grey Friars, and Black Friars, as also an hospital to St. Mary the Blessed Virgin.—Judging from the position of those monastic institutions in England generally, we are forced to think that both nuns and monks had a special instinct for good pasturage, sheltering sites,

with the absence of north winds and the presence of good fish in the vicinity, as well as all those other *creature comforts* which minister to the well-being of the soul as well as of the body. No vestiges of these establishments now remain, except in local history, unless, indeed, part of the wall of the grammar school, and some ruins at the *low* friars "chair," be so considered—modern churches, chapels, and conventicles of all kinds have completely superseded them; and the alteration and improvements in our views and practices are not less a contrast to the superior architecture and taste which mark the edifices of the religious communities of more modern times. The beautiful new church of St. Thomas, at the northern end of the town, erected from the designs of John Dobson, Esq., may challenge comparison with any similar edifice.

COMMERCE OF THE TYNE.

Allusion has already been made to the immense traffic upon the river, and to the various manufactories upon its banks, but we trust we shall not be deemed guilty of "carrying coals to Newcastle," if we say a few words upon the principal feature in the district, and the staple commodity of the place, the coal trade. There are few individuals in Newcastle, conducting business to any great extent, who are unconnected with coal, shipping, and manufactures, and the fortuitous union of these three great branches of social industry renders Newcastle a place of great commercial and maritime importance. The number of collieries in active operation is almost incredible; the produce of those above the bridge is conducted down the river to the various vessels, by means of heavy flat boats, called "keels;" and those below reach the sides of the river by railways, terminating in a wooden scaffolding, or "staith," from whence the carriages pour their contents into the hold of the vessel beneath. The number of these staiths, or pit mouth-pieces, which crowd each side of the Tyne from Shields up to Newcastle, is one of the most striking features of the river. Numerous Joint Stock Shipping Companies have also been established, but as shipping is either a very hazardous or very lucrative investment for capital, these Joint Stocks are extremely liable to serious fluctuations in value. The number of "ship owners" in Newcastle is very great, but the trade has been much depressed for some years past. Manufactures are, however, more prosperous. In 1239, Henry III. first granted a charter to the town of Newcastle, empowering the digging of coals and stones without the walls of the town: in 1357, coals first found their way into the Metropolitan market. In the Elizabethan era, a duty of four-pence per

chaldron was levied, which produced the enormous sum of £10,000. In tonnage the Tyne ranks next to the Thames—it ships three millions of tons of coal per annum! Various fires and inundations have taken place in the collieries, and strikes among the workmen; but the wages paid to the miners are liberal, and the pitmen generally seem to enjoy good health and spirits. As a specimen of the dialect of a Newcastle pitman, we subjoin a few lines from a work now long out of print:—

"Wor awd coaly Tyne down frae Stella to Sheels,
He can see aw the way as its runnin',
And the bonny black di'monds gaun down i' the keels,
To warm aw the sterr'd bodies i' Lunnen."

The population of Newcastle has increased vastly during the last century, and a great extra stimulus was given to local trade by the conflux of all classes of artizans during the recent improvements of the town; this has now been withdrawn, as Mr. Grainger has almost entirely suspended operations for the present. In 1831, Newcastle and Gateshead had a population of 68,790, now it is nearly 100,000. In 1838, the receipts of the Custom House were £379,360.

A colliery at "Chimney Mills," the property of Messrs. C. Porter and Latimer, has the principal space for its operations beneath the Town Moor, which is a magnificent race course, with an elegant "grand stand," built in 1800. The colliery, from being compelled to transport its proceeds to the river, through the town, has lately got an egress underground, by means of a subterranean railway through the moor and the northern part of the town, nearly two miles and a half in length. The writer lately visited it in person; it is cut through a dense clayey strata, which extends throughout, and the tunnel being now completed, reflects the highest credit upon its enterprising proprietors.

THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

of the town comprise the most complete alteration in its general appearance—the removal of old gates, towers, inns, theatre, and many nuisances, and the substitution in their place of wide, well built, magnificent streets, an arcade, theatre, exchange, news room, markets, banks, inns, and many other elegant and commodious public offices—besides shops and private residences, which may challenge comparison with the finer streets of any modern city. All this has been the produce of one master mind, Richard Grainger's, and had he built Grey-street alone, it would have been sufficient to connect his name for ever with Newcastle. This enterprising man has called street after street into being, with a rapidity of creation and beauty of execution almost unparalleled, and

speedy as the tottering tenements were demolished, new and handsome edifices rose to supply their places, almost spontaneously, at the mere wish of this creative genius. Those who have resided in the town previous to the commencement of these improvements, looking upon it now—partially unfinished though it may be—would cease for ever to remember that they were in “the coal hole of the north,” and would conceive themselves transported to the “New Town” of “Auld Reekie,” or the “West End” of London.

On entering Newcastle from the Tyne bridge, the stranger winds his way round to the right, and finds himself in the Sandhill—the focus of the town's business, which may be supposed to have formed converging rays to the principal streets and thoroughfares of the town,—the first striking to the left, by the “Close,” where stands the old Mansion House, now used as a wood yard, the Custom House bonds, and the glass works of Cookson. On the right, the long and incessantly thronged “Quay side” presents itself, with the house for receiving her Majesty's dues, and the principal merchants' offices of the town. The bridge conducts to the business of the prosperous borough of Gateshead; while, passing the Sandhill, with the Guildhall, and the County Courts above, the stranger enters the “Side,” the venerable domiciles of which, as well as those of the Sandhill, contrast admirably with the magnificent shops and houses of Grey-street. “Dean-street” is extremely steep; but ascending and passing by Mosley-street, with the Arcade at its end on the right, and Collingwood-street, with the Literary and Philosophical Association Library on the left—the visitor is regaled with the sight of Grey-street, perhaps one of the most splendid business streets in England—surpassed only, in our opinion, by Regent-street, London, or George's-street, Edinburgh.

GREY-STREET.

At the head of this street stands a monument to Earl Grey, from which the street derives its name. This column was erected in 1838, by public subscription, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Reformer, by Bailey; the shaft is fluted, and contains a staircase inside. The statue upon the top, when seen from the centre of the street, has a most commanding appearance. The numerous shops are of the finest description, with plate glass windows of vast size; their varied architecture, as well as the superior stone with which they are built, render Grey-street the most imposing thoroughfare out of the Metropolis.

“Grey-street, stands unequalled in the world as a street built merely for business; in richness and variety of architecture it exceeds Re-

gent-street, and has the great advantage over it of being built of solid stone, instead of brick faced with stucco. The business-streets of Edinburgh, though built of stone, are plain, monotonous, and sombre, when compared with the sumptuous and palace-like aspect of Grey-street.” So writes Mr. T. Sopwith; but he forgets that “the world is a huge thing,” and as it is our motto, “nothing to extenuate,” we may refer him to the new buildings North Bridge, or Waterloo Place, Edinburgh—streets “built merely for business,” all of which eminently surpass Grey-street, Newcastle, in all that can be productive of magnificence, grandeur, or effect, and being built *entirely* of “solid stone,” possess an eminent advantage over the timber beams upon which the stone work of much of Grey-street rests, supported by its brick gables and iron columns—defects which would speedily render Grey-street, and many other new streets, in the event of fire, a mass of ruins. The assertion that the streets of Edinburgh are “plain, monotonous, and sombre,” we must confess, is indeed something new to be said of the characteristics of the architecture of “Modern Athens.”

There is something in the gentle descent and curvilinear form of this truly magnificent street, which adds much to the beauty of its appearance. Descending from Grey's monument, on the right we have the “*Central Exchange and News Rooms*.” This building is of a triangular form, one side of which (the east) faces Grey-street, the remaining two, Grainger-street and Market-street, designed for, and partly occupied as shops. The corners of this triangular edifice are curved, and surmounted by beautiful ornamental domes, which far exceed in general effect the sharp angle of the Quadrant. The interior is one of the most magnificent places for a news room which we have ever seen, and far exceeds the rooms of Glasgow, Liverpool, and the Town Hall of Manchester. The entrances are four in number, and the building is most effectually lighted from above; internally it is of a semicircular form, with one of a much smaller size within, surrounded by twelve massive Ionic pillars; numerous elegant fire places add to the comfort and beauty of the interior, while a double flight of steps leads to the “Exchange Coffee Rooms,” the splendour and sumptuousness of which, make the stranger forget that he has left the Metropolis, or is, indeed, in the town of Newcastle. Here are newspapers from all quarters, with substantial chairs and sofas, in which visitors may agreeably lounge for the evening.

Passing down Grey-street on the right, we have the noble premises of the Bank of England's branch at Newcastle, and of the New-

castle-upon-Tyne Joint Stock Bank. The old offices of the Bank of England are in the low portion of the town beside the castle,—a heavy dingy brick building, now occupied as a grainery. The Bank of England's new establishment in Grey-street is of great beauty—eleven stately pillars of the Corinthian order decorate its noble front, which is further enriched by a double balustrade; these give it, at once, a most imposing and princely appearance.

On the left side of the street, passing the Exchange Hotel, we come to the establishment of the "Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company," lately incorporated with "Sir Matthew White, Ridley, and Co." This building was originally intended for the town and county courts, but when partially erected was converted to its present purpose; the front is of great beauty and majesty, and is indeed worthy of the genius of Grainger. The office of Messrs. Lambton and Company is in Dean-street, and that of the Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland Banking Co., near St. Nicholas' church; but it would be well were all bankers, looking at the magnificent buildings of the District Bank, to occupy premises only, worthy the dignity of the profession, instead of conducting business in disreputable hovels, which Mr. Bell, in his admirable "Philosophy of Banking," has so ably characterised as "fit only for gin shops or pawnbroking offices,"—*licet omnes fremant dicam quod sentio*.

The patrons and admirers of the Drama in Newcastle are numerous, and pride themselves justly upon their superior taste and discernment; the Theatre of the town is consequently well supported. The building in which "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times" are to be witnessed, is that beautiful edifice, the piazza and rich Corinthian pillars of which, facing Grey-street, form so bold and prominent features in our engraving. The idea suggested by an inspection of the view, will form a more just conception in the mind than we can conjure up by words. An emblazonment of the Royal Arms has been tastefully executed upon the entablature above, by Mr. C. Tate, a local sculptor, who lately died, much lamented. The Theatre is a "joint stock," and is capable of containing nearly 2,000 persons.

In Grey-street, we have the establishment of the Messrs. Fordyce, the most extensive booksellers and publishers in the north of England. Their premises are most elegantly and tastefully fitted up, and their cheap and valuable literature is widely disseminated through the district, and is procuring a rapidly extending circulation in most parts of England.

[To be continued.]

ERNESTA;

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE OF PAUL PLEDGETT.

[From the Forget me Not for 1842.]

[Concluded from our last.]

The sun, glaring full into my window, awakened me from a short and feverish slumber, and the remainder of the day passed heavily enough. The dream-like adventure of the preceding night dwelt on my mind, and haunted my memory. Its reality was sufficiently attested by the presence of the diamond necklace in my strong box, in place of the two hundred guineas I had taken from it the evening before, and yet it seemed incredible. I was restless and uneasy; the quiet course of my life had been broken in upon; the scene that had taken place seemed like the embodiment of a chapter from one of the romances which, notwithstanding my father's warnings, I had occasionally perused. I longed to speak to the actors in it again, and especially to the gentle messenger, whose persuasions had induced me to enter on the adventure. But that day went over, and the next, and the next, and veiled and masked females glided at twilight into my shop, making my heart palpitate and my cheek tingle, as they entered; but, still, a strange voice met my ear, or, if the mask was drawn aside, some pallid face, some cheek faded by sorrow or dissipation, met my view, and some poor trinket, or paltry article of dress, was laid before me, to be received in the way of my business.

Still the person so eagerly waited for came not; but, on the fourth evening, as I was assisting my apprentice to put up the shutters, I saw a shrouded figure gliding slowly down the other side of the street, and at once identified it as the form of Agnes. I beckoned to her, but she shook her head, and pointed to the boy, whose back was towards her. I saw that she wished to escape observation, so I re-entered the shop, and presently afterwards despatched him on an errand which I knew would detain him some time.

As soon as I was alone, I opened the door, and perceived that Agnes was waiting under the doorway of the opposite house. She crossed over at once, and whispered in my ear, "Have you forgotten your promise?" "No," I replied, in the same tone, "but come in." She trembled excessively, but needed no second bidding, and we entered the house together. I begged her to be seated, but she declined, saying that she was in haste, and her errand must be done quickly. "You offered us help," she said, in a hesitating voice; "we hoped we should not need it then, but now we have little else to trust to. There is that in progress."

which will make or mar my lady's happiness for life; and he who promised us assistance lies sick and helpless. I tell you, honestly, there is danger, and that, if you undertake for us, it must be as one Christian neighbour would serve another, only for the love of God and right good will."

"Does your lady stand in need of more money, Mistress Agnes?" I inquired; "if she does, she has but to say so, and my store, a reasonable good one, is at her disposal."

"No," she replied, "it is not money, it is far more; and why should we ask it of you? Why should one so kind, one who knows us not and cannot care for us, be involved in our deadly risk?"

"Say not so, dear Agnes," said I, taking the little hand which she did not withdraw, though it trembled like a bird; "I know your mistress for a beauteous and noble lady, whom any man might fight for without fear or shame. And you, do I not know you for a true-hearted and courageous maiden, for whom a far worthier than I am might gladly lay down his life!" She turned away her head, but I could see that her throat and the hand I still held mantled with burning scarlet.

"Come," said I, after a moment's pause, "say what is required of me?"

"It is to give a day's shelter to my mistress, and to a noble but unhappy gentleman, *her husband*," replied Agnes—"to receive them by dawn of day, to conceal them until evening, to furnish them with disguises, and then to conduct her to the place whence they will sail for another country. He will leave you a little earlier than you must set forth, and will meet you at the spot he will describe to you. Have you courage to do all this?"

I was certainly a little startled at the request, though I did not *then* know on how dangerous a service I was to be employed; but I had pledged my word to assist the Lady Ernesta to the utmost of my power, and I would not draw back. "I will not fail you," I replied. "I will use my best endeavours to do what you wish; but may I not ask the name of your lady's husband?"

"I would rather hide it from you," she said; "but perhaps it is best you should know the extent of the peril you incur in serving him or his—yes, you must be wholly trusted. This unfortunate gentleman is called Edward Herbert."

Truly she might say that this was a perilous service. I felt at once how critical a situation I was placed in; for to aid or abet Edward Herbert was accounted an act of treason. He was under the ban of the ruling government, not more for the part he had taken in the last

struggle for the Pretender's claims, than on account of his superior courage and address, which rendered him as dangerous an enemy to those in power, as he had been a useful ally to the opposite party. True it was that that party was now reduced to a few, who clung obstinately to a most hopeless cause; but still it could scarcely be expected that entire peace could be preserved in the country if two or three such spirits as Edward Herbert were permitted to influence those who, without such prompting, would probably let their enthusiasm die quietly away.

His father, Sir William Herbert, though once a staunch Jacobite, had found it convenient to join the Hanoverian party some time before; but his defection seemed only to increase the ardour of his son in that which he conceived to be a righteous struggle. He spoke and acted so intemperately that the government could no longer allow the son's furious opposition to be sheltered under the father's newly acquired loyalty. Edward Herbert became a proscribed man, and it was generally understood that he had fled to France.

For several months, therefore, no inquiry was made about him, when, from some circumstance, I know not what, a report was circulated that he had not left the country, but was concealed somewhere in London. As a considerable reward had been offered for his apprehension, the spies of the government were naturally anxious to discover him. He had changed his hiding-place many times, but at last found that there was no safety except in flight, which grew more difficult every day. And here it will be better to detail some other matters respecting him, which were less publicly known, and which I learned by degrees.

Lord R——, a nobleman of staunch Whig principles, had an orphan niece, the daughter of an only sister, who had married in Germany. Ernesta Von Meyer was little more than seven years old when she was deprived of both her parents; and the desolate child was brought to England, and reared with tenderness by her uncle, who was childless. She had been brought up in his political principles and prejudices; and therefore, when she met Edward Herbert, a few months before his proscription, she was astonished beyond measure to find that one who held opposite politics could be so amiable and so handsome. Going from one extreme to the other, she became fervently attached to Herbert, and, as a matter of course, to his party, adopting his principles, seeing with his eyes, and being convinced by his arguments with an ease which belongs only to a loving woman.

No sooner did Lord R—— discover the at-

tachment between Herbert and his niece, than he took the ordinary step of forbidding him the house. Nor did he stop here; for, as he was known to have much influence with the ruling powers, there seems little doubt that he was secretly a principal instrument in directing their attention towards him. Herbert was, as I before said, generally believed to have taken refuge in France; and even Ernesta herself thought so at first: but his passion for her was too much the master feeling of his mind to permit him so to leave her.

One fair evening, she was seated on the very terrace where I had seen her, weeping for her blighted hopes, yet taking comfort in the thought of his security, when, to her surprise and consternation, he was beside her. It was in vain that she blamed his imprudence, that she entreated him to fly for the life that she held dearer than her own. Nothing could shake his resolution never to leave her till she became his wife. If she would consent to marry him, he promised that he would quit England as soon as possible after the ceremony, and trust that time might yet restore him to his own land, and that they might spend happy years together. He did not ask her to follow him into exile—nay, he vowed that she should not do so; but Ernesta was as resolute as himself, and adhered firmly to her purpose of being the companion of his flight.

Herbert had a clerical friend, whom he knew he could trust; and this gentleman not only performed the marriage ceremony, but promised to provide the means for their flight. He was, however, disappointed in the receipt of a sum of money, which he had mentally devoted to their service, and hence the application to me. Poor Agnes had started the idea of raising the necessary sum by sacrificing her lady's jewels, and she afterwards confessed to a strange, unaccountable feeling having drawn her to my shop, day after day, before she found courage to enter. "There was something in your face," she has often said since, "which made me feel that I could trust you."

This difficulty overcome, another arose. Their passage had been secured in a small French vessel, which was to linger near an unfrequented part of the coast until a certain day, and nothing remained but to attempt to reach her. But the person who had undertaken to secrete Ernesta in his house, and to supply the fugitives with disguises, was rendered incapable of doing so by sudden and severe illness. In this emergency, Agnes proposed to ask my assistance, which it would have been indeed difficult to refuse when solicited by one like her.

"And do you accompany these travellers,

Agnes?" I asked, almost dreading a reply in the affirmative.

"No," she answered, in a low, embarrassed voice, "I should only add to the difficulty of their escape; besides, I have an old mother living in this city—I cannot leave my mother."

She would not permit me to accompany her even for a part of the way home, for she feared that, if her movements were watched, my being with her might lead to suspicions which might be fatal to our designs. She was not going so far as I imagined, she said, for her lady would by this time be in town, taking advantage of her uncle's absence for the night to leave home secretly. We agreed on a signal to be made beneath my window when the fugitives should arrive, and then, with much reluctance, I saw her depart. I dared not go to bed that night, for I feared that I might not be ready to acknowledge the signal at once, and that alarm, perhaps even danger, might ensue to the wanderers from my neglect. I seated myself, therefore, in my father's great chair, and mused, with half-shut eyes, on the strange adventure into which I had been drawn. It was curious to think how I had become involved in the affairs of those whom a week before I had never seen, and to feel myself so entirely identified with their interests. They were quite different from the people with whom my daily occupations brought me into contact. They were far more like the characters I had met with in those works of fiction which, as I have hinted before, had occasionally afforded me a stolen treat. They inspired even a warmer interest than these; for, added to the beauty and visionary accomplishments of those creatures of fancy, *my* heroines possessed a nature, a flesh and blood reality, which made them ten times more charming. "Perhaps," thought I, "had I been less lonely—had friends and kindred, brothers and sisters been around me, this feeling would not have been so easily and so keenly awakened; but few are near me who have claims on my affections, and therefore they have sprung up towards these strangers."

Then my thoughts grew less and less distinct; the scene seemed to change before me; I was still conscious of being in my room, but I did not perceive that it was an inconsistency to fancy it was also a fair garden, with tall trees, and fresh flowers, and a sparkling fountain, beside which I beheld the form of Mistress Agnes. I say, this strange transformation did not seem unnatural at the time, and it has often crossed my mind that I must have been, at least, on the borders of sleep. A tap at the window, a low whistle, and the image of Agnes glided away, beckoning me to follow; yet I stood spell-bound. Another tap, another

whistle—she vanished, and I started up to pursue her, when, lo! the garden-scene had disappeared, and the dawning light in my room told me that my dream or reverie had been a long one. I remembered, at once, what the sounds that had aroused me must be, and hastened to undo the door.

It was a chilly, drizzling morning, such as is not infrequent at the close of summer; and through the mist I soon discerned two muffled figures, whom I concluded to be the Lady Ernesta and her husband. I was right in my conjecture. They advanced cautiously towards me, and after a few words of explanation, were safe in my dwelling.

It happened, fortunately, that the store of pledged garments in my garrets offered ample means of disguise, without compelling me to incur suspicion by purchasing others. Long before my household were afoot, the grateful pair were concealed in one of those apartments, of which I always kept the key, and in which, of course, they ran the least risk of discovery. I managed to convey refreshments thither unseen by any one, and they selected from my stores such dresses as they thought best suited to their purpose.

I told my servants I should be obliged to leave town in the evening on urgent business, and that I should not return till late on the following day. I watched my opportunity, and contrived that my guests should leave the house unobserved just before dusk, directing them to a certain street where I would join them.

Having got rid of the officious attendance of some of my servants with difficulty, I made for the place appointed, and found, as I hoped, Ernesta and Herbert there before me. Here he consigned her to my care, with a whispered injunction to me to return her safely to her home if he should not have reached G— before her arrival there, or within an hour after it, in which case we might feel assured he had been discovered and taken. Then, wringing Ernesta's hand with such silent fervour as I have seldom witnessed, he left us.

I conveyed my trembling charge to the outskirts of the city, where I procured a horse, accommodated with a saddle and pillion, on which we mounted. Nothing worthy of remark happened on our journey; and, although my fair companion's terrors were continually alive, we reached G— without accident. To my infinite delight, Herbert was there before us. He had taken a shorter, but much less easy, route—one, indeed, which Ernesta could not have used, as a great part of it was impassable save for a pedestrian, and the poor lady was so enfeebled by her apprehensions

that she could not have endured the fatigue of such a march. Their meeting was a truly joyful one; but Herbert seemed anxious to push for the coast as fast as possible, as he feared that some suspicion respecting him had arisen in the last village through which he had passed, and he still dreaded pursuit. We left the horse, therefore, at an inn, where I ordered breakfast with assumed carelessness; and then we set out for the beach, under pretence of taking a walk the while it was preparing.

We passed down a narrow path, through some steep rocks, and soon found ourselves on a broad level of sand, across which we hastened with all expedition. A small, low, black-looking vessel glided slowly at a distance; and Herbert, directing our attention to it, shouted with all his might, and then waved on high a large scarf, which he had brought for the purpose. The signal was observed, for an answering shout came faintly over the water, now all bright and sparkling in the morning sunshine, and presently a dark speck seemed detached from the vessel, and a small boat came dancing over the waves. The shore, however, was too shallow to allow of her drawing near enough to the point where the travellers stood, and the men who manned her shouted to us to go "farther down," to a spot where a low ridge of rocks ran out for a short distance into the water.

We made for this point as fast as we could; when a loud cry from the men in the boat, and an exhortation to hasten, while their gestures directed our attention towards the town we had left, caused us to look round. What was our consternation to perceive that several horsemen were galloping towards us, and that our utmost exertions would scarcely enable us to reach the boat before them!

"Save yourself—save yourself, Herbert!" cried Ernesta, as her trembling limbs seemed failing her—"save yourself, and do not think of me!"

There was no time to be lost. I was not a strong man, but the energy of a giant seemed aroused within me. I caught her in my arms, and, carrying her over my shoulder as if she had been a child, ran with her to the boat. She was caught from my grasp by one of the seamen, and Herbert was by her side in a moment. The boat was instantly turned about, and retracing her way to the distant vessel.

Another minute's delay might have been fatal; the horsemen neared the spot which the boat had just left, and a few pistol-shots were discharged after her; but she was beyond their range, and they leaped and skipped harmlessly along the clear water. The

pursuers gave vent to a volley of execrations, to which the seamen replied with a shout of triumphant defiance. The boat shot rapidly away, and soon shewed but a speck on the waste of waters.

In the excitement of the moment, I had never remembered my own danger; and now, when I attempted to fly, it was too late. A bullet struck me in the shoulder, as I was hastening away, and I was made prisoner.

The details of what immediately followed would have little interest with my readers. I was re-conveyed to London, and threats and entreaties were alike vainly employed to extort from me any information respecting the fugitives, or the part I had taken in their escape. But my father was a man well known in his generation as a sturdy upholder of Whig principles; and, as I had always avowed the same, my conduct was attributed to ignorance rather than to disaffection, and, in a few days, my release was procured. I paid a further penalty, however, in a long and dangerous illness; for the anxiety and excitement I had undergone, together with the effects of my wound, had brought on brain-fever.

Through all my illness, even in its wildest delirium, I was conscious of being carefully and kindly tended. Surely, it was not the step of a hireling that glided so noiselessly through my darkened chamber; surely, it was not the hand of a hireling that was laid so lightly and pleasantly on my burning forehead; nor was it the face of a hireling that met my eyes as the light of reason once more returned to them. No—the step, the hand, the sweet, kind face, were those of Mistress Agnes. She had come to nurse me—she would not be hindered—but she had not come alone; for her mother, a pale, gentlewoman, of some forty years old, had accompanied her, and shared her fatigues, and almost—but not *quite*—her solicitude.

The first day on which I was able to sit up, I missed Agnes from my room, nor did I see her all day, though her mother remained. At last, I asked for her. I had forborne to do so before, hoping every minute that she would enter. "She left London this morning," said the mother; "she is gone to an aunt in the country, for she needs some change after her close confinement here. As soon as you are better, I am going there too."

"Why—why did she leave me?" I exclaimed; "why must I lose her for a moment!" The mother coloured slightly, and smiled, but she made no reply.

Three weeks afterwards, I myself found that country air was indispensable to my complete

recovery, and I set forth upon a little journey in search of health.

The little hamlet where Agnes was staying was thirty miles from London, and I purposed to make this the end of my journey, seeing all I could by the road. But I soon found it would be best to go there at once, and defer all my sight-seeing till I was returning; for, somehow, I could not enjoy the scenes through which I passed, but was ever longing to get forward.

"And when will you be back in London, Agnes?" I asked, as we stood, the evening after my arrival, under the shadow of a large walnut-tree, the pride of the orchard where it stood. Her delicate hand was in mine, and I could not see her eyes, for the long eyelashes hid them, as she looked down on a rose—the last of the season—which she held in the other hand.

"I cannot tell," she said, softly; "my mother talks of remaining here—for my aunt and uncle are so kind as to wish it—and, you know, I cannot leave my mother!"

Sweet Agnes! she was the most truthful creature on earth, but, in this instance, she deceived herself. She found that it was possible to leave her mother, and she did so six months after, in a white silk mantua, with all fitting appurtenances, and with the style and title of Mrs. Paul Pledgett.

The Lady Ernesta did not always continue in exile. Time gradually softened the animosity of government towards her husband, and, perhaps, in some degree, abated his enthusiasm in a cause in which it would now have been utterly vain. On the death of his father, a few years afterwards, Sir Edward Herbert was allowed to return to England, and enjoy his hereditary title and estates. Lady Herbert lived not only to redeem her jewels, but to wear them at many a birthnight revel and courtly gala, and was universally allowed to be one of the loveliest and most graceful matrons of her day.

To me she always manifested the liveliest gratitude, and was much pleased with the match between her "two benefactors," as she styled Agnes and myself. Nor did her gratitude evaporate in words, for she marked it with many substantial tokens of her favour—amongst others, the large silver-wrought caudle-cup, which she presented to us on the christening of our third child—her god-daughter, Ernesta.

Beauty and Honour.—It is with honour as with beauty; a single fine lineament cannot make a handsome face, neither can a single good quality render a man accomplished; but a concurrence of many fine features and good qualities constitute true beauty and true honour.

MEMOIR OF TELFORD.

Mr. Telford was born in the parish of Westerkirk, in the county of Dumfries, in the year 1757, and was educated at the parish school. His parents, in their limited sphere, were as truly honourable as genuine worth and integrity could render them, and—unlike many in similar circumstances, who deprive the remaining branches of their families of all opportunity of improvement, in order to foster the genius of the eldest or the most intelligent, or who, in common parlance, are determined “to have one scholar in the family,”—the elder Telfords early sought a handicraft for their son. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the trade of a mason; and we find he was employed in building a house at Ramerskales in Annandale, for Dr. Mountjoy, who had returned from being first physician to the court of Petersburg. He had, also, we are informed, given one of the most unerring prognostics of future success, that of minute attention to accuracy and neatness in the execution of the work entrusted to him, even in the humble, but not unimportant work of cutting letters upon the slabs which covered the mortal remains of his fellow parishioners.

In early life, Mr. Telford gave indications of poetical talent. He wrote a poem entitled *Eskdale*, and was the “*Eskdale Tam*” of the poetical corner of the *Scots Magazine*. On the death of Burns, he wrote some verses to his memory, published in Dr. Currie's *Life of the Ayrshire bard*, and gave stronger evidence of his high wrought admiration of the departed poet, by his exertions in behalf of the family of Burns. In one of his contributions to *Ruddeman's Weekly Magazine*, we find him thus adverting to the dawning hopes of his future position among the distinguished of his countrymen, and a graphic delineation of his early habits of study:—

“Nor pass the tentie curious lad,
Who o'er the ingle hangs his head,
And begs of neighbours, books to read,—
For hence arise,
Thy country's sons, who far are spread,
Baith bold and wise.”

Mr. Telford continued to be employed in house and bridge building, in his native district of *Eskdale* and at *Edinburgh*, where he began to study architecture. In 1782, he proceeded to *London*, and was for some time employed at the great square of public offices at *Somerset House*. He afterwards superintended some Government buildings at *Portsmouth dock-yard*, previous to acting generally as an architect and engineer. The duties of this undertaking were discharged so much to the satisfaction of the Commissioners as to ensure the continued ex-

ercise of his talented services, and although his progress was not rapid, it was steady, and every opportunity of displaying his taste, science, and genius, extended his fame and paved the way to new enterprises and acquisitions. His gradual rise from the stonemasons' and builders' yard to the summit of his profession is to be ascribed not more to his genius, his ability, and persevering industry, than to the integrity and candour which marked his character throughout life. His works are so numerous all over the island, that there is hardly a county in *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*, in which they may not be pointed out. The *Menai* and *Conway bridges*, the *Caledonian canal*, the *St. Katherine's Docks*, the *Holyhead roads and bridges*, the *Highland roads and bridges*, the *Chirk* and *Pont-y-cysylte aqueducts*, the canals in *Salop*, and other great works in that county, of which he was surveyor for more than half a century, will immortalize the name of *Thomas Telford*.

Nor were his labours confined to *Great Britain*—in 1808, under the direction of the King of *Sweden*, he surveyed, laid out, and by the aid of British workmen, completed an inland navigation throughout the centre of that kingdom, by which the great fresh water lakes of the interior, and the *North Sea* and the *Baltic*, which girt its shores, were connected.

It is, however, by the construction of the *Dublin road*, from *London* to *Holyhead*, including the *Menai* and *Conway bridges*, that the fame of Mr. Telford, as a civil engineer, has been principally spread in *Great Britain*. The *Menai bridge* we have already noticed at length, and need only add, that in it, as in all his other great works, he employed as sub-engineers, men capable of appreciating and acting on his ideas; but he was no rigid stickler for his own plans, for he most readily acquiesced in the suggestions of his assistants when reasonable, and thus identified them with the success of the work. In ascertaining the strength of the materials for the *Menai bridge*, he employed men of the highest rank for scientific character and attainments.

In constructing the *Caledonian canal*, though prodigious difficulties were to be surmounted at every step, he was eminently successful. But even this great work does not redound so much to his credit as the roads throughout the same district. That from *Inverness* to the county of *Sutherland*, and through *Caithness*, made not only, so far as respects its construction, but its direction, under Mr. Telford's orders, is superior, in point of line and smoothness, to any part of the road of equal continuous length between *London* and *Inverness*. This is a remarkable fact, which, from the

vast difficulties he had to overcome in passing through a rugged, hilly, and mountainous district, incontrovertibly establishes his great skill in the engineering department, as well as in the construction of important public communications.

Mr. Telford was not more remarkable for his great professional abilities than for his sterling worth in private life. His punctuality was universal, a very rare quality in men of genius. His easiness of access, and the playfulness of his disposition, even to the close of life, endeared him to a numerous circle of friends, including all the most distinguished men of his time. He was the patron of merit in others, wherever it was to be found; and he was the means of raising many deserving individuals from obscurity to situations where their talents were seen and soon appreciated. Up to the last period of his life, he was fond of young men and of their company, provided they delighted in learning.

As an illustration of this generous trait in his character, we have been informed by Mr. George Bradshaw, one of the publishers of this Journal, and the projector and publisher of the well-known map of the inland navigations of the kingdom, with their levels above the sea, that when a young man, he waited upon Mr. Telford to solicit the aid of his experience and talent in the execution of the latter extensive undertaking. The noble minded engineer at once warmly entered into the design; and after stipulating that Mr. Bradshaw should not adopt any given levels, either from Parliamentary plans or from those of canal engineers, without submitting them to the test of actual survey, he appropriated an apartment in his office to Mr. Bradshaw's sole use,—superintended and directed the draughtsmen employed on the work—and for about two years afforded him the most friendly access and counsel until the whole was completed. When the map was about to be published, Mr. Bradshaw, anxious to give a permanent and appropriate expression of his sense of obligation, requested permission to dedicate the work to Mr. Telford. "Certainly—certainly," was the characteristic reply; "but you must inscribe it plain Thomas Telford—no Esquire." Nor did his unwearied and disinterested kindness terminate here, for, in addition to writing numberless letters to promote the subscription for the work, he never travelled without the map, and wherever he went he recommended it to the notice of his professional brethren, and many influential public and private companies and individuals.

We may observe, in passing, that this map was in every respect worthy of its distinguished patron, and that as a standard reference of the

levels of the kingdom, it has been found of invaluable practical utility in the surveys which have been subsequently made, previous to the construction of the great lines of railway communication through the country.

Mr. Telford taught himself Latin, French, Italian, and German; and could read those languages with facility, and converse readily in French. He understood algebra well, but held mathematical investigation rather cheap, and always resorted to experiment when practicable, to determine the relative value of any plans on which it was his business to decide. He was not an inventor in the large sense of the term, but readily adapted well-proved means to his ends. He took one patent in his lifetime, and it gave him so much trouble, that he resolved never to have another, and kept his resolution.

For some years before his death, he gradually retired from professional employment, and he latterly amused his leisure hours by writing a detailed account of the principal undertakings which he had planned and lived to see executed, which has since been published. The immediate cause of Mr. Telford's death was a repetition of severe bilious attacks, to which he had for some years been subject, and which at length proved fatal. His life, prolonged by temperance and cheerfulness, at length drew to a close, and he expired at his house in Abingdon-street, Westminster, September 2, 1834. He died a bachelor. His remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, next to those of the late distinguished geographer, Major Rennel.

THE INCENDIARY.

BY G. E. S.

[Concluded from our last.]

The distance was not far from the cottage to the workhouse. "What a fine place," said Mrs. Harley, as she was helped down from the cart, and hobbled up to the door,—“I wonder when Jacob will come.”

The two men who had assisted to place John Harley in the cart, now prepared to remove him. *He was a corpse.*

It wanted two months to the Quarter Sessions at which Jacob Harley was to take his trial for his offence against the game laws; but the time did not seem long to him, for it was a new school, in which he had something to unlearn, and much to learn. His mind had been like "the empty house swept and garnished"—one spirit had entered and taken possession, and opened the door for seven others worse than himself. Two months

with an untried prisoner in a country jail, gave ample time and opportunity for their admission. But as we are not writing an essay on secondary punishments, we will go on with our history. The two months soon transpired, and Jacob was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two months imprisonment and hard labour. These, in due course, rolled away—the time of his imprisonment expired, and Jacob took his way back to his native village.

"Stone walls have ears." Have they? They have no tongues, however, and Jacob knew nothing of the dismal occurrences that had taken place subsequent to his capture. How should he? Before the intelligence of his apprehension reached his miserable home, he was twenty miles on his way to the county jail. And who was there to write to him—to break the news gently to his trembling eye—to pen soft and soothing words to his bruised spirit?

Joe Turner would have done it if he could; but he had never learned to write.

It was evening—a dark evening in March—when Jacob reached the outskirts of the village,—cold, tired, and hungry. "I wonder whether mother's gone to bed." "I wonder whether she's got any thing to give me to eat." "I wonder how they've got on since I was taken,"—were among the innumerable subjects of his speculation as he neared his ancient home. A light glimmered through the casement windows. He tried to open the door; it was bolted. He gave a gentle tap—"Who's there," interrogated a voice within. Oh, mercy! It was not his mother's voice. Half wild with frantic forebodings, the words guggled from his throat, "Where's mother?—where's father?"—There were stifled whispers within. "What's your name?" asked the same voice that had before spoken. "Jacob Harley—oh! where's father?—where's mother?" "Your father's been dead these five months, and your mother's in the workhouse—but you can come in and rest yourself," replied the new tenant, unbolting the cottage door. But by the time he had opened it, poor Jacob was nowhere to be seen. He just heard the appalling announcement, "Your father's dead—your mother's in the workhouse." It was enough—he darted from the door; with maniacal speed he bounded along the road. Cold, fatigue, hunger, thirst, had all vanished, and in almost less time than a horse could have galloped the distance, he was panting at the workhouse gate. One terrific peal of the bell brought the master to the door.

"What do you want?"

"My mother," shrieked Jacob.

"What?" repeated the astonished master.

"My mother," again shrieked Jacob, with redoubled energy.

"He's mad sure enough, whoever he is," muttered the master to himself, and then in a louder voice to Jacob,—“You can't come in here to-night, my man, whatever you want—no admittance after dusk—you see it's written up there; at least you might see it, if there was light enough.” So saying, he retired from the door, taking care to lock and bolt it after him.

Poor Jacob's insane energy had exhausted itself, and he well nigh sank to the ground from mere weariness: (he had walked upwards of forty miles since morning) however, he managed to toil on from the workhouse to Joe Turner's cabin.

Joe Turner, for a wonder, was at home, and sober. From him, Jacob heard the dismal particulars of his father's death, and his mother's loss of reason.

"No, I can't eat," said Jacob, to the repeated invitations of Joe Turner's wife to take a share of their brown loaf; "the first mouthful would choke me."

"No, I can't sleep," he exclaimed, as with well-meant kindness he was offered a share of their bed clothes, to wrap himself in on the mud floor of their cottage till the morning. "No—have you got any wires, Joe?"

"Why, Jacob—you can't go out to-night," said the poacher; "you're too tired to do any thing, and besides, the game's up with us now—they keep such a smart look out."

"I don't feel tired, Joe," replied the wretched young man; "and as to being caught—they may catch me if they like now—I don't care what becomes of me."

With more good feeling than may perhaps be willingly accorded to a poacher, Joe Turner tried in vain to turn Jacob's resolution, but, at last, reluctantly drew out the implements from under his bed, and put them into his hand; saying, however, in an admonitory tone, "Mind, I have nothing to do with the job."

Jacob staggered to the door, then turned round—"Joe," said he, "I think a bit of a smoke would do me good—have you got ever a pipe?"

Joe reached one from the chimney corner—filled it from his tobacco box—lit it, and gave it to Jacob. "The devil's in him," he muttered to himself, as he closed his door, "he'll be nabbed as sure as a gun."

The next time they met was in the County Hall—one on trial for a capital crime—the other, an unwilling witness against him.

Soon after midnight, Joe Turner was roused from sleep, by a deep red glare of light, that illuminated his bed-room—and immediately after he heard the cry of fire! He ran to the

window—yes! there was a fire sure enough. It appeared to be in Squire Dalton's rick yard.

The following announcement appeared in the next week's County Chronicle:—

"*Incendiarism.*—About one o'clock last Wednesday morning, a fire was discovered on the premises of T. Dalton, Esq., of S—, in this county. Two wheat stacks and one clover stack were completely consumed before the devouring element could be subdued. There appears to be no doubt that it was the act of an incendiary, as a hat, several wires used in poaching, and a short pipe, about half full of tobacco ashes, were found close by the spot where the fire appeared to originate. The name of Jacob Harley was scrawled inside the hat, and it was ascertained that a young man of that name, an inhabitant of the village, had returned on the previous day from the county jail, in which he had been imprisoned for poaching; and had been observed skulking about the village late in the evening. What adds greatly to the probability that he was the perpetrator of the deed is, that Mr. Dalton is the magistrate by whom he was committed to prison for poaching. We hear that he has disappeared from the village, and that an active pursuit is being set on foot through the neighbourhood; and that a reward is offered for his apprehension."

"*Postscript.*—We are happy to say that Jacob Harley was captured more than twenty miles from S—; he was said to be in a state of great exhaustion when taken, and made no effort to escape. He has been since committed to take his trial at the next assizes."

"Harley—Harley," repeated Mr. S—, musingly, as the above paragraph caught his eye; "Harley of S—; sure, it can't be any relation of John Harley that lived at forty acre farm nearly—aye quite—thirty years ago. My dear," he continued, to his wife, "do you know what became of John Harley, of S—? I have seen or heard nothing of him for many years."

"Why, sure, Henry, you remember," replied his wife, "that he was turned out of his farm—it must be going on for fifteen years ago now—let's see—it was about the time our Ann was born, and she'll be seventeen next October—dear me, how time does get on—well, I think it was about that time that he lost his farm somehow, and I don't know what became of him then. But what makes you ask about him now?"

"Why, my dear, here's an account of a fire at S—, and a man by the name of Harley—Jacob Harley—is taken up on suspicion;

and my mind sadly misgives me that it must be his son, or some relation of his. Harley is not a common name in these parts. I should be sorry, too, if it should be any body belonging to him."

"And why should you be more sorry, Henry, for that, than if it were any body else?"

"He did me a good turn once, when I was a school-boy—you know I went to school at S—; I got into his orchard, and he caught me, and instead of giving me a good flogging, as I deserved; or informing against me at school, which would have been worse still for me; he led me into his house, and gave me a pocketful of apples, and told me always to come to him when I wanted any, as the best were there, and not in the orchard. I trust it is not a son of his that has got into this scrape."

Our pen must be discursive. We copy again from the County Chronicle.

"*Summer Assizes.*—Jacob Harley was placed at the bar, charged with having, on the 14th March last, wilfully and maliciously set fire to certain corn stacks, in the parish of S—, the property of T. Dalton, Esq.

The prisoner pleaded not guilty.

The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Sergeant A—. On a question from the learned Judge, the prisoner stated that he had no counsel.

Mr. Dalton examined.—Is the prosecutor—knows the prisoner. Last time he saw him previous to the fire, was in this court. Was, at that time, prosecutor in a case of poaching. Was alarmed by the cry of fire on the morning of 14th March last. Saw a light in the direction of his farm. Got up immediately, and found one corn stack in flames; about a dozen people were on the spot before him. Fire spread rapidly, and communicated to another corn stack and a clover stack, which were burnt to the ground. Was shown a hat, three wires, and a tobacco-pipe, which had been found on the premises; the name, "Jacob Harley," very badly written inside the hat. The hat now produced in court, is the same then shown to him.

By the Judge.—Did not know that Harley was in the neighbourhood.

John Dixon examined.—Lives in the cottage formerly occupied by the father of prisoner. Was sitting at supper on 13th March, and heard somebody trying at the door. It was bolted. Asked who was there, and heard a voice which he recognised as that of the prisoner at the bar. He enquired for his father and mother. Asked the person outside his name, and was answered, "Jacob Harley." Could swear that was the name given. Did not see

the prisoner. Went to open the door, but the person was gone.

Peter Simcox examined.—Am master of S— workhouse. On 13th March, heard a loud ring at the bell. Went to see who was there. Believe it was the prisoner at the bar, but can't swear to it. The person at the gate asked some question about his mother, which witness did not understand. Told him that he could not be admitted, as it was against the rules. Did not see which way the person went.

By the Judge.—Cannot swear that the prisoner at the bar was the person.

Joseph Turner examined.—Lives at S—. Remember the 13th March, prisoner came to my house. Think about nine o'clock. Seemed very much distressed. Asked about his father and mother. Wouldn't have any supper. Wouldn't go to bed. Asked for some wires and tobacco-pipe. Gave them to him. Saw nothing more of him. Cannot say that the wires are the same as those in court. Cannot swear to the pipe. Did not notice his hat particularly. Had a hat on.

This witness, remarks the Chronicle, appeared to give his evidence very unwillingly.

Richard Giles examined.—Was at the fire on 14th March. Helped to put it out. Found the hat, wires, and pipe, now in court, under the corn stack that was first on fire. Can swear that they are the same.

John Doe examined.—Am constable of S—. On information which I received, went on the 14th March on the B— road. Found the prisoner under a hedge, without his hat. Seemed very much exhausted.

The case for the prosecution being closed, the learned Judge asked the prisoner if he had any witnesses, and was answered in the negative. Being asked if he had no witnesses to character, he again replied that he had not.

[How should he? The county paid for the prosecution, but who was to pay for the prisoner's defence?]

The prisoner also declined making any defence. The learned Judge therefore summed up the evidence in a very lucid manner, and the Jury, having retired for about twenty minutes, brought in a verdict of "Guilty" against the prisoner.

The learned Judge then, having put on his black cap, passed sentence of death on the prisoner, in a most impressive and affecting manner; exhorting him to seek for that mercy from Heaven which could not be held out to him on earth. At the close of the solemn address several females who were in the court fainted away, and were obliged to be removed, before the business of the court could proceed. The prisoner (who during the whole trial had

appeared bewildered) was then removed from the bar."

In another part of the paper it was announced, that the prisoner left for execution would "undergo the penalty of the law" on the following Friday week.

So far the county Chronicle. We must again shift the scene to the parlour of Mr. S—.

"'Tis a cruel thing—as cruel a thing as I ever heard of," exclaimed Mr. S—, with the paper again in his hand.

"What is, Henry?"

"Why, to hang that poor fellow for setting fire to Dalton's stacks. I don't believe he did it on purpose, and if he did, he didn't know what he was about, and no wonder. The truth didn't half come out on his trial, I can see."

"And is he to be hung?"

"Yes, my dear, next Friday week—oh! I wish I'd gone to the trial, but I don't suppose I could have done much good if I had, as I knew nothing of him personally."

"And can nothing be done for him now?"

"No, no—there's nothing to be done about it—and yet I don't know—who can tell? I can't help thinking that if a proper statement of his case were made in the right quarter, something might be done for him. And if I don't try—give me my hat, my dear—there, never mind brushing it—now my stick. Where is it? Oh! that servant; she always puts it in the wrong place—oh! here it is. I believe I put it there myself—beg her pardon, and yours too, my dear—there, good bye, good bye, you needn't wait for me at tea. I don't think I shall be in so soon as that."

"What are you going to do, Henry? Where are you going?" asked his wife in amazement at his sudden movement.

"Only to S—, my dear."

"To S—! why that's eight miles off—you surely can't go there to-day?"

"Eight miles, dear? 'tis only six—six and a half at most,—by the short cut; and go I must, so good bye."

While Mr. S— is out of the way, we may as well just tell our readers that he was a shop-keeper in a small country town.

It was late when he returned, but he had partly succeeded in his enterprise.

"'Tis just as I thought," he said, "every body is crying out shame upon Dalton for hanging the poor fellow, when a good word or two from him might have saved him; and 'tis clear as daylight that he didn't know what he was doing—but I've got nearly a dozen people to speak to his character, and I've got his history too, of the last twelve months, and a sad one it is; but I must go again to-morrow and write it all out; and then if I can get the

affidavits taken before a magistrate, the job will be so far done. But there's the difficulty. I called on Dalton, and he won't have any thing to do with it. He says he wouldn't move a finger if the lives of fifty incendiaries depended upon it. Well, we shall see; though I am afraid he will influence the others if he can."

And it was indeed a matter of extreme difficulty to get a single magistrate to receive the offered affidavits of a number of respectable individuals, whose only object could be to rescue an ill-fated fellow creature from an untimely death. And though it may appear incredible, it is nevertheless strictly true, that nothing but the unwearied perseverance of Mr. S—— and his fellow workers in this benevolent cause, could have overcome the obstacles that were thrown in the way of their obtaining so simple a boon. We are stating a naked fact when we say that they went from one magistrate to another, and were absolutely refused the right that they craved, because it might possibly facilitate the rescue of an unhappy man from the gallows. We have hitherto given no dates; this happened in the year 1830.

We will not linger longer in our tale. Mr. S—— fought his way, inch by inch, till the life-giving documents were placed in the hands of the Secretary of State. Happily *he* was a considerate and a merciful man, and Jacob Harley was recommended as a fit object of mercy, to a monarch who never turned a deaf ear to such representations. A reprieve reached him on the eve of expected execution.

Once more we copy from the County Chronicle, one week later.

"We understand that Jacob Harley, who was left for execution at the last Assizes, for incendiarism, and whose reprieve we noticed last week, has received a commutation of his punishment to transportation for life. We hope this instance of Royal clemency will not hold out any encouragement to offenders of the same class."

We hoped not too, and we had other hopes, and we still cling to them, whatever Draco or his admirers may say to the contrary.

Postscript.—We have heard of Jacob Harley more than once, since his arrival in New South Wales; and we are happy to say that his character is retrieved—that he has had an opportunity of rendering good service to the colony,—and that, though his condition, at first, was wretched in the extreme, it has, in consequence of his exemplary behaviour, become gradually ameliorated. And we shall hold to the opinion of a modern popular writer, that "the very worst thing to do with a man, is to hang him."

ST. VALENTINE.

During the celebration of the Roman Lupercalia, on St. Valentine's day, it was a custom to put young women's names into a box, which were afterwards drawn by the men. But the early pastors of the Christian church abolished the Lupercalian rites, and appointed St. Valentine in their stead: hence it has been continued as a season, as some say, in imitation of the birds, for choosing our special lovers.

St. Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church, who suffered in the persecution under Claudius II. at Rome—after being imprisoned a year, he was beaten with clubs and then beheaded, in the *Via Flaminia*, about the year 270.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

From Britain's realm, in olden time,
By the strong power of truths sublime,
The pagan rites were banish'd;
And spite of Greek and Roman lore,
Each god and goddess, famed of yore,
From grove and altar vanish.

And they (as sure became them best)
To Austin and Paulinus' heat
Obediently submitted,
And left the land without delay,
Save Cupid, who still held a sway,
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he
Was far too potent, ere to be
Depos'd and exil'd quietly
From his belov'd dominion;
And sturdily the urchin swore
He ne'er to leave the British shore,
Would move a single pinion.

The saints at this were sadly vex'd,
And much their holy brains perplex'd,
To bring the boy to reason;
And, when they found him bent to stay,
They built up convent walls straightway,
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,
Soon met, within a convent shade,
New subjects in profusion:
Albeit, he found his pagan name
Was heard by pious maid and dame
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,
And deem'd a rebel heathen boy
A most unsaintly creature;
But Cupid found a way, with ease,
His slyest vot'ries' tastes to please,
And yet not change a feature.

For, by his brightest dart, the elf
Affirm'd he'd turn a saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter;
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks, and playful wiles,
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians reared the boy a shrine,
And youths invoc'd St. Valentine
To bless their annual passion;
And maidens still his name revere,
And, smiling, hail his day each year—
A day to village lover's dear,
Though saints are out of fashion.

THE NUTHATCH.

"I had never seen the little bird called the nuthatch," writes a correspondent in the *Magazine of Natural History*, "when, one day, as I was expecting the transit of some wood-pigeons under a beech-tree, with a gun in my hand, I observed a little ash-coloured bird squat himself on one of the large lateral trunks over my head, and, after some observation, begin to tap loudly, or rather solidly upon the wood, and then proceed round and round the branch, it being clearly the same thing to him whether his nadir or zenith were uppermost. I shot, and the bird fell: there was a lofty hedge between us, and when I got over he had removed himself. It was some time before I secured him, and I mention this, because the manner in which he eluded me was characteristic of his cunning. He concealed himself in holes at the bottom of a ditch, so long as he heard the noise of motion, and when all was still, he would scud out and attempt to escape. A wing was broken, and I at length got hold of him. He proved small, but very fierce, and his bite would have made a child cry out. The elbow joint of the wing being thoroughly shattered, and finding that he had no other wound, I cut off the dangling limb, and put him into a large cage with a common lark. The wound did not in the least diminish his activity, nor yet his pugnacity, for he instantly began to investigate all possible means of escape; he tried the bars, then tapped the wood-work of the cage, and produced a knocking sound, which made the room re-echo; but finding his efforts in vain, he then turned upon the lark, ran under him with his gaping beak to bite, and effectually alarmed his far more gentle and elegant antagonist. Compelled to separate them, the nuthatch, for this bird I discovered him to be, by turning over the leaves of an *Ornithologia*, was put into a smaller cage of plain oak wood and wire. Here he remained all night, and the next morning his knocking or tapping with his beak was the first sound I heard, though sleeping in an apartment divided from the other by a landing-place. He had food given to him, minced chicken and bread-crumbs, and water. He eat and drank with a most perfect impudence, and the moment he had satisfied himself, turned again to his work of battering the frame of his cage, the sound from which, both in loudness and prolongation of noise, is only to be compared to the efforts of a fashionable footman upon a fashionable door in a fashionable square. He had a particular fancy for the extremities of the corner pillars of the cage; on these he spent his most elaborate taps, and at this mo-

ment, though he only occupied the cage a day, the wood is pierced and worn like a piece of old worm-eaten timber. He probably had an idea, that if these main beams could once be penetrated, the rest of the superstructure would fall, and free him. Against the door-way he had also a particular spite, and once succeeded in opening it; and when, to interpose a farther obstacle, it was tied in a double knot with string, the perpetual application of his beak quickly unloosed it. In ordinary cages a circular hole is left in the wire for the bird to insert his head, to drink from a glass: to this hole the nuthatch constantly repaired, not for the purpose of drinking, but to try to put out more than his head, but in vain: for he is a thick bird, and rather heavily built: but the instant he found the hole too small, he would withdraw his head, and begin to dig and hammer at the circle, and where it is rooted in the wood, with his pickaxe of a beak, evidently with a design to enlarge the orifice. His labour was incessant, and he eat as largely as he worked; and I fear it was the united effects of both that killed him. His hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance, with his entire form, of the head of a hammer; or, as I have sometimes seen birds on the mechanical clocks made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel. We were in hopes that when the sun went down he would cease from his labours, and rest: but no; at the interval of every ten minutes, up to nine or ten o'clock in the night, he resumed his knocking, and strongly reminded us of the coffin maker's nightly and dreary occupation. It was said by one of us, "he is nailing his own coffin;" and so it proved. An awful fluttering in the cage, now covered with a handkerchief, announced that something was wrong: we found him at the bottom of his prison, with his feathers ruffled, and nearly all turned back. He was taken out, and for some time he lingered, amidst convulsions, and occasional brightenings up: at length he drew his last gasp; and will it be believed that tears were shed on his demise? The fact is, that the apparent intelligence of his character, the speculation in his eye, the assiduity of his labour, and his most extraordinary fearlessness and familiarity, though coupled with fierceness, gave us a consideration for him that may appear ridiculous to those who have never so nearly observed the ways of an animal as to feel interested in its fate. With us it was different."

Original Poetry.

LINES

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

(Written on the fly leaf of J. B. Rogerson's "*Rhyme, Romance, and Revery*.")

Thou, who hast a gentle mind,
 Scan this page, and thou shalt find
 "Orient pearls at random strung ;"
 Man's affections sweetly sung—
 Rhymes, which fall upon the ear
 Like calm waters soft and clear—
 Stories of Romance, that hold
 Thoughts by links of mental gold—
 Fitful Reveries, that gleam
 From the shadowy realms of dream,
 And a thousand precious things,
 Which the vagrant fancy brings,
 From some far and splendid zone
 To sons of genius only known.
 Read, to wile the leisure hour,—
 Read, and care will lose its power :
 If it do not banish pain,
 I have read and writ in vain.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

(From *Brindley's Gazette*.)

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare,
 To chide me for loving that old arm chair !
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs ;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart,
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
 Would you learn the spell ! a mother sat there,
 And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
 The hallowed seat with listening ear,
 And gentle words that mother would give,
 To fit me to die, and to teach me to live ;
 She told me shame would never betide,
 With truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;
 She taught me to lisp my infant prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eyes grew dim, and her locks grew grey ;
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
 And turned from her bible to bless her child ;
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;
 I learnt how much a heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now,
 With quivering lips and throbbing brow ;
 'Twas there she nursed me, and 'twas there she died,
 And memory flows with lava tide ;
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek,
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

PUNCTILIOUS ECONOMY.—Sir John Trevor,
 Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House
 of Commons, in the reigns of James II. and

William III., is said, among his other qualifications, to have been an economist. Of this we have a whimsical anecdote. While dining one day by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth,—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated, and whilst he was conducted down one, and up the other stairs, his Honour had removed the bottle and glasses.

The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed, he was intoxicated. He received the order with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family, by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted, and was executed.

SILKWORKS.—In a communication to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, it is stated that one line of the silkworm, when unwound, measured four hundred and four yards, and, when dry, weighed three grains. Hence it follows that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line five hundred and thirty-five miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth, would weigh no more than forty-seven pounds.

Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 17.]

SATURDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

ELECTRICITY ON RAILROADS.

In a recent Number* we gave a description of the way in which electricity has been usefully and successfully applied as a motive power for clocks by Mr. Bain, the inventor. We now purpose making our readers acquainted with the mode in which that gentleman intends to use the same agent as a controlling power over the motions of trains, with the view of securing safety, under any circumstances, in railway travelling. Associated with Mr. Bain in this new undertaking, is Lieutenant Wright, an officer to whom belongs some portion of the merit of the invention, which has been patented in the joint names of both, and is known to the scientific world as Wright and Bain's Electro-magnetic Railway-train Controller.

With the ordinary phenomena of a galvanic battery we must suppose the reader acquainted; but for the satisfaction of those who have not studied voltaic electricity, we will briefly observe, that, if a piece of zinc and a piece of copper are submersed in an acid solution, so as not to touch each other, and two copper wires be separately attached to the two pieces of metal, and afterwards brought together, the result will be the establishment of what is called a simple voltaic circuit; the current of electricity commencing at the zinc, whence it would proceed through the acid solution to the copper, and finally along the wire back to the

zinc again. The length of the connecting wire (which is a mere conductor) is a matter of no moment; it may be a hundred inches or a hundred miles, the effect is the same; and no diminution in its conducting power can possibly be occasioned by violent changes of temperature, either by the wire being carried through the solid earth, or laid under water,—a fact which recent experiments on a large scale have satisfactorily established.

By means of this voltaic circuit, with the sole assistance of two electro-magnets*, Messrs. Wright and Bain affirm they can govern the motions of all railway trains in such a way as to render accidents from collision, slips of earth, and similar mishaps, nearly, if not quite, impossible; and in proof of their statement, they have recently fitted up some models of locomotive engines, with the necessary apparatus, which are now at work in the London Polytechnic Institution, with the object of demonstrating both the importance and practicability of the scheme in actual railroad travelling. We have seen and narrowly inspected these models; and we now proceed to give the result of our examination.

The primary object of the patentees is to cause every train in motion to be preceded by a small pilot engine at some distance a-head of it, and to establish between the two a continu-

* For the description of an electro-magnet, see No. XIII. of this Journal, for the 29th of last January—article "Electricity applied to Clocks."

* Number XIII. for 29th January, 1842.

ous electrical communication. The distance at which the pilot would be in advance may be taken as double that which would be required for the stoppage of a train at full speed; and the electrical communication between both is thus effected.

Along the whole extent of a railway, and between the two rails on which the wheels of the carriages travel, is first laid a line of wood, or other appropriate material, of about the width and thickness of an ordinary rafter, so as to be flush, or nearly so, with the rails themselves. To the sides of this line are affixed two lengths of wire, parallel with each other. These wires are the conducting medium for the electricity; and between them and the locomotive and pilot engines a junction is effected by metallic springs fixed underneath the latter, which touch and travel upon the copper wires. Thus, the engine of a train ready to start, would have its two springs resting separately upon the two wires, and those of the advanced pilot would be also in the same position, and nothing now is wanted to create a voltaic circuit between them but a galvanic battery. This is located in some commodious place on the engine of the train, both it and the pilot being provided with a magnet each, and the circuit becomes immediately established with a constant motion from the galvanic battery on the engine down one of its springs, along the line of wire, up one of the springs of the pilot, through the electro-magnet, down the other spring, back again along the other wire, up the second spring of the engine, and finally into the galvanic battery again. It must be particularly remembered that this galvanic current is unceasingly flowing between the pilot and the engine behind (so long as all is safe), no matter how high the velocity may be at which they are travelling,—for the current travels with them—rapidity of motion and change of place having no effect upon it, so long as the connecting medium is kept up, which must always be the case while the springs and wires we have mentioned are in their proper position. The breaking of the current is the signal of danger; and difficult as it is to describe the action without explanatory diagrams, we will do our best to make it understood by imagining a particular kind of accident, and seeing how it would be prevented by the electrical controller.

For this purpose, let us suppose a pilot, with a train following two miles behind, to be going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly a slip of earth takes place in front of the pilot engine, which instantaneously arrests its progress. One of two things will happen; the pilot will either go off or remain on the rails.

Should it go off, electrical communication with the train immediately ceases, because the springs we have described are no longer in contact with the conducting wires; should it remain on, the same communication is nevertheless broken, although the wires and springs are still connected. In this latter case the mechanism (of an ingenious but simple kind) requires description.

Most persons are acquainted with the *governor* of a steam engine, the rotating balls of which, elevate or depress a slide with which they are in connexion. As long as these balls are in motion, the slide is elevated; when they are at rest, it is depressed. A “governor” of this kind is attached to the pilot engine. When the engine is in motion, the balls are in motion too, and the slide is up; when it is at rest, the balls cease to play, and the slide is down. The top part of the slide is made of ivory; ivory is a non-conductor. When this ivory is elevated, which it always must be while the pilot is in motion, it does not interfere with the passage of the galvanic current; when it is down, which it always must be when the pilot is motionless, it interposes its non-conducting barrier in the direct line of the circuit, which consequently becomes broken. Any accident, therefore, which stops the progress of the pilot, stops the electrical communication too; and this is the grand secret of the invention, as we shall presently see.

Preliminarily, however, let us observe, that exact similarity of motion between the pilot engine and the train which it precedes is secured, first by the driving wheels of both being of precisely the same diameter, and secondly by the electro-magnet, making and breaking the current between the two at every rotation of both, so that the revolutions of each are identically alike. Controlled in this way, the pilot always maintains, during the whole of a journey, the same distance from the train with which it started.

We have assumed that the pilot runs into a slip of earth and is stopped, the electrical communication between it and the train being broken in consequence. The first effect of this (by a mechanical arrangement similar to the one we described in the instance of the electrical clocks) will be an action upon an index fixed to the train engine, the hand of which will instantly turn to the word “danger.” This will be enough for the engineer, who will thereupon shut off his steam, and put down his breaks; but should he, from inattention, inability, or any other cause, neglect to perform this duty, the machinery will do it for him after the interval of a few moments, and without the agency of human hands. The

train will therefore be stopped before it arrives at the scene of danger.

What we have said of a slip of earth will apply with equal force to any other kind of accident threatening collision. In truth the whole danger of railroad travelling is, by this plan, thrown upon the pilot engine, for, whatever mischief befalls it and its conductors, compels the avoidance of a like catastrophe to the train. Many good reasons, however, could be given, why accidents which would be fatal to a heavy train would be comparatively trivial, and frequently harmless in the instance of a light and solitary pilot engine. At all events security to life and limb of every passenger would be ensured. In addition, it is to be observed, that the invention of Messrs. Wright and Bain also prevents accidents which are liable to arise in consequence of side gates on the line of road being left open, or from the crossings of lines at junctions. Very serious disasters have been known to occur from negligence on the part of those who have the care of side gates, in closing them at the time trains are passing, and in like manner dangerous collisions have taken place because the switches have not been properly set. Both liabilities are done away with by the electrical "controller," by a peculiar arrangement of the conducting wires, which are laid down in such a way as to provide a safeguard against accident. And should any thing occur to impede the progress of the train, the electricity will at once stop the pilot too.

We are not over-credulous in matters of science, nor do we pay much attention to the fancies of philosophers. But seeing that, in the case of the electrical clocks and the electrical telegraph, a positive, tangible, and most valuable benefit has been conferred upon mankind by the application of electricity and electro-magnetism to the go-a-head utilities of life, we do hope, that some permanent benefit may result to the railway travelling public by this invention of Messrs. Wright and Bain, if only in lulling their apprehensions of danger, and that those gentlemen may reap the harvest to which all are entitled who dedicate their genius and inventive faculties to the permanent good of society at large.

FRENCH ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTERS OF ROMILLY, WILBERFORCE, AND LORD DUDLEY.

If the insular position of Britain is one of the principal causes of her prosperity, it has also had the effect of confining her people so

much at home, that they have had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with their brethren of mankind in other countries, and of learning that it is possible not only to exist, but to live happily, under circumstances of climate, custom, and opinion, widely different from their own. The consequence of this seclusion has been to engender an overweening pride in their own institutions and customs, and an obstinate prejudice against those of other nations. Fifty years have scarcely elapsed since the period when it would have been difficult to persuade the bulk of our countrymen to look upon the French without strong feelings of suspicion and dislike. The long and bloody wars which broke out after the French Revolution, and the prosperous peace by which those wars were succeeded, have made us better acquainted with our Gallic neighbours, and have taught us that they are much more to be desired as friends than as enemies. Thanks to the agency of steam, the communication between the two countries is now rendered so easy and rapid, that they are every day becoming better known to one another. At a very trifling sacrifice of time and expense, we can now satisfy ourselves that the French are very pleasant, amiable people in their own way, and that, in feelings and passions, they resemble ourselves much more than might have been supposed; whilst they may learn that we, on this side the channel, are not quite destitute of refinement, that sometimes we do not either grumble or swear, and that, in short, John Bull, with all his faults, has some good points about him.

The hasty observations of superficial travellers have contributed much to the ignorance hitherto prevailing on this subject, in both countries; for whilst some of our neighbours, who have ventured upon a brief sojourn in our foggy island, gravely lay to our charge that we don't understand fireworks so well as themselves, that the opera band plays out of tune, and that we have the misfortune of being incommoded by a certain disagreeable privilege called the liberty of the press*—some of our equally discriminating countrymen can see in the French nothing more respectable than a nation of grown up children—in disposition "half monkey, half tiger," serious and enthusiastic in trifles, flippant and unconcerned in matters of moment. "True," says the Englishman, after an exclamation of pleasure and surprise has escaped him on surveying, for the first time, the gay and brilliant crowds of the Palais Royal, or of the Tuileries gardens—"true, they beat us in *jets d'eau* and *jeux*

* See "Lettres sur l'Angleterre. Par J. Fievée." 1802.

d'esprit, but they have neither our steam-engines nor our common-sense." And so in literature. There are few English readers who would not pronounce the stately declamation and musical chorus of Racine's *Athalie*, to be monotonous and insipid; whilst the Frenchman shudders at the very name of Shakspeare, whose rugged verse, and violation of the unities, seem to him the proper offspring of an illiterate people, and a semi-gothic age. "We can," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "exchange our cottons for their wines, our cut steel for their *or moulu*, our blankets for their cambrics, and find ground for mutual satisfaction in the bargain; but the *prices current of literature* are so outrageously different in the two countries, that we would not part with a scene of Shakspeare for the whole body of their dramatists, nor would they give up a canto of Voltaire—Henriade or Pucelle either—for the whole of our Spenser and Milton into the bargain."

National prejudices are certainly never so effectually removed as by travel; but in the absence of this means, the perusal of foreign works of repute, particularly of those treating of ourselves, may be employed to good purpose at home. "To see ourselves as others see us" is wholesome discipline, whether applied to nations or individuals; and many imperfections and peculiarities to which custom has rendered us indifferent or blind, may be made clearly perceptible to our understandings when reflected in the mirror of foreign criticism. Such a vehicle it was that Goldsmith and Montesquieu borrowed when, in those admirable productions, the "Citizen of the World," and the "Lettres Persannes," they aimed in the most effectual manner to expose and ridicule the prevalent vices and follies of their countrymen.

We cannot say that the following extracts, which we have translated from the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," are intended to serve as illustrations of the preceding remarks. The age is so restless, and the facilities for locomotion so accessible, that a comparatively intelligent public will no longer tolerate the mis-statements and distortions, which were readily believed by our less inquisitive forefathers. At the same time there is sufficient distinction between ourselves and the French, and a wide enough difference in our ways of thinking on many points, to admit of an instructive and amusing contrast in the views taken of the same objects, by intelligent writers of both countries. The article from which our extracts are taken, is an essay upon the characters of Sir Samuel Romilly, William Wilberforce, and Lord Dudley, all of them individuals whose histories are well

known to our readers. There are, however, many observations interspersed, not strictly relating to the subject, but necessary, perhaps, to render the whole intelligible to foreign readers, so that the title of the essay is by no means descriptive of its contents. Without much regard to order or connection, we have made such selections as we think most likely to interest our readers, to whom we shall now submit them, only premising that we do not wish the opinions they contain to be identified with our own.

"England has in these latter times produced greater and stronger characters than Wilberforce, Romilly, and Dudley, but none more amiable. They were, in the expressive words of the ancient poet, purely-minded (*non animi candidiores*). Their path of life was amid storm and lightning, and they came out of the cloud with singed wings; the man of law gave his life, the man of letters his reason, the man of piety his fortune—Romilly died by his own hand, Wilberforce died poor, and Dudley died insane.

"The study of these three contemporaries affords not only a pleasant and lively interest, but a powerful lesson. They were not leaders of men, having neither the qualities nor the vices of that necessary class; nor did they put their hands to the great wheel of politics, yet they were dragged into the vortex and destroyed. In the midst of a civilization so brilliant and active as was that of England, between 1780 and 1815, it will be interesting to see the station taken and the part played by virtues and intellects such as theirs.

"Representing the ideal in the midst of a commercial society, nothing lucrative or material engaged their support; yet their memories are loved and consecrated by their countrymen. I was residing in London, in 1818, when Romilly died. Grief and sadness were universal, and I was struck with the uniform prevalence of these sentiments—the news was repeated in streets and passages; merchants and tradesmen stopped to speak about it; the shops were closed; balls, fêtes, and plays were suspended, and the city gave up one day of gain to render homage to the memory of this plain, upright, and excellent man. So deeply in the turmoil and corruption of a commercial capital was the sentiment and the regret of moral purity engraved on the bosom of the general conscience! Neither Pitt, Sheridan, Byron, nor Walter Scott, when they disappeared, produced this religious effect.

"The letters and private memoirs of these three men have lately been published in London. We know that true history is never

revealed until secret correspondence is printed, and these are biographical fragments which throw light upon a large portion of the English annals during their most important and dramatic epoch. They exhibit at full length, Wilberforce, pious even to mysticism, the apostle of negro emancipation; Romilly, the moderate and persevering reformer, the sagacious philanthropist, the friend at once of progress and preservation; and Dudley, the friend of Canning, the liberal peer, the nobleman and the reviewer. Not only can we judge of their conduct and their writings, but they appear surrounded by their respective groups and carrying the colours of their parties. True, the vehement and dazzling actors of the day, the Pitts and the Mirabeaus, the Byrons and the Cannings, outshine and efface these sincere men, who attached faith to their own words and deeds. A tinge of weakness is visible in all the three. The piety of the one breaks out in floods of tears; the sensibility of the other wrecks his life upon a misfortune which it cannot surmount; the morbid susceptibility of the third destroys his reason before its maturity—it might almost be said that a moral disease lived within their minds—that the excitement in which they partook was too strong for them, and that they did not possess a power correspondent with their aspirations, or a resistance equal to the surrounding forces. A dark list indeed might be made of the victims which this intense civilization of England has devoured—Castlereagh, Whitbread, and Romilly, suicides; Sheridan, Fox, and Canning, worn out before their time—and how many more!

"William Wilberforce, the friend of Pitt, and the champion of the negroes—he whose pathetic eloquence triumphed over all hatred and gained all parties—made his first appearance in public life in 1785, and died in 1833, leaving behind him a venerated name. The career of Sir Samuel Romilly was parallel to that of Wilberforce; he appeared in 1780, and died in 1818. Of mind less solid but elegant and various, of character less energetic but brilliant and graceful, Lord Dudley does not occupy so large a space in the annals of his country—he entered public life in 1814, and in 1830 sank into a langour which bordered upon insanity.

"It is impossible to compare Lord Dudley to Wilberforce or Romilly. An excellent writer, but in a narrow field, an ingenious critic, an elegant and precise orator, but limited in his topics and powerless upon masses, of taste refined almost to a fault, and so distrustful of himself, that he never led men nor governed them, he was singularly exalted by the skillful editors of the Quarterly Review, to which

he was one of the most useful contributors. He followed his friend Canning in all the evolutions of that statesman's fortune, and was created by him Lord Dudley in 1826—his name, Ward (son of the third Viscount Dudley and Ward) was a source of continual annoyance to him, and became one of the thorns of his life. For this English peer, to whom nothing was wanting, created for himself innumerable vexations, and by such chimeras it was, that his reason was finally destroyed. It is from this painful and extreme refinement that he belongs to the history of English manners, not as an exception, but as a type.

"There was, about the end of the last century, a house at Paddington inhabited exclusively by a boy and his tutors, who, constantly beside him, controlling his every movement, and subjecting to their dogmas the native liberty of his nature, swathed him in Latin, rocked him in Greek, and carefully tended his fragile understanding as we protect the flower of the tropic in the hot-house of our gardens. Their object was to form a prodigy, but they prepared a victim. These systematic educators wished to unite the student with the English gentleman, and success crowned their efforts; all the dangers of a public education were avoided, but how dearly was their success paid for! The irritable and nervous youth—preyed upon by hypochondriasis, habituated to the noiseless solitude of his cabinet and his garden, incessantly subjected to the professional injunctions of his guardians, skilled in Greek, and thoroughly versed in the Latin poets and orators,—received from his father at once one of the largest fortunes in England and the incapacity of enjoying it. Oxford and Edinburgh, where he finished his education, failed to cure him; all this ill-directed training made the heir of the Dudleys a mere suffering and timid man of letters. The enthusiasts who crushed an intelligence and destroyed a happiness, knew not that talent itself only acquires its proper vigour when bronzed under the experience of the world, and that the literary man who has not lived amongst his fellows is but a valueless pedant.

"Lord Dudley was made for another place in life, and he desired, but could never attain it. His recently published letters themselves evince the cruel fetters under which the youth of his mind had been overloaded and crushed. There is a timidity in the use of expressions, a constraint even in the elegance of his style, a formal grace and a want of nerve and freedom, which are disagreeable and oppressive to the reader. Lord Byron, whose excellent prose has been lost sight of in the glare and splendour of his verse, admirably defined the

talent of Ward in describing him as 'studious, brilliant, elegant, and sometimes *piquant*.' Useless qualities these in a public assembly, but they were displayed to great advantage in the Review we have mentioned, which, according to the English practice, bestowed upon him, after his death, the loftiest of panegyrics.

"Never from infancy could his compressed and enervated intellect recover its proper energy; distraction, gloom, absence of mind, and the habitual indulgence of a vague melancholy, plunged him into a state of languor from which all the art of physicians and the resources of his fortune were unavailing to rescue him. Such had been the influence, or rather the tyranny of his education that, though a man of taste, he was altogether unsusceptible of the charms of music and painting. He had the sense to confess his incapacity—'With respect to the fine arts,' says he, 'I am in a state of total and irrecoverable blindness—statues give me no pleasure, pictures very little, and when I am pleased it is uniformly in the wrong place, which is enough to discourage one from being pleased at all. In fact, I believe that if people in general were as honest as I am, it would be found that the works of the great masters are, in reality, much less admired than they are now supposed to be.'

"Nothing can be more sad and tragical than the last letters of this amiable man, sacrificed to pedantic theories and foolish dreams of perfection—every thing desirable was his—friendship, fortune, rank, talent, and renown; but he sank into himself, and, like those delicate leaves, which fold up and shrivel in the hot sun or the blasting wind, he withered and died. There was no misfortune, no passion, no debility, caused by excess of labour or of pleasure. He died of the moral impossibility of living. At first he escaped the demon which pursued him; subsequently the attacks were renewed, and he sank in July, 1833, after a year's forced retirement, under the weight of mental alienation. His letters, speeches, and writings, will doubtless be collected, and such elegant and polished productions will preserve their author's name from oblivion.

"Amongst the currents of thought and opinion, which in the histories of nations have seldom been analyzed and taken into account, there was none in England, at the commencement of this century, more popular and powerful than puritanical devotion, deep and sombre piety; subdivided into a thousand fractions of sects, hostile in tenet, but analogous in spirit. This profound and tragic vein had not been dried up from the days of John Knox, re-appearing at intervals in the partizans of the Commonwealth, in Milton, Daniel De-

foe, the quaker William Penn, the tinker poet Bunyan, the bold preacher Baxter, and the romancist Richardson. Never had an intellectual desire taken such hold of the English character, upon the masses as upon the individual, upon the men of the world as upon the poor and the obscure. The terror of Pascal, beholding his soul suspended between the two gulphs of an unknown past and an unknown future, upon the frail point of an uncertain present, is a common sentiment in this country, where minds much less refined are sometimes seized with absorbing terror at the contemplation of their own nature and condition. As the great destinies of this commercial and colonising society developed themselves, this melancholy genius, this sad and devout worship, acquired a character of less grossness and severity. Under Charles II., and during the reign of Nell Gwynne, the orange-girl, and her two hundred rivals, the bible was the property of the people, who lived and fed upon it. 'As I accompanied the king,' says a courtier of those times in his memoirs, 'whilst his majesty, on horseback, escorted the litter of the Duchess of Portsmouth, I saw a poor shepherd, with bare feet, lying in the sunshine upon the sea shore, weeping over a Bible which was open before him.' This barefooted peasant, heart-touched, it may be, with the lamentations of Job, or of Jeremiah, represented the mass of that serious people, who finally achieved their freedom by the overthrow of James II. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the tears of courtiers and educated men fell down upon those same pages of the Bible, and although Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, had aimed the shafts of their powerful ridicule against this growing sentiment of piety, the authority of talent, even such as theirs, proved powerless against the national genius. Wesley drew after him crowds of penitent and conscience-stricken hearers, and the religious fervour, re-appearing in Wilberforce, at last found a place and a voice in Parliament.

"Wilberforce thus served as the political organ and expression of English puritanism; and grouped around him, as a common centre, were all those scrupulous men, whose tender consciences and pious fancies, debarred them from entering the arena of public life. The ultra-religious faction to which he belonged, in common with Hannah More, Wesley, and Newton, and which had reckoned amongst its disciples Daniel Defoe, Milton, William Penn, Richardson, and Cowper, resembled, in some respects, our own Jansenist republic. Wesley was its popular orator, Wilberforce its political agent, Hannah More its moralist, and John

Newton its practical philosopher. It was a Port Royal without the cloister, exempt from persecution, and encountering only the single despotism of ridicule.

"Amid the great and rapidly succeeding events of the times, Wilberforce resolutely followed up his own plans, and saw little beyond his own purposes. The eventful progress of the French Revolution, the brilliant career of Napoleon, the fate of Spain and Russia, were to him as passing shadows; the reality he sought elsewhere. He lived to abolish the slave trade, and to promote Christianity. For these two objects he had extraordinary courage; rivalling Brougham in activity, and Pitt in perseverance; exhausting a constitution naturally weak, and spending a fortune in charities. He sent missionaries to Australia and Sierra-Leone, and endeavoured to introduce into St. Domingo the English language and the Protestant religion. Incessantly occupied in writing, speaking, publishing, and discussing, he maintained relations with men of the most diverse characters in his public capacity, besides keeping up constant intercourse with an immense circle of private friends and acquaintances.

"His intentions, always excellent, were not invariably fulfilled. The abolition of the slave trade is his great achievement. As to the application of European civilization to children of the African race, the future will pronounce whether it was not an unfortunate attempt to effect impossibilities. At once popular in his sympathies, and attached to the Tories by his friendships and political principles, he often held a false position, and could only save himself from the imputation of inconsistency, by distinctions so subtle that he was accused of equivocation. Yet he was in truth an honest and devout man, and his sincere and benevolent efforts well deserve the veneration of mankind."

[To be continued.]

PROFESSIONAL MANNERS.

Johnson is reported to have said, on one occasion, that the most perfect gentleman was he whose manners did not betray his profession; and the saying, like most of the Doctor's, was a sound observation asserted as an axiom. In his day, no doubt, as at the present time, mankind were so engrossed in business, that it gave a tone to their conversation and outward behaviour, and possibly they found it as difficult to forget "the shop" then as they do now. Napoleon stigmatized England as "a nation of shopkeepers;" and although he formed this opinion by contrasting us with the gay and flippant people over whom he swayed, there was

a philosophy in the denouncement that is not apparent on the first blush. We live in an artificial state of society—"those who please to live," as Garrick once said, "must live to please"—a sophism, concealed under a plausible antithesis, which passes so generally for current truth as to lead multitudes to think that worldly success is not solely dependent on honesty and fair dealing,—that men must assume what they do not feel, and profess what they do not believe, if they desire to progress with the spirit of the age—and that hypocrisy goes a great way in trade. Hence, a man's profession may in many cases be inferred from his manners. Let us adduce a few instances.

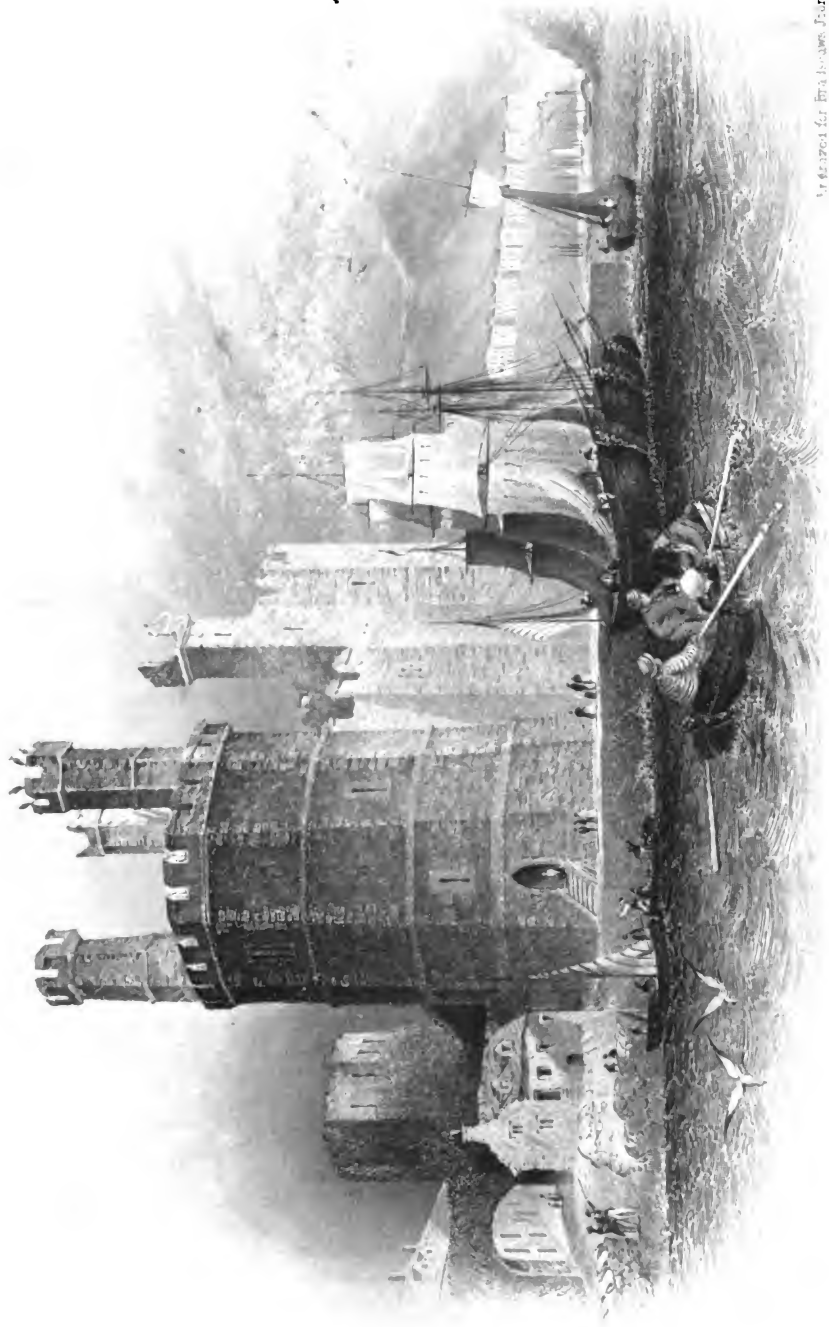
Take your old classical schoolmaster—he who first taught you how to decline *penna* and conjugate *amo*, and whose form and features are for ever associated in your mind with Virgil, Horace, and Tacitus. Figure him at some evening party, amongst, but not one of the gay throng that crowd the drawing-rooms—observe his formal obeisance, and the slow and measured steps with which he gains some retired seat, from whence he can placidly survey the company. He is accustomed to *receive* the homage due to his station—he does not, therefore, court it; but should he be induced to join some group in his vicinity, he cannot totally throw aside his professional reserve—abjures the colloquial style of conversation—addresses those around him as if he were haranguing his pupils—is inclined to dictate, and brooks not contradiction. His laugh is a stifled cachinnation—he fears it may be sympathetic—his smile is momentary, for his features again relax into their wonted rigidity—his very voice is suggestive of spondees and dactyls. He cannot mingle in the gay frivolities around him—he never sings, and dancing becometh not the gravity of his profession—he has no sympathy with the frolics of childhood, or the sanguine hopes of youth, for he chides the one, and chills the other, and he cannot banish the conviction that he is a pattern for the rising generation. He is only agreeably conversable with parents and heads of families—all others, in his estimation, are but at school. Hence he is not to be spoken to in what might be termed the free-and-easy style of address—if you have puberty on your side, you must approach him with an humble sense of your own inferiority—listen with becoming awe, and reply with suitable reverence. Beware how you interrupt his discourse; as he addresses you so may he treat you as a school-boy! Mark his language—pure, terse, pointed,—delivered in sombre, sepulchral tones that demand,—not solicit,—a hearing, occasionally accompanied with appropriate action, and al-

ways expressed in the style dogmatical. One look of him is sufficient to dispel the merry thought that struggles for utterance, and the practical joker retires abashed from his presence. In a peculiar sense he is a renewer of your youth, for in his company you are transported to the spot where "sweet instruction" was first instilled, and your school-boy days are again brought vividly before you. Such is the influence of profession on the social manners of a certain class of teachers. We never saw it more broadly developed than on an occasion when we were the happy means of introducing to each other two respected classical school-masters who, for nearly half a century, had been assiduously "rearing the tender thought" in different portions of our island. We shall never forget the formality with which the "dominies" exchanged greetings—the chilling distrust they observed towards each other—the parsimony of their smiles—the mutual withholding of confidence—the frugality of their communications—until, on our venturing to explain that they were members of the same profession—fellow-labourers in the same cause—the frigidity of their manners was gradually subdued—each felt he might relax his reserve without endangering his dignity—a mutual confidence was inspired—a community of feeling was established, and they consumed a pleasant hour in detailing the records of their experience—agreeing in the laborious nature of their avocations—condemning the innovation of modern seminaries, where all branches of knowledge are taught—lamenting the decline in the number of their pupils, and brooding despondingly over the days when they rejected applicants for instruction purely from having too much to do. But enough of the professional manners of *classical* teachers.

Reader, were you ever enrolled a pupil of a dancing academy? If so, you may remember your instructor in the Terpsichorean art. In many respects, you will admit, he differed from your classical teacher—he studied as deeply the centre as the other did the appearance of gravity, and was withal a man of infinitely greater condescension. Peradventure, he was a veritable Frenchman—not one of your countrymen *gallified* in name—and will exhibit a more perfect contrast to the man of letters. Who ever meandered as elegantly down your street as your dancing master?—inquired as genteelly if you were at home—bowed as gracefully when he entered—glided as softly across your room—addressed you as politely, or retired as condescendingly? No one but a dancing master; and they may thank their profession for their monopoly of

manners—a soldier would have failed as egregiously in the attempt as a cat at playing marbles, and your classical teacher would have succeeded no better. Recall his appearance in his class-room, "proud *teacher* of all he surveys"—conceive him arranging his pupils in their proper positions for a quadrille—animation in his looks—life in every motion—now here, now there—skipping about with a step as light and almost as noiseless as a fairy's. With what precision he instructs you how to make your obeisance—how solicitous about your carriage, the disposal of your hands, the position of your feet—occasionally exemplifying his precepts by assuming the most approved attitudes, performing a few steps, or winding through the whole quadrille. Now all is ready!—he gives the signal to begin—the music commences—and the figures, erect and motionless as statues before, circle off at the sound, and are lost in the mazes of the dance. Some unfortunate young gentleman, however, forgets the movements, and gets entangled in the figure—instantly a stamp on the floor proclaims the error—the music ceases—the dancers become gradually stationary, and all eyes are turned on the delinquent. Dancing masters abhor false steps, perhaps, as heartily as classical teachers detest false quantities; but they exhibit their dislikes in rather a different mode. And here you may see the contrast in the professional manners of the two. In the instance of the false step you are perhaps politely requested to imitate your teacher, who condescendingly practises it before you, and success is rewarded by an approving smile and a graceful bow. In the case of the false quantity your error would perhaps be corrected in tones of thunder, and followed by personal chastisement by way of a refresher. We will not dispute which may be the more effectual method of teaching—we simply point out the means the two would employ, as illustrative of their professional manners—which are further contrasted in your classical teacher retaining his seat until his school is dismissed, while your dancing master bows you from his academy with a politeness that makes you long to enter it again. So much for *scholastic* professional manners.

There is a class of men who have two sets of manners—one assumed, the other natural, which they can change at pleasure, as one does his coat. We refer to cabmen. If the reader is desirous of witnessing a specimen of both styles, let him repair some evening to a cabstand, and survey the vehicles. The slightest indication of patronizing him is understood by a cabman;—your glance from the opposite side of the street brings him down from his box—your crossing confirms his suspicions, and



Engraved for the London Journal.

THE EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE.

quick as thought his vehicle is at your side. He knows the respect due to your station and is a proficient in etiquette—he touches his hat at nearly every word you pronounce—his civility is almost troublesome—no one can open a door as politely, or close it as carefully, or offer his arm as gracefully, as your cabman—no one can exhibit a more anxious solicitude to please—to catch every syllable that falls from you,—and no one knows the town better or can drive you more steadily than he can.—Off goes the cab, and you reach your destination. But the reckoning has yet to be settled. If by any possibility he have the honesty to demand the legitimate fare you will be treated with the same civility as before—his professional manners will be equally condescending—again the hat will be touched—the door politely opened—the arm extended for support—and perhaps a kind “Good night,” exchanged before you part. But these are rare instances—your cabman is deeply skilled in the science of addition, and at all times prefers cheating to being cheated. “What’s the fare, Sir?” you inquire, having previously ascertained that the sum in question, “as established by law,” amounts precisely to one shilling and three-pence.

“Heighteen-pence, Sir, if you please,” replies the cabman in an off-hand sort of manner, touching his hat at the same time.

“Eighteen-pence, Sir! why, according to the list of cab-fares you are only entitled to one shilling and three-pence.”

“Can’t help that, Sir—an error of the printers,” and he extends his hand to receive the money.

“I care nothing for printers, Sir—there’s your lawful fare, one shilling and three-pence; if you like to have it, take it—if not, leave it alone.”

“Von’t do, Sir—heighteen-pence is my *fear*, Sir, an’ I’ll take nothin’ else—do ye think as I don’t know my own bisness?” And your cabman gets suddenly metamorphosed from a civil, orderly being, into a character very much resembling a highwayman or buccanier—he has thrown aside his professional manners, and now appears in his native colours—no more touching of his hat—no longer blandness in his voice—he has assumed a dogged stubbornness and a determined attitude.

“Will you take this money or not?” you ask, as you move on, no longer able to command your temper.

“I shan’t take no less than my *fear*, I tell ye.” And as a crowd quickly gathers round, you perhaps resolve to pay his demand and seek justice elsewhere, rather than be mobbed.

“What’s your number? I’ll take care to report your case, Sir.” Your cabman perceiv-

ing you are not to be intimidated begins to relent:—

“Now, young man, *aint* you an aggerawating feller?—vot’s the good o’ fightin’ for threepence—I don’t mind tossin’ ye for the diff’rence. Come, man or voman?”

But few people are willing to sink justice in chance, and in at last accepting his lawful due, your cabman deals out personal abuse with the usual liberality of his profession, unblushingly asserts that you are “no gentleman,” and ominously hints that he may meet you again—possibly “by moonlight alone.”

Reader, this is no fiction—a similar incident occurred to us a few months ago, not far from Piccadilly, and first directed our attention to Professional Manners, a few more examples of which we hope to present in a future Number.

CARNARVON CASTLE,

NORTH WALES.

(With an Engraving.)

The numerous interesting associations of this magnificent monument of former days, have been awakened and heightened by the recent creation of the present Prince of Wales, the descendant and successor, through a long and illustrious line, of the first son of an English monarch who bore that title, and whose birth place was Carnarvon Castle. Every lover of his country, however, will pray that the career of the royal Albert Edward may be the opposite of that of the ill-fated and misguided Edward of Carnarvon, who, after a degraded reign, was violently pushed off the stage of life, a deposed king, and a miserable and abandoned wretch, murdered by “two hell hounds, that were capable of more villainous despite than became the lowliest varlets in the world.” “One dark night,” say our historians, “towards the end of September, horrible screams and shrieks of anguish rang and echoed through the walls of Berkeley Castle, and were heard even in the town, so that many, being awakened therewith from their sleep, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant—this wailful noise being occasioned by the cruel application of red hot irons through a tin tube to the bowels of the hapless Edward II.”

The town of Carnarvon is justly the boast of North Wales for the beauty of its situation, the excellence of its buildings, and the regularity of its plan, but especially for the grandeur of the castle. The town is generally thought to owe its origin to the proximity of the Roman station, Segontium; and it evidently

derives its present appellation from its site, "*Caer yn arfon*," the fortified city or stronghold opposite Anglesea.

The streets of the town, though narrow, are well built, and cross each other at right angles, and the whole were surrounded by a massy wall, of great height and thickness, flanked and defended at short intervals by numerous semicircular bastion towers. A walk ranged entirely round the inside of the embattled parapet, and two gates formed the entrance into the town, the east facing the mountains, and the west opening to the Menai. A wide and most commodious terrace, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, forms a most charming walk, the fashionable promenade, in fine weather, for the inhabitants and visitors; who, while they inhale the salubrious breeze, may be pleasingly amused by the moving varieties of the port.

Carnarvon Castle forms an era in the history of this part of the country. After the completion of his conquest of Wales, Edward the First, in 1282, undertook this great work, which still remains a proof of his achievements. It is said to have been built within the space of *one year*. This will not appear surprising, notwithstanding the magnitude of the building, when it is taken into consideration, that the chieftains of the country had the painful task imposed upon them, to procure artizans and labourers, and to find money to liquidate the expenses of the work. A record, however, formerly belonging to the exchequer of Carnarvon, states that it was *twelve* years in building, and the revenues of the archbishopric of York, which had for the purpose been kept vacant, were applied towards defraying the expenses of its erection. *Henry Ellerton*, or *de Elreton*, received the appointment of master-mason to this castle; a term, in that day, equivalent to architect in ours; under whom were doubtless employed numbers of excellent workmen: for Mr. Pennant justly observes, "the Welsh peasants were no more than cutters of wood and hewers of stone." The walls of Segontium afforded a portion of the materials, Anglesea furnished the lime-stone, and the breccia was brought from the vicinity of Vae-nol. The conveyance of these ponderous materials was greatly facilitated by the navigation of the Menai.

The external walls of this castle are almost entire, and exhibit nearly the shape of the building, as it was in the time of the royal founder. It occupies a large space at the west end of the town, and was a place of such strength, that prior to the introduction of artillery in warfare, it might have defied almost any amount of force to accomplish its subju-

gation. On two sides it was environed by water, and on the margin was an embattled terrace. The third side was evidently defended by a fosse, which probably extended round the fourth. The walls are from eight to ten feet thick, and have, within their thickness, a narrow gallery, with convenient eyelets, or slips, for the discharge of arrows at the assailants. Above the embattled parapet ascend, in majestic grandeur, numerous turreted towers, not uniform, but pentagonal, hexagonal, and octagonal in their shape. Two of these are more lofty than the rest.

The principal entrance to the castle is peculiarly grand, beneath a massy tower, on the front of which is a statue of Edward, in a menacing posture, with a sword half-drawn in his hand. This gate, by the remaining grooves, evidently was defended by four portcullises. The area within is oblong, but of an irregular shape, and was formerly divided into two parts, forming an outer and inner court. The internal part of this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur is much more delapidated than would be expected from viewing the outside; many of the buildings lie in ruinous heaps, and the rooms contained within the towers are mere skeletons. What are called the state apartments, appear to have been extremely commodious, lighted by spacious windows, with elegant tracery. These externally exhibit a square front, but internally are all polygonal, some of the sides having been formed out of the thickness of the walls. A gallery or covered way appears to have extended completely round the interior of the castle, forming a general communication with the whole of the building: of this, about seventy yards are nearly entire.

The Eagle Tower, delineated in our engraving, has obtained its title from a figure of that bird, carved in stone, forming part of its ornaments. The staircase is the only one remaining complete, and the summit commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and the island of Anglesea. "Edward the Second," says Mr. Pennant, "was born in a little dark room in this tower, not twelve feet long, nor eight in breadth: so little did, on those days, a royal consort consult either pomp or conveniency." On a view of this little dark room, which, from its having the accommodation of a fire-place, appears to have been a dressing-closet, the smallness will strike the beholder at once, with the improbability of its having been prepared for the royal accouchement. The adjoining central spacious chamber on the same floor, was, most probably, the one destined by the haughty monarch for the momentous occasion; an apartment suitable to

the state of an English queen, and the heir apparent of a new principality. It is, however, matter of conjecture, and not worthy of discussion; for, as Mr. Wyndham justly remarks, "Surely the birth of such a degenerate and dastardly tyrant reflects little honour on the castle of Carnarvon." The circumstances which gave rise to the event, are far more interesting, both as respects their singular origin and important consequences. Edward had, by what are termed the statutes of Rhuddlan, annexed the principality to the kingdom of England, and in a great degree incorporated it, as to the administration of civil justice, with that country. But all this did not reconcile the Welsh with their new master, nor induce them quietly to submit to what they justly considered an usurped domination. Boldly and flatly they refused to acknowledge Edward as their sovereign, unless he would comply with their imperious requests, which were, that he should agree to reign, and condescend to reside, in Wales. This being a condition impossible to be complied with, a modification of the requisitions was granted on the part of the Welsh. After detailing the cruel oppressions, unjust exactions, and intolerable insolencies of the English officers, they stated, in a strong remonstrative memorial, that never would they acknowledge or yield obedience to any prince, but of their own nation and language; and who could shew an unblameable life and conversation. "King Edward," says the Welsh historian, "perceiving the people to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous expedient. Queen Eleanor was now quick with child, and ready to be delivered; and though the season was very severe, it being the depth of winter, the king sent for her from England, and removed her to Carnarvon Castle, the place designed for her accouchement. When the time of her delivery was come, king Edward called to him all the barons and chief persons throughout all Wales, to Rhuddlan, there to consult about the public good, and safety of their country. And being informed that his queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that whereas they had oftentimes entreated him to appoint them a prince, he having at this time occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their request, upon condition they would allow of, and obey him, whom he should name. The Welsh readily agreed with the motion, only with the same reserve, that he should appoint them a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them he would name such a one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and

whose life and conversation nobody could stain: upon the Welsh agreeing to own and obey, he named *his own son Edward*, but little before born in Carnarvon Castle." The conqueror, by this bold manœuvre, having succeeded in obtaining what might be deemed the unqualified submission of the country, began, without any regard to justice or delicacy, to reward his English followers with the property of the Welsh; and numerous towns and manors were profusely bestowed on his coadjutant lords. It was not, however, till a considerable time after this event, that the English monarch judged it advisable to invest his son with the delegated sovereignty. For, though prince Edward was born in 1284, it was not till he had arrived to his sixteenth year, that he received the reluctant fealty of his deluded subjects. "In the twenty-ninth year of that monarch's reign, the Prince of Wales came down to Chester, and received homage of all the freeholders in Wales. On this occasion he was invested, as a mark of imperial dignity, with a chaplet of gold round his head, a golden ring on his finger, and a silver sceptre in his hand."

Alphonso, the eldest son of Edward I., having died about twelve years of age, Edward of Carnarvon became the heir apparent of the English throne, and the hopes of the Welsh that their Prince would reside among them were extinguished. Occasions were not wanting to rouse their ancient abhorrence of their *sassenach* conquerors, and insurrections speedily broke out in various parts of the principality. Madoc, an illegitimate son of the late gallant Prince Llewelyn, assumed the title of the Prince of Wales, and took the lead of the insurgents in North Wales. In July 1294, he proceeded to Carnarvon, at that time crowded with English attending the great fair—the unarmed multitude were slaughtered, the town was plundered and set on fire, the castle was taken, and the garrison put to the sword.

Carnarvon Castle was subsequently taken by Glendower, and during the civil war the town was taken, 1644, by the Parliamentary army—the Royalists afterwards recaptured, but it was ultimately subjected to the authority of Parliament.

THE PLANET SATURN.

The ancient name of Saturn was Chronos, time; so named from the slowness of its motion: it was also called Phænon, shining or appearing, which denomination is rather singular, Saturn not being the most brilliant of the planets. This name may be accounted for from the superstitious feelings of the ancients, who regarded this planet as of evil omen, from

its leaden hue and remote situation; their custom was to propitiate the smiles of fortune, by giving flattering names to those influences they deemed prejudicial. Among the Jews, this planet is supposed to be the one referred to in the sacred writings as Chium, or "Remphan, the star of your god." Saturn is also called Remphan in the Persian language; and among the Chinese, Tu, or Tien—earth; a reference, probably, to its inferior brightness.

The double ring of Saturn constantly presents ample amusement, and affords high gratification; the contemplation of its form, position, and magnitude, supply materials for speculation, on the probable purposes for which such a zone of light was ordained to circulate round the central orb.

It is worthy of remark, that this stupendous and singular system of Saturn, (its orb, ring, and satellites) had performed a hundred and ninety unostentatious revolutions of 29 years, 174 days, 1 hour, 51 minutes, 11.2 seconds, through the star-gemmed zodiac,—and the Earth in its smaller orbit had described 5,614 circles round the Sun—before this magnificent apparatus was revealed to the eye of man;—unknown to the antediluvian astronomers, though some of these had an opportunity of tracing the course of the planet, through upwards of thirty complete revolutions;—unconceived of by those who cultivated the science in the plains of Chaldea;—equally so by the philosophers of Egypt, Greece, and Rome;—by most of the nations of antiquity, deemed dreary, and uncheering in itself, and baleful and malignant in its influence on other bodies:—it was reserved for recent times to behold and investigate this beneficent display of the Creator's power and wisdom.

Till the invention of telescopes, Saturn held no particular rank in the Heavens, beyond that distinction which the slowness, yet regularity of its motion, and degree of brilliancy rendered remarkable: its singularity of appearance was first observed by Galileo, in the year 1610, who described it as consisting of three globes—one larger, with a smaller one on each side: he veiled his discovery in a Latin sentence, which he transposed, that his observation might remain secret, and yet afford him, at some future time, the opportunity of claiming the honour of the discovery. Huygens completed the discovery, and explained the phenomena of the ring,—that in its course round the Sun, it assumed a variety of oval forms, from its being seen obliquely, gradually contracting from a certain ellipticity to an almost imperceptible line, and again expanding till it resumed its maximum of ellipticity,—the ring being most open when the planet was in

19° of Sagittarius, and 19° of Gemini, and appearing as a line across the disc in 19° of Pisces and 19° of Virgo.

So remarkable a body in the planetary train, from its dissimilarity to the others, soon excited the vigilance of the astronomers of that period, and left little to reward the research of those of the present day, beyond the task of correcting, with their exquisitely constructed instruments, its various dimensions. The following are the micrometrical observations of this planet, made at Dorpat, in May, 1828, by Professor Struve, with Fraunhofer's large Refractor:—

External diameter of the external ring....	40".095
Internal diameter of the external ring....	35".289
External diameter of the internal ring....	31".475
Internal diameter of the internal ring.....	26".668
Equatorial diameter of Saturn.....	17".991
Breadth of the external ring.....	2".408
Breadth of the chasm between the rings ..	0".408
Breadth of the internal ring.....	3".003
Distance of the ring from Saturn.....	4".339
Equatorial radius of Saturn	8".995
Inclination of the ring to the ecliptic	28° 5' 9"

It has been remarked, by several accurate astronomers, that the dark space between the orb of Saturn, and the ring, appears greater on the eastern than on the western side of the planet, and has been supposed by some to be an optical illusion. From the results, however, of very careful measurement, Professor Struve is decidedly of opinion, that the orb is not in the centre of the ring. Both the rings are brighter than the orb, and the outer one brighter than the inner. The thickness of the double ring has been considered as incapable of measurement;—from observations by Schroeter, it is found to be 0".125; it is also supposed that the edge of the ring is of a spherical, or rather spheroidal form. When the ring is in the plane of the eye, its surface is found not to be exactly uniform, sometimes one ansa entirely disappearing, at other times both being observed to be detached from the planet: these irregularities on its surface are considered as necessary for maintaining the ring in equilibrium; for if a perfectly uniform body, it would yield to the slightest attraction, which might ultimately precipitate it on the surface of the orb.

The appearance of the double ring to the inhabitants of the globe of Saturn, must be inconceivably splendid and magnificent, varying in appearance according to the situation in which it is beheld. From the regions several degrees distant from each pole, the inhabitants cannot possibly see this grand spectacle—being below their horizon. In approaching the latitude of 60 degrees, it must be first seen as a bright segment of a disc, just emerging above the horizon, of the brightness of the morning

twilight, only more defined ;—nearer the equator, as a vast luminous arch ;—and when contemplated from the middle zone of the planet, a bright band would be observed crossing the zenith, and terminating in the eastern and western points of the horizon. Hence, the glory of the celestial canopy during a Saturnian night must, to that planet, indeed, be far exceeding what we behold from our earth ; particularly from those places where the ring can be surveyed in its concave and convex form, stretching across the firmament, and apparently resting on the verge of the horizon : above and beneath the arch, the same constellations which ornament our sky would be observed shining with subdued splendour ;—while, at different distances and positions without the ring would be seen, gliding swiftly, the satellites of Saturn, either rising, setting, or on the meridian ; others entering into the shadow of the orb, or emerging from it ; each exhibiting every variety of phase—from the delicate crescent, to the semi-lunar—from a gibbous to a full-orbed brightness.

Do such beauty and design beam upon a desert, and shed their radiance upon realms of solitude and silence,—to be witnessed by no intellectual eye in those vast regions, and seen only in miniature by a few individuals from this remote and comparatively minute earth ? Doubtless from such a glorious abode, the voice of gratitude and adoration continually ascends to the great Creator for such a resplendent retinue, by which its distance from the Sun is so amply compensated.

"But contemplation rests her weary wings,
And stops awhile to tremble and adore."

THE BACK PARLOUR ;

OR, COMFORT AND STYLISHNESS.

(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of 'Cottage Comforts,' 'The Young Folks of the Factory,' 'History of Slavery,' &c.)

"And so, in course of time, Mary and Ellen were both married."

"In course of time from what ?"

Why, from the days when Mary and Ellen were fellow pupils in Mrs. Seagrave's establishment for young ladies, and when they used, on rainy or snowy Sundays, to beguile the time in conning over that portion of the Liturgy that treats of the solemnization of matrimony, and when they made an engagement, that whichever of the twain might first take upon her the blissful bonds, the other should be called upon to act as bridesmaid on the joyful occasion. And there was a little speculation as to the person, and manners, and profession, of him who should sustain a yet more important

relation, and some thoughts were entertained of Mary's brother Henry, and Ellen's uncle Arthur, (her mother's youngest brother, only a year or two older than herself) who, perhaps, might suit the respective friends, and thus, it would certainly be very delightful to have their friendship strengthened by so near a family connexion. However, as the parties had never seen each other, nothing very decisive could be said on that point ; it was only settled that a genteel residence, two or three miles out of town, with good gardens, would be desirable—Ellen pleaded for the addition of a fishpond and a terrace walk in the gardens, and especially for a carriage sweep in front of the house. Mary did not consider these, by any means essential, but hoped there would be a good poultry yard, and wished there might also be a small conservatory, as she was particularly fond of rearing flowers ; and yet, on second thoughts, she could scarcely expect such an indulgence, as she believed it would involve considerable expense ; particularly that of a constant gardener, which it was not very likely she would be in circumstances to afford. However, there was not much expense in looking at these things, through the long perspective of six or seven years, and so, while they were talking, it would cost no more to agree that the two families should, every summer, visit a watering place together.

Years rolled on—the young ladies both left school, carrying with them quite as fair a portion of the elements of knowledge as usually falls to the lot of boarding-school young ladies. Their governess was a sensible and conscientious woman, more concerned to teach her pupils thoroughly what they were capable of learning, and what was likely to prove of real utility to them, than to cram them with superficial accomplishments, for which they have neither taste, talent, nor use ; and of which it may be said, as of the "trimmings" of the tailor,—

"Buckram, canvas, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Though seldom in the garment found."

Mrs. Seagrave's pupils having, in common parlance, "finished their education," went forth as young ladies very well to pass in the world. But how misapplied the phrase!—*finished* their education ! Has the silk-worm finished *its* education when it has left off to eat mulberry leaves ? No, it has yet all its practical knowledge to acquire. It has to learn and practise the grand business of life, the real object of its existence. It is yet in the rudiments of its being, and is now going into a state of seclusion, that its capabilities may develop themselves for purposes of practical

utility. So the young lady leaves school, not to leave off learning, but to enter on another course of study—a new stage of her education. Happy the young female who, during the very important period that intervenes between her leaving the elementary school, and entering on the school of active life in the house of her husband, is the docile private pupil of a sensible and judicious mother; and wise is the young man who, when casting his eyes round for some charmer, to fill the vacant niche in his solitary domicile, takes into account, as an item of no small preponderance in determining his choice, her advantages or deficiencies in this respect.

Well, Mary and Ellen both left school—both spent several years at home, and, as already observed, in course of time, both were married. *That*, to be sure, was no very extraordinary occurrence; but it so happened, and this they did reckon rather singular, that both were married on the same day. And what then became of the school engagement about bride and bridesmaid? Why, the two announcements of arrangements and invitations from the two young ladies, crossed on the road, and as neither party was quite disposed to yield the palm of precedence and priority, it was mutually agreed that the long cherished intention must be relinquished on both sides, and some other friend selected to occupy the interesting post.

And thus, too, fled all the aerial castles which sweet fancy had erected in the halcyon days of childhood—

“And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.”

Mary's brother, Henry, and Ellen's uncle, Arthur, figured not in the scene; for the one was fagging through the labyrinths of the law, and the other was “far, far at sea.” Nor was the *beau idéal* of the home of which she was to become mistress, realized by either of the young ladies, in that to which she was conducted by the husband of her affections. There were no fishponds—no conservatories—no terrace walks—no carriage sweep—no genteel country residence, for each had married—gentle reader, don't be shocked—a respectable young tradesman; and the respective bridal parties alighted at the houses of “Walker, hatter and hosier, 120, High-street, W——,” and “Collins, bookseller and stationer, 96,”—in the same street. In this one particular the wishes of the school girls were fulfilled—they were located near each other—though it was the particular on which they laid the least stress, having calculated on the convenience of a carriage of some sort, which would facilitate their frequent meeting; and as they never had resided very near

each other, they had not learned to dream much about that circumstance as essential to their friendly enjoyment.

Now, though Messrs. Walker and Collins were, in one sense, near neighbours, residing only at the distance of twenty-four doors from each other, no particular acquaintance had subsisted between them. They had once or twice met, in consequence of being members of the same reading society; and had formed a rather favourable opinion of each other; but both being more inclined to taciturnity and reserve, in mixed society, than to loquacity, no very rapid advances to familiarity had taken place between the two young tradesmen; and though for the last few months each had occasionally disappeared from behind his counter for two or three days, and the simultaneous painting and papering of the two houses had given confirmation to the general rumour, that each was certainly going to fetch home a wife, the young men had not been attracted to each other by the circumstance that the respective objects of their choice had been school-fellows, and early friends, for this simple reason, that neither party was aware of the fact. When these journeys took place, Collins had been observed to mount the London evening coach; but whether he proceeded all the way to London, or whether he stopped short of it, had not been ascertained. About the same time in the evening, and that usually Thursday evening,—Thursday being market day—Walker started on horseback, taking an opposite direction. On the ensuing Monday morning, each had resumed his wonted post behind the counter, or in the counting-house, of the High-street.

The young ladies resided with their parents, at a distance short of forty miles from each other—Mary at N——, about twenty miles from W——, on the London road, and Ellen at S——, about sixteen miles north-westward of the same city, but not on any high road. They were not, therefore, very accessible to each other; and though a mutual visit had often been projected, some circumstance or other had always intervened to hinder it from being carried into effect. Hence, they had never met since they left school; and their connexion had been kept up only by an occasional interchange of letters. However, a very kindly feeling still subsisted between them, and the old promise was duly remembered and pleaded; but, from the coincidence in point of time, already related, could not, in either instance, be fulfilled. It was then that the parties became mutually aware that they were to be settled within a few doors of each other; a circumstance so agreeable as almost to do away the feeling of disappointment in the disarrangement of

their childish schemes. A cousin of Ellen's gladly consented to fill the place of bridesmaid at her wedding; and the two sisters of Collins were engaged, one to accompany him to fetch home the bride, and the other to prepare the house for her reception.

The happy day was fixed for Tuesday the 20th. A slight discussion arose as to the period of reaching home. The young ladies had agreed that they should like to make their first appearance at church together, and the young men had each expressed an anxious desire to be as short a time as possible absent from business; each ventured to suggest that he had never been absent a single market day, and that he should much rather avoid an unnecessary deviation from his established custom,—could it be arranged for them to reach home on the Wednesday? "Oh no," replied the mother of Ellen, in whose presence the question was proposed, "it would be quite contrary to etiquette to appear at church the first Sunday; besides it will be impossible in less than a week to get ready for receiving your visitors, who will begin to call as soon as you have been seen at church." (The sensible modern practice had not then been adopted, of signifying on cards of announcement, two or three days on which the new married pair will hold themselves at liberty to receive visitors. The appearance of the bride at church was considered the signal of invitation, which extended over the whole remaining space of the honey-moon, much to the inconvenience and annoyance of sober people, who wanted to settle down to their regular employments and quiet happiness.) "By all means, my dear," replied the mother of Mary, when consulted by her daughter as to the propriety of complying with the wishes of her intended in that particular; "by all means, as you value your future comfort and prosperity, be ready to encourage and promote his steady attention to the claims of business. It is that by which you and your future family are to be supported; and do not let your caprice, or a vain compliance with the nonsensical forms of fashion, interfere with so reasonable and proper an arrangement. The three remaining days of the week you will find amply sufficient, with the kind help of your sisters, to make what little preparation is necessary for receiving the few who may think it worth their while to seek the acquaintance of a young tradesman's wife."

So Emma Collins was requested to inform her sister Lucy, that they hoped to be with her on the evening of Wednesday the 21st. This instance of graceful acquiescence on the part of his intended bride, was hailed by the young man as the pledge of her uniform dis-

cretion and co-operation; and more exalted and endeared her in his esteem, than a hundred adventitious circumstances, which,—though they might add splendour or gaiety to the transient scene, or even put him in possession of a handsome fortune, as they would have nothing to do with character,—could afford no certain indications of permanent happiness.

When a similar compliance on the part of Ellen, was pronounced impossible, and *that* by an authority which, in common courtesy, could not but be deemed conclusive; no alternative remained to the husband but to give up his point, and leave such orders with his men and boys, as he hoped might ensure their fidelity and attention to business. Still he could not feel as much at ease as if he were on the spot to superintend their movements; and during the whole of Thursday, though it was spent in visiting the splendid mansion and delightful park of the Marquis of —, Walker appeared anxious and gloomy, nor could the sprightly efforts of his fair Ellen and her gay bridesmaid rally him into cheerfulness. In truth, his mind was running on the holiday-making of John Gilpin, and he could not forbear disadvantageously contrasting his own circumstances with those of the renowned hero, who, though ready mounted—

"When, turning round his face, he saw
Three customers come in,"

had nothing to control his free agency; but promptly obeyed the dictates of prudence, and

"—down he got—for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence he knew full well,
Would grieve him yet much more."

However, when Thursday was over, he consoled himself by thinking that it was of no use fretting about it; his absence was only for once, and on an occasion that would not again occur; and he should settle down to business all the better for a little longer recreation; and as Ellen had declined the condition on which he pleaded for her compliance with his wish of reaching home before market day,—that of a promise to take her out for three or four days in the course of the summer,—he had not that fresh interruption hanging over him; so he hoped it was all for the best, and the remaining days were spent very pleasantly. However, right glad was he when, on the afternoon of Monday the 26th, he found himself on the road to W—, and his pleasing anticipations of being happily and quietly settled down *at home*, were only just now and then interrupted by a slight misgiving, in the shape of a hope that business had not suffered by his long absence.

[To be continued.]

Original Poetry.

SONNET TO T. A. TIDMARSH, ESQ.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

(Author of "*Rhyme, Romance, and Recovery.*")

Though fortune hath not smil'd upon my lot,
 And bless'd my state with bounteous stores of wealth,
 Still sorrows needless I will harbour not,
 But thank my God that I have mind and health;
 I thank Him, too, that I can look around,
 Nor feel myself unfriended on the earth,
 For many ties about my heart are wound,
 Full many joys within my soul have birth;
 And not the least th' emotion which I feel
 For thee, who oft in sorrow's darken'd hour
 Did'st friendship's sacred influence reveal,
 And in mine ear thy soothing counsels pour;
 Nor gav'st thou words alone in hour of need,—
 Thou wert alike in language and in deed.

TWENTY YEARS BACK.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY,

(Author of "*Poor Law Melodies.*")

Twenty years back!—twenty years back!
 The field of existence, how lovely it shone,
 Flowers of the brightest hue bloomed on its track,
 And the heart of the Angel of Hope was the throne!
 Then, round the hearth of our childhood we met
 Friends, who breathed kindness in every tone,
 Whose memory cheers and illumines us yet,
 As the perfume remains, though the blossom be gone!
 Twenty years past!—twenty years past!
 How sweet was the vision that dawned on our youth,
 When Love o'er our bosoms his soft fetters cast,
 And we thought that his golden illusions were truth.
 Fair was the form at whose beautiful shrine,
 The heart's first and purest affections were laid—
 Alas! Time hath levelled that temple divine—
 Its ruins are in the dark sepulchre laid.
 Twenty years since!—twenty years since!—
 Sad is the warning we learn from their flight;
 The griefs they have brought in their progress, convince
 That *here*, evanescent is all that is bright.
 May we, who are pilgrims in darkness and tears,
 While spared, with such wisdom our moments employ,
 As will guide to that kingdom of glory, where years
 Only add to our friendships, our love, and our joy.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GLOBE.—Dr. Chalmers says, "Does Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more, at the time alluded to, than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say, that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed in the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or,

finally, does he ever make us understand, that the generation of man went further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers."—*Evid. Christ. Rev. in Edin. Ency.*

Peter Peutman, a painter, at Rotterdam, was requested to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, representing skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures and possessions; and that he might imitate nature with exactness, he went into an anatomical room, where several skeletons hung by wires from the ceiling, and bones and skulls were scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs. While he was thus employed, either owing to fatigue or intense study, he fell asleep; but was suddenly aroused by the shock of an earthquake. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons move about, as they were shaken in different directions, and the skulls roll from one side of the room to the other. Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself out of the window into the street, and thus terminated his existence.

Colonel Chartres (who was the most notorious rascal in the world, and who had by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth), sensible of the disadvantages of a bad character, was once heard to say, that although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it. Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore when he was robbed by the soldiers. Yes, sir, replied the poor fellow. Then, my friend, rejoined the captain, I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor coat.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenaid Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Sootland Place; LEAMING, Blocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

(Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.)

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 18.]

SATURDAY, 5TH MARCH, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"The signs of the times!" we think we hear some one exclaim—"prophecy or politics?" Gentle reader, neither of the two. It is on signs more easily interpreted—those which figure over every shop-door, and by which every man's calling is made known—that we purpose saying a few words. "And, pray, what of *these* signs?" it may be asked. Remember Job.

In treating historically of signs we may refer for their antiquity to the age of the Romans, amongst whom it was customary to affix devices outside their shops, emblematical of the professions pursued within. Quintilian, who flourished about ninety years before the Christian era, refers to one of these in his writings. "There were shops round the market-place," he says, "and this shield hung there as a sign." And it appears that the practice prevailed for many succeeding centuries, and that the introduction of names and professions, unaccompanied by symbolical representations, is, comparatively, but of recent origin. We are unable to determine the precise period when signs were first employed in England. Most people have heard of the "Boar's Head in Eastcheap," where merry John Falstaff cracked his jokes and quaffed his cup of sack, and many have read the reflections that arose in the mind of Goldsmith when he sat in the "*identical room*" where Prince Hal and the

valiant knight "gave life to the revel, and even made debauchery not disgusting." This royal rendezvous—rendered famous by the genius of Shakspeare—fell a prey to the great fire of 1666, and its successor was swept away in the recent improvements at London Bridge. We have the authority then of Shakspeare that tavern signs, at least, existed in the fifteenth century, and all doubt is removed by the evidence adduced by Mr. Brayley, who, in his *Londiniana*, states, that "the earliest notice of the Boar's Head occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II. gave 'all that his tenement called the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor.' In those ages, however, the use of signs must not have been general, for even so late as the seventeenth century we find Charles I. granting a charter to the city of London, in which the inhabitants are required "to hang out signs for the better finding of their respective dwellings"—implying a state of things sufficiently barbarous to have deterred any one from visiting the Metropolis, and appalling enough to make us thankful that our own times have so *signally* improved. The terms of the Royal charter appear to have been generally complied with, and even exceeded—tradesmen began to vie with each other in the elegance of their sign-posts—devices of all kinds now proclaimed the professions of the citizens—paintings of every degree of excellence

were pendent in front of their shops—many eminent artists found employment for their pencils in their production—and the streets of London rather resembled some gallery of pictures and works of art, than the business thoroughfares of a populous city. To such an extreme was this custom carried, that an act was passed in the tenth year of George the Second's reign, directing the removal of the large sign frames, which extended across entire streets, and by subsequent statutes, passed in 1762 and 1771, the sign-posts, which obstructed the footpaths, and the signs themselves, which, as they hung over the pavements, threatened danger to pedestrians, were ordered to be taken down. They now occupy a less objectionable situation, on the fronts of our houses and over the doors of our shops; but the law still restricts a man from obtruding his name and profession too prominently on public notice, although it permits him to sacrifice the light of heaven that he may excel his neighbour in the dimensions of his sign.

The employment of devices indicative of the various trades has now almost wholly ceased, but undoubted evidence of its having generally prevailed still exists—in the mystic balls suspended over the abodes of pawnbrokers—the gilded grapes pendent at the doors of vintners—the kilted Highlander, "mull" in hand, who stands sentry at the snuff shop—in the barber's pole and the dentist's tooth; and from the title page of many old books we may learn that even printers of former days had their own distinctive emblems—that Wynkin de Worde "emprynted at the sygne of the Sonne"—and Pynson at that of "the George in Flete-strete." But enough of the past—it was of the signs of our own times that we proposed to treat—we therefore leave more minute research to those of our readers who may be engaged in tracing the origin and history of *buttons*.

Many valuable lessons may be acquired in the streets; they are the real stage of life—their scenes are ever changing—the players are the busy men of the world, and every observant person forms part of the audience. Exhibitions of heart-rending misery—occurrences the most ludicrous—characters the most singular—plots the most intricate, were never so faithfully presented as on our streets; and in a day's walk through the thoroughfares of London especially, one may see as much genuine humour, and learn as much practical wisdom, as can be witnessed within the walls of any Metropolitan theatre. We need hardly say then that we walk the streets, and would at any time prefer a stroll in the crowded avenues of Cheapside, or the Strand, to a ramble in the open fields or the deserted highway. In our journey through

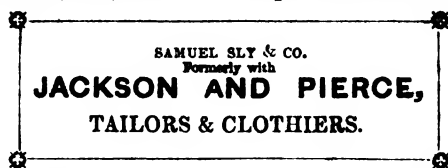
life, we have often derived as great pleasure from observing and contrasting the signs, as from studying the faces, we have seen. They are equally varied, characteristic, and instructive, and from both more may be inferred than appears. Take tavern and alehouse signs, for instance—in one sense they are indices of national feeling, and evidences of individual greatness. Had Wellington not been a hero, neither inns nor boots would have borne his name, and had Nelson not fought and died for his country, no "landlord" would have made his name a "household word." What town does not boast its "Queen's Head," its "Royal Albert"—its "Duke of Marlborough," or its "Marquis of Granby"? True, the distorted representations of these personages which adorn our inns may be employed merely for the sake of distinction, but by their adoption is evinced the popularity of the individuals thus honoured, for who ever heard of the "Robespierre Inn," the "Greenacre Head," or the "Cardigan Arms"? We venture to assert no Englishman would patronize such houses, and the chances are, if ever such signs were displayed, that the nation would rise *en masse*, and demand their removal. As the popularity of an air is incontrovertibly proved in its being murdered by street vocalists, and ground by wandering organists, so the enduring fame of a man is placed beyond all doubt, when his name is associated with the alehouses of his country. When his likeness becomes a sign, it is a sign of immortality—every rude resemblance of him is a monument raised to his memory—his rustic portrait, as it creeks to the breeze, is endeared by a thousand pleasing reminiscences, for it is suggestive of convivial hours and merry meetings, and as long as men gather under a roof permanently honoured by his countenance, they will cease not to venerate his name. But the tide of popular opinion ebbs as well as flows, and when some living idol of the nation falls in its esteem, his condemnation may be read even in its signs. Not many years have passed since Lord Brougham incurred the displeasure of the people—as a consequence, the alehouses distinguished by the Chancellor's name were instantly re-baptized, and in more than one case we personally witnessed his Lordship's head unceremoniously inverted. In this humiliating posture it remained until the tide began to flow again, when it was restored to its original dignified position. Signs are thus undoubted indications of public feeling—to use a homely phrase, they may "make or mar a man"—their importance, therefore, should not be overlooked by those who strive to be patriots, or aspire to be heroes. We remember an instance in which the peace and tranquillity

of an entire parish were disturbed, merely by a sign, which, had it not speedily been changed, might have led to results fearful to contemplate. A thoughtless owner of a tavern took the liberty of exhibiting over his door the figure of a female destitute of a head, and naturally conceiving that some explanation would be required of so uncommon a phenomenon, placed underneath the painting—"THE QUIET WOMAN." The remedy for feminine loquacity thus implied, was sufficiently monstrous to have roused the indignation even of those who were daily undergoing so fiery an ordeal as a woman's ceaseless tongue, but, as often happens, the ladies took the matter into their own hands—proceeded in a body to the house—originated a select riot, and in one brief hour demolished the offensive picture. The ladies seldom fail in their public undertakings; it is therefore needless to say that nothing was afterwards heard of the "quiet woman," and that the tavern is now known by a less libellous name. There is danger therefore in the selection of signs, since the public eye thus takes cognizance of them, and in them may be implicated the respectability of a whole neighbourhood.

Connected with the signs of public houses, there is an anomaly for which we have never been able to account, namely, their daring violation of the laws of nature and the immutable principles of truth. In them the science of natural history, in particular, is wholly set at defiance, for, despite the researches of Cuvier and Buffon, they are not unfrequently made to represent animals which even Wombwell himself never dreamt of. We will go so far as to admit that *white* blackbirds may be found, having ourselves seen one of the species, but we have no faith in the existence of *Blue Boars* or *Red Lions*, such creatures never having been met with in Nature's wide domain; and on the same grounds we protest against the exhibition over the doors of our inns and taverns, of double-necked Swans, Golden Eagles, Mermaids, Griffins, Phoenixes, and Unicorns. In these enlightened times such fabulous creations ought not to be tolerated in our streets, seeing they are calculated to foster ignorance, and retard the advancement of science. As to the heterogeneous jumbling of Cocks and Harps, Geese and Gridirons, Pigs and Whistles, or Mice and Mopsticks—no erroneous inferences can be drawn from them—they are harmless conceits, and serve to amuse the public. But, as in the Hen and Chickens, which conveys a useful lesson, it were well if the artists of tavern signs drew more from nature and less from fancy. Their high-flown conceptions we are perhaps unable to appreciate, for we infinitely prefer the truth and simplicity of eating-

house signs, where a round of beef, and a foaming tankard of ale, with the staff of life in the foreground, and a semi-lunar cheese in the distance, give earnest of substantial hospitality, and induce many a weary pedestrian to partake of the realities so temptingly depicted. It has not been our privilege to see the alehouse sign in the execution of which Wilkie early developed his genius, or that which the infatuated George Morland once dashed off in discharge of a night's score he had incurred, but we doubt not many living artists might benefit by an inspection of them, and learn at least one useful lesson therefrom, never to paint above the most ordinary capacity.

In what might be termed *commercial signs*—those of manufacturers, tradesmen, and shopkeepers—there is a wide field for observation. Amongst so diversified a class it is not singular that aristocracy of feeling should prevail with some, and betray itself even in the character of their signs. The opulent merchant, conscious of his hold on public favour—secure in the fame of a business inherited from his forefathers—despises the gigantic signs of modern date, and simply places over the entrance to his well-known establishment, his name and calling in unobtrusive letters, or possibly suppresses both—whilst the aspiring tradesman, envious of notoriety, and "defying competition" to all around, adopts a sign-board so huge and glaring as, according to all optical principles, can only be read with comfort at a distance. Even the struggling barber, whose profits will not admit of any external decorations being lavished on his premises, and who announces his profession by the parti-coloured pole, and the word "SHAVING" impartially distributed amongst the empty panes of his window, would imitate his more successful neighbour in the dimension of his sign, if he had the means—the modesty of his appeal to public patronage is the result of necessity, not of choice, for few barbers enjoy a monopoly of business, and all of them aspire to independence. Thus some indication of the conscious strength of a firm, of its stability and resources, may be deduced from its sign. And so, too, may its innate weakness. A name is a powerful auxiliary in some trades; its value cannot be estimated, but it may be conjectured from the frequency with which it is purloined; thus:—



Here the desired inference is, that the estab-

lishment which owns such a sign, is a branch of the celebrated Jackson and Pierce, the superiority of whose workmanship may have gained them an honourable distinction in their profession—it is not to be conceived that such personages as Samuel Sly & Co. even exist—the entire hopes of the concern are founded on the fame of Jackson and Pierce—but the firm clearly avows its own weakness—they have purloined a *name*—their very sign would condemn them. Such instances are not like angels' visits—nor is the scheme unprofitable, for many a man has thus owed his fortune to his sign, and sacrificed his honesty for gain.

Thieves and practical jokers are an observant class of men, and signs have not escaped *their* notice. It is recorded of one of the "light-fingered" gentry, that on one of his nocturnal professional rambles he stealthily took down a tradesman's sign, and having slightly altered its appearance, had the unblushing effrontery, shortly afterwards, to offer it for sale to its owner, urging that it would be of greater service to him than to any one else, seeing the name and occupation it bore so happily corresponded with his own.—The labours of a certain Marquis in defacing and transposing signs are well known, and we have been told of a gentleman in Cumberland who, by way of a practical joke, forwarded his own sign per railway, to a recently married couple in Lancashire, as an apology for not paying his respects in person. This was carrying politeness too far, and although we may smile at such incidents, we cannot countenance them.

Sign painters, like poets, take unwarrantable liberties with our language, and their punctuation and orthography have afforded amusement to the public, time out of mind. Their ideas of the properties of commas and semicolons are best known to themselves, but, judging from numberless efforts of their brushes, we should conceive they believed them invented only to fill up the necessary vacancies between words, and as designed rather for ornament than for use. Of their orthography many examples might be given, but we content ourselves with presenting the two following. Over the door of a dairy in a town we lately visited, the proprietor announces that "Milk and *Kreme R* sold *hear*," and a cobbler in the cellar underneath advertizes "*Ripares neatly dun*." Both may have been the handywork of one genius; but in every hamlet in the kingdom similar specimens may be found—proving that in some respects art is in *advance* of letters, and shewing the urgent necessity for the establishment of *schools* for sign-painters. But in these, and all other respects, we anticipate in the future a progressive improvement in "the Signs of the Times."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AS IT NOW IS.

BY ALEX. FALKNER, ESQ., OF NEWCASTLE.

[Concluded from No. XVI.]

GENERAL IMPROVEMENTS.

In addition to Grey-street and the various public edifices we mentioned in a former paper, Mr. Grainger has built a wide and spacious street adjoining the markets, appropriately named after himself, also several minor streets, some of which are at present unoccupied, and many half finished. Clayton-street, intended as the approach to the town from Scotswood, or from Elswick, is the longest in Newcastle, and the most continuous pile of building reared by Mr. Grainger—for the last twelve months it has been in a complete *skeleton* state, consisting of bare walls and joists; shops and houses are now, however, being completed, as tenants appear to occupy them. "Gibson Town," an immense mass of buildings, including spacious markets, built by T. C. Gibson, Esq., is in a similar state, so that Newcastle is completely overbuilt. Nearly one hundred "Building Societies"—the appellations of some of which are curious enough, as the "Temperance Building Society," the "Eligible Operative Building Society," &c.,—have built round the entire suburbs of Newcastle and Gateshead—so that as Britain has been labouring under a railway, Newcastle is suffering under a building mania, which may, probably, eventually turn out as profitable a speculation as Cheops' pyramids. In 1831, the Royal Arcade was erected by Mr. Grainger, at a cost of £45,000; it is a massive pile, of great height and length, and ornamental in front—the roof, which consists of eight circular glass domes, and the floor, which is chequered by diamond-shaped marble, give the interior a rich and costly appearance. At the extremity is a long flight of steps, which leads to the Gaol and Police establishment. The Arcade is but very partially occupied; the Post Office is one of the principal causes of thoroughfare. At the entrance are the premises of the North of England Banking Company, and on the left those of the Savings Bank, notorious as the scene of the mysterious murder of Joseph Mylie by Archibald Bolam.

Newcastle markets are the most spacious, convenient, and splendid that can well be imagined—of all the boasts of the town, the markets ought to rank pre-eminent. "The entire parallelogram of buildings occupies," says Mr. Sopwith, "a space of 13,906 square yards!" Nothing can surpass the beauty of this building as a market place; the cleanliness and order which prevail throughout, and the rich display of "beef and greens" in the butchers' and vegetable markets on the Saturday mornings,

exceed every thing that the fancy of him who has not had the pleasure of being an eye witness can possibly conceive.

The corn markets, built by Messrs. A. Spoor and Son, are situated in the immediate vicinity of St. Nicholas church; they are convenient and well adapted for the purpose. In front, a vacant piece of ground, facing the church, remains unoccupied; perhaps it might form a convenient site for a monument to the inventor of the *Sliding Scale*.

A chapel, dispensary, lecture room, capable of containing one thousand persons, a hall for public meetings, of vast size (both of which formed but a small portion of the rooms in which the "Newcastle Polytechnic Exhibition" was held) have all been built by Mr. Grainger. Bleckett-street, Eldon-square, and a host of commodious and convenient dwelling-houses (now long completely finished and tenanted) are likewise the result of the operations of this great mind; and whether we consider the talent, vigour, or vastness which have characterised his plans, we must confess that it rarely enters into the dreams of genius to confer such substantial benefits upon their native place.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

Newcastle can boast of being the birth place and fostering parent of many of our highly gifted countrymen, both in the literary and scientific world, as well as of others in the higher walks of art. Need we mention the immortal pencil of Martin, who has more than realized the sublimest conceptions of a Milton, or the illustrious works of Bewick, whose genius has delineated nature in all her majesty and simplicity, or Lough, whose chisel, instinct with life, transformed the shapeless and unwieldy block into the image and colossal likenesses of gods and demons?

In 1793 was established the "Literary and Philosophical Society," originated by the Rev. Wm. Turner, a person of inestimable worth. The library contains upwards of fourteen thousand volumes; about seven hundred members, many of whom are men of high rank in the scientific world, support this excellent institution. The Museum of the "Natural History Society" is connected with the Philosophical Society, and comprises natural history specimens, geological collections, and antiquities, Egyptian, Roman, and British. Mechanics' Institutes and Popular Lecture Societies have also been established for the dissemination of knowledge among all classes, at a moderate charge, and all are well supported.

It has long been remarked by the London publishers that the demand for literature in

Newcastle exceeds that of any town of a similar size, and whether this arises from *wealth* or *taste*, it is a *certain* criterion of the superior intelligence of the inhabitants.

The Newcastle Medical School is recognized by the Royal College of Surgeons, and under the many able and talented lecturers, the student prepares himself thus far to take his degrees. The Infirmary is admirably situated for the restoration of the health of its inmates, and gives scope for the practice of the various branches of medical tuition. An eminent tact for "the beautiful in the arts," (as M. Vimont would say) characterises the minds of the people, as the magnificent display of talent at the "Polytechnic Exhibition," and the prosperity of the "Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" incontestably prove.

SOCIETY IN NEWCASTLE.

We may not have seen enough, or gained that experience which would sufficiently qualify us to judge, or ranged through all the spheres of society, so as to form a correct estimate, of the minds and habits of the people, or to speak confidently upon this topic; yet we think ourselves greatly mistaken, if a more liberal and enlightened tone of feeling pervades society in any quarter more generally, than Newcastle. Compared with, exclusively, manufacturing towns, it is free from the everlasting themes of business profits and speculation, from the smatter and small talk of London, and the "Blue Stocking" pride of Edinburgh—you are not subjected to the harangues upon all and every subject so common in the city, issuing from every thoroughfare of words, and are much more warmly received than by the "Modern Athenians," whose cold bleak iron pride crushes the stranger to the ground upon his very entrance upon the threshold of society. Upon delivery of your "introduction" no critical investigation of sixteen cousins takes place, or any monetary speculations formed, from which transfers of unmarried daughters, or suicidal tragedies, may be speedily predicated. Society is more open and truly friendly, and devoid of that *exclusiveness* so peculiarly a feature in Scottish towns; it is also free from those fatiguing church government dogmas, so much the table topic in Scotland—political opinions are mildly canvassed, and religious ones gently handled, whilst the pleasures of knowledge and the interchange of information give zest to agreeable conversation.

But we must here conclude our hasty sketch, trusting that we may have disabused our readers of magazine follies, and fulfilled our original promise in keeping our language within the bounds of truth and moderation.

THE BACK PARLOUR ;

OR, COMFORT AND STYLISHNESS.

*(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of 'Cottage Comforts,' 'The Young Folks of the Factory,' 'History of Slavery,' &c.)**[Continued from our last.]*

About six o'clock in the evening of the 21st of February, a post-chaise drove up to the door of No. 96, and Mr. Collins handed out his bride, whom he committed to the care of his two sisters; while he returned to look after the luggage, and dismiss the driver. Mary was introduced by the one sister, and welcomed by the other, with a frankness and cordiality, that encouraged her confidence, as it seemed to express a disposition to be pleased with their new relation. "You are rather earlier than I expected," said Lucy, while assisting the travellers in undressing, "and I am really vexed to say that the best parlour is not quite ready for your reception—the rolling blinds are not up—I am every moment expecting the man to fix them. I have sent several times for him, and the last answer was, that the master was sorry it had been neglected, but the moment the men returned from work, which would be about six o'clock, he would send one of them down. What must we do? You must be quite in want of refreshment, and yet it will be scarcely pleasant to sit down to tea without blinds, or to be interrupted by the man coming to do them. I did intend to have every thing so *very* comfortable."—"And so it is very comfortable," returned Mary; "I am sure you are very kind to have taken so much pains. But why cannot we have our tea in that snug little room we went into at first, where the work table stood? Were you not sitting there at work when we arrived?"—"Yes, I was, but it would be scarcely respectful to take you there on your first coming into the house."—"Dear, why not? I am not come to be stuck up for a fine lady, but to make William comfortable, and be comfortable with him, in the most quiet unostentatious way possible. I have often heard my dear mother say, she had spent hundreds more happy hours in the common parlour than the best. Do, if you please, let us go into the back parlour at once. It will be so nice and snug, and like being at home from the very first."—"Well, if you really will excuse it,"—said Lucy; and away she bounded to order in the repast, with a step lightened by pleasure, to think that her new sister understood the adage which was so very dear to her own family—"Home is home, be it ever so homely."

And so, round the cheerful fire in the little back parlour, the party were presently seated, sipping the refreshing beverage, and as happy as mortals could be. As Mary cast her eye

round the apartment, she observed that *every* thing was perfectly neat, and in good keeping. There was no attempt at splendour of furniture, or decoration, which would have been incongruous with the rest, and with the design of the whole. The new paper was lively—but not costly; the carpet was good, but of sober colours, that would not soon fade or appear dirty; and that part of it on which the tea table stood, was covered with a green baize. The said table was a "Pembroke," well made and well kept, but not new. It had, probably, in Collins's bachelor days, served as a table of all work—tea, supper, reading, book-keeping, had, in turns, claimed its support. But there was also a work-table, modern and new, which delicately intimated the wish and expectation that the intended mistress of the family should there carry on her needle-work operations. The recesses on either side of the fire place were enclosed, as a sort of cheffonier. One of these contained the tea caddy, sugar basin, the plate in daily use, biscuits, wine, &c. The other was appropriated to, what might be more strictly denominated, family stores; and over each was a glass case of books—the one a well-selected family library—the other, some expensively bound volumes belonging to the shop. The room was elevated three steps above the passage, and a small window, with a green silk curtain inside, overlooked the shop. A moreen curtain covered a large window, opposite to the above-mentioned small one. "And what sort of view does it command?" asked Mary; "but I shall see it by daylight." Her husband drew aside the curtains, and though an eye unaccustomed to the scene could not correctly distinguish the different objects it presented, yet the wide and unbroken expanse of starry sky, over which the full orb'd moon walked in her brightness, led Mary to remark that, at any rate, it was not like the moonlight view from the bottom of a funnel, which is all that can be obtained in some of the narrow streets of London—"And yet," she added, "it is possible, that in some of those very unenviable situations, there may dwell as much real happiness, and real thankfulness, as where the habitations of man are surrounded with every thing that is beautiful, desirable, and commanding."—"True," it was echoed, "for the contented mind carries with it its own spring of happiness, and, by its benevolently diffusive influence, sheds cheerfulness and pleasure on all around."

"And now, Lucy," said her brother, when the party had resumed their seats, "we must have a word about business. Has any thing particular been wanted during my absence?"

"There were several orders, which Mason

thought had better be sent for, to come in the weekly parcel—I hope we have done right in that particular."

"Quite so—and what else?"

"Dr. Warburton called on Monday, and particularly wanted to see you."

"Indeed! what *did* you say?"

"Why, I was most heartily glad to have received Emma's letter on Sunday, as it enabled me to speak with confidence of your being home this evening. At first, he seemed disposed to go elsewhere, but, on my assuring him that he might depend on seeing you, he engaged to wait till to-morrow morning, when he is coming over, and will call here soon after nine o'clock."

"That's well—have you any idea of the nature of his business?"

"Yes—he told me a little about it, and hence I was very desirous that you should be home in time to undertake it; for I thought it was likely to be such a good thing for you. You know he was left executor to old Mr. Herbert, whose goods are to be sold the week after next. The Doctor intends to take a number of the books, which he has selected; on these he wishes you to set a value, and to arrange the rest of the library for the auction. He says it must be attended to to-morrow, that the announcement may be got into the London papers in due time. The house is sold by private contract, and is to be entered upon at Lady-day; and the sale of the furniture and library will occupy three days. By the way, too, you are to print the catalogues; so, altogether, I hope it will be worth your looking after."

"Yes, indeed it will—you have managed it all very discreetly. I am sure, I am truly obliged to you—and my dear Mary too—you do not know, Lucy, her kindness in giving up her wish to remain out until Monday, that she might reach home at the same time with a young friend of hers, who is coming to be our neighbour. I know it was an act of self-denial, the kindness of which I own, and ought highly to appreciate."

"It scarcely deserved the name of self-denial, and I am sure it is abundantly requited in this little circumstance. Dear, how distressing it would have been to me, if you had staid out for my gratification, and your business had been injured, or your customers offended, in consequence! I am very, very glad we came home to-day. How does it make good my dear mother's words, that pleasure follows in the path of duty."

A respectable looking servant made her appearance to remove the tea things, to inform Miss Lucy that the man had put up the blinds,

and to inquire if there was any thing else for him to do. While waiting for the answer, her eyes naturally peered round to scan the physiognomy of her new mistress. By the bright cheerful beam that passed over her own, it might be augured that the impression was favourable: most likely it was so, for Mary certainly looked very happy at the moment; not merely pleased to think that she was married, and that she was the object of notice and admiration; but—more than pleased, she was really satisfied and happy—that she had conquered herself and gratified her husband, and had seen good resulting from her having done so; and a happy countenance is a benevolent countenance, and inspires pleasure as well as expresses it. So, without doubt, Martha liked the looks of her mistress, and quitted the parlour with a disposition to be pleased with, and to try to please her. People may say what they will, there is a great deal in making a good impression at first sight. It is easy to follow up and keep a good beginning; but if the first aspect be scornful or morose, it will take years of cheerful kindness to do away the first impression.

"My dear Mary," said Collins, as his wife re-entered the back parlour, after having been conducted by her sisters to take a view of the several apartments and furniture of her new abode; "I am waiting for the decision of your judgment and taste, in selecting a Family Bible."

On the table lay several for choice. Mary's preference fell on one, the binding of which was remarkably neat and good, but not splendid; she, however, referred the final decision to him who understood the matter much better than herself.

"Do you really," he asked, "prefer this to those that are so much more richly gilt?"

"Yes, indeed I do; it looks much more like a book intended for daily use, and will appear more consistent with the modest style of a common parlour. Besides, I dare say there is a great difference in the price, though none in point of real utility; and, as dear mamma has often said, what we gain by sparing in outward show, we shall be sure to enjoy in substantial comfort."

"I am glad, dear Mary, that our tastes and sentiments so fully concur. I must say that this is the book on which my own choice had rested, though I sincerely wished to give place to yours, if you had expressed another preference. Well, then, shall I insert our names, and make it our own?"

"By all means, dear William; and at what hour do you collect your little household?"

"At nine o'clock—as soon as the shop is

closed—but will it be agreeable to you for the family to assemble here this evening, or shall I meet them in another room?"

"Oh no—let us begin this very evening to meet as a family, just as we intend habitually to do. That is another of my dear mother's maxims, 'Begin at once the course you intend to pursue. If you hesitate in following the conviction of duty, delays and irregularity will thwart your best resolutions; and what ought to have been done at first, will never effectually be done at all.'"

So, at half-past eight, the shop shutters began their rumbling slide into the nightly post of duty; and, as the clock struck nine, Mason, the shopman, presented the shop key and books to his employer, respectfully bowing to Mrs. Collins, and took his seat. Edward, the apprentice, followed in the like act of courtesy. Martha, on entering the room, was going towards the well-known spot, to reach down the accustomed Bible, when she observed the handsome new one that already lay open before her master. A suitable portion of Scripture was read; and then, with deep and lowly devotion of heart, the head of the household, in the name of the little circle, acknowledged the goodness, and implored the blessing, of Him "who setteth the solitary in families."

And at nine o'clock the following morning, breakfast was over, and the family had again assembled round the footstool of Mercy, and had gone forth to the several avocations of the day. Collins was moving about in his shop and counting-house, informing himself of what had transpired during his absence; directing the movements of his subordinates, and waiting the expected visit of Dr. Warburton; and Mary was looking round with pleasure on the neat and convenient arrangements of the kitchen and larder, of which she that very day assumed the superintendence. "Every thing," she observed to her sisters, "looked just as if her own mother had had the ordering of it." The remark of Martha was the exact counterpart of that of her mistress. "The young lady looks about things as notionably as if she had been trained (as I was) under her good mother-in-law. She must have had a good mother, that's certain, or she would never know how to handle things, and ask such proper questions as she does." Martha was quite right in her conclusions.

All this was a good beginning, according to the old writing copy—

"Youth, set right at first, with ease move on,
And each new task is with new pleasure done."

There is nothing like stepping at once into the regular course of duty, and beginning as it is

desired and intended to proceed. Many well-meaning young women, by the indolence, timidity, or frivolity, which they suffer to prevail over the first few weeks after their marriage, cast difficulties and impediments in the way of the regular and satisfactory discharge of their daily duties, which, even if they do not extend over the whole of their career as wives and housekeepers, take years of effort to surmount. Let a careless servant have her own way for the first two or three weeks, and she will have wasted, misapplied, and injured half the good furniture of the kitchen. Nothing will appear new, good, and complete. Let even a careful, decent servant proceed, without control and superintendence, for the first two or three weeks—she may, perhaps, have managed her work pretty well, but she will have attained a supremacy which she ought not to possess. The mistress—when, perhaps, she begins to think it is now time that she should exercise control—is regarded as an interloper. Should her footstep be heard approaching the kitchen, she will probably be met by the empress of the domain, with a brow scowling like that of the Hesperian dragon, as if determined to repel all intrusion; and the young mistress, perhaps, after a feeble struggle, will timidly succumb to the tyranny of the usurping power, and surrender the unquestionable right, and the indispensable duty, of superintending the affairs of her household: or, perhaps, if the temper of the mistress be of a more resolute and independent cast, she will determine not to bear that by which the earth is often disquieted—a servant that reigneth, (Prov. xxx. 21, 22)—and part with one who, had she been kept in her place at first, might have proved a valuable servant. The clever servant is, perhaps, succeeded by one who does not know how to guide herself; and the mistress, however galling she may have found the resistance she has had to endure, has not been acquiring the habit of directing. She expects to combine all the cleverness of the one she has dismissed, with all the pliability of the one she has engaged. In this she is disappointed; irregularity and disorder prevail in the house; the servant is dismissed as an inveterate slut, and the family acquire the uncomfortable and discreditable habit of often changing their servants. And then, too, if on first entering their habitation in their family relation—though with the full intention of habitually maintaining the worship of God in their family,—an idle excuse had been suffered to thrust out the observance, just for the first evening and morning; from that very day irregularity and indifference would have gained a footing, and, in all probability, after a few feeble efforts, the practice would be altogether

laid aside, and the house be left—like the houses in which God is not called upon always are left,—without shelter and without defence. They were golden maxims for young house-keepers, impressed on Mary's mind by her excellent mother; "Begin nothing that you do not intend to continue, and nothing of which you have not well considered the end;" and "Begin at once as you would wish to proceed."

The proper superintendence of domestic affairs does not, necessarily, involve the mistress in dirty drudgery the whole morning long. With the habitual exercise of method and forethought, the daily visit to the kitchen need rarely occupy more than an hour, and may often be despatched in a few minutes. Mary had learned thus to methodize, and by ten o'clock, she was quietly seated at needle-work with her sisters, in the comfortable little back parlour. The day-light view from its window fully answered her expectations, and she was sure that in summer time, it must be very delightful indeed. A vine was trained over the back of the house, and beyond a convenient court yard, was a good piece of walled garden, not very extensive, but more than could be expected in a city. This was regarded by Mary as a great acquisition, for she still retained her early partiality for gardening. At the end of the garden, a gate opened into the meadows belonging to the cathedral, whose fine old gothic tower now formed a prominent object in the scene, though surrounded with lofty trees, by which, in the summer, it would be in a great measure intercepted. "Well, that is really beautiful—I could have had no idea of such a view in the heart of a city!—and that gate, too—so very pleasant to be able to slip out for a country stroll, without the formality of dressing to go through the streets." Pleasantly passed the morning in the little back parlour, in friendly chat between the sisters; the intervals of silence being also agreeably employed in thinking of letters to be written to the parents on either side, to announce the safe arrival of the new married pair. Mary thought how pleased her mother would be with the description she should send of the conveniences and comforts of her new habitation; and Lucy thought how pleased her parents would be to hear how quickly and quietly their new daughter had settled down into domestic habits; and what pleasing indications there were, that she would prove, in every sense, a helpmeet for their beloved son.

Such was Mary's *debut* in domestic life. It is time to turn to that of her friend.

[To be continued.]

FRENCH ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTERS OF ROMILLY, WILBERFORCE, AND LORD DUDLEY.

"The foreign and democratic theories which were adopted by Romilly, and which bore an affinity to those of Rousseau, Diderot, Alembert, and Holbach, did not attract many disciples of eminence; but amongst these were Erskine, Mackintosh, Southey, and Romilly, then all young men, allured by the new and uncertain light which was just dawning upon Europe. In the front rank of this ardent and inexperienced group, marched Paine the American, the learned Priestley, the subtle Horne Tooke, the whimsical Parr, the energetic Cobbett, and, lastly, the amiable and gentle Romilly; most of them remarkable for their eccentricities, or so young as to be of little consideration or influence. The pedantry of Parr, who could scarcely write six lines without the embellishment of three Greek quotations, his separate pipe and peruke for each of the days of the month, and the splendour of his household plate, rarely though it was that he gave entertainments, classed him amongst the most remarkable eccentrics of his day. Macintosh, Erskine, and Southey had just left the college benches, and the pantisocracy, or republican government, which the poet proposed to establish in America, was a fair subject of ridicule. Bentham, one of the most detestable writers of this age, but one of the acutest and deepest thinkers of any age, had scarcely yet begun those subtle researches which have signalised his life. Paine debased himself by a habit of drunkenness; Horne Tooke wanted courage and consideration; Cobbett alone struck home, addressing himself to the opinions, the prejudices, and the customs of Old England and of its yeomen, in whose idiom his works are written. The rhetorical flowers of Macintosh, the oratorical displays of Erskine, the grammatical niceties of Horne Tooke, the trivial logic of Paine, and the eloquent exaggerations of Southey, could not disguise from the English citizens a truth, of all others most dangerous to their party, that it was un-English.

"The revolutionary sympathies of the country, then, were superficial, rather than deeply rooted. By degrees, time detached from the ranks of the new theories the most brilliant, though least solid, of their partisans, Mackintosh, Erskine, and Southey. Cobbett, who had taken his stand on national grounds, still maintained his place; and it was he, without doubt, who most effectually ripened the public mind for those reforms which we have recently seen accomplished. As his model, Paine pro-

posed America; Mackintosh, France; Erskine and Tooke, the ancient republics, and Romilly, Geneva.

"It was, for the last, an advantage to be thus associated with a people so much more Calvinistic than the French. In strict morality, in the observance of the domestic virtues, in respect for the laws, for industry and for property, in the economic and profitable distribution of time and labour, there is more than an analogy between the English and the Swiss, subject, as they are, to the same habits and religious education. Profiting by his fortunate position, allied to the violent reformers of the continent, without sharing in their pretensions, systems, or faults—on the one hand, linked with Mirabeau, by his friend Dumont, and on the other, with the English puritans, by the hereditary sympathies of a religious refugee—Romilly speedily acquired a consideration which was strengthened by the amenity of his manners, and the unassuming self-reliance of his conduct. Married to a lady of finished beauty and amiable disposition, he rose by degrees to high honours in the legal profession, entered Parliament after repeated solicitations, and distinguished himself as a candidate by the delicacy of his conduct during elections, and as a member of the House of Commons, by regular and assiduous attention to his duties. Faithful to his purposes, he occupied himself chiefly in reforming judicial abuses, and never exercised a marked influence upon general politics.

"Gentleness and perseverance formed in Romilly a moral phenomenon. He was at once a Genevese and an Englishman—philanthropic yet practical, a Sir Charles Grandison in political life. In him was seen the rare union of practice with theory, sensibility sharpened to a morbid keenness, and a desire of the ideal ever at variance with realities, yet capable of subduing them to its purposes.

"It was about the beginning of the eighteenth century that a protestant family came from Montpellier, to establish itself in London, having abandoned in France a rich domain, and all the comforts of a family mansion, not for purposes of temporal advantage, but that they might dwell in the midst of their religious brethren, and worship God as their consciences directed. Remarkable for their simplicity of tastes, gentleness of disposition, and modest elegance of demeanour, they contrived, by dint of patient and honest industry, to maintain themselves without reaching any high degree of prosperity. Romilly, the father, by calling a jeweller, educated Sir Samuel with care and tenderness, leaving him free scope to follow the impulses of a mind naturally inge-

nuous, susceptible, and melancholy. The first impressions of the young man were taken from Fenelon, Addison, and Rousseau. These three masters, the first pathetic, the second elegant, the third inflammatory and dangerous, exercised upon the young protestant that magic influence which tempers the character for the future; to them he owed that birth of the mind, and that formation of the thinking powers, which are all decisive upon the individual, and which commonly operate between the ages of fifteen and twenty."

[It would be a pleasing task to trace the steady and rapid progress of Sir Samuel Romilly, from the simple but happy dwelling of his father, to the high station and pure fame which he afterwards attained. Our limits, however, forbid such detail, and the story of his life is so pleasingly told by Sir Samuel himself, in the recently published diary, that those of our readers who have seen it will readily admit our plea to be excused from relating the narrative in any other words; whilst to such as have not met with these volumes, our omission may partially serve as a motive for the perusal of a biography of such surpassing interest. Concluding its notice of Romilly, the Review goes on to say—]

"No political meanness or weakness, no single concession of a principle, ever escaped him. After having abolished or reformed two hundred laws, or fragments of ancient laws, loaded with the rust and inhumanity of the feudal ages, he was enjoying a popularity and reputation without mixture of bitterness, when the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, struck him to the heart. Two days afterwards he died by his own hand. I have already related how universally Britain bewailed him; the same people who had given the crown and rendered homage to Caroline, now covered with tears the tomb of Romilly.

"The English style of Romilly is full of charm and simplicity. Saxon words are not frequent, and there is a certain gentle and exquisite turn of expression, which assimilates it to the French style of Arnauld, Andilly, and Fenelon. Nor is it any chimera or philological subtilty, to affirm that races and families of men preserve much longer than has been supposed, the idiomatic form of the paternal or original language. The short and oblique pleasantries of the Chevalier Hamilton, resembles nothing else which our language, so abundant in happy witticisms, offers to observation. It is English humour refined to the most polished elegance, and may be compared to one of those sylph-like English beauties, to whom Paris has lent a grace more than French, without destroying the proud impress and transparence

of the Saxon blood. Romilly's style is at once French and Genevese; sentimental, pure, free from details and repetitions, and better arranged than that of most British writers; never hazardous, harsh, or impassioned, it is, at the same time, seldom picturesque, bold, or highly coloured. It offers few of those teutonic expressions which, from their household intimacy, attract the fibres of English sensibility, and which have made Byron, Southey, and Cobbett friends of the thought, and brothers of the heart, to all their countrymen. Thus the works of Montaigne, the most French of all writers, are still to us a dictionary, a study and a delight. The literary history of Great Britain contains, like our own, five or six different literatures; the pure anglo-Saxon, anglo-Norman, anglo-Italian, anglo-French, and, lastly, British, which is a mixture of all these various sources, with a predominance of the Saxon or teutonic element. The last phase is incomparably the finest, comprehending Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Byron, Scott, Fielding, Swift, and Defoe. Romilly belongs to the French school, at the head of which are Pope and Addison.

"There is in these three men discernible a certain shade of weakness, which, perhaps, renders their characters more touching, but which separates them from great men. The one who was sustained by religious hope, had the strongest wing, and accomplished his life-journey the most nobly. But the other two, thrown into active life, and taking it up with graceful determination, ended by sinking beneath its weight, and left behind them but feeble and doubtful results. Their efforts were never aimed beyond the partial removal of secondary abuses, and their sensibilities were wasted upon narrow details. We see above them Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh, who all died, it is true, in the harness of politics, but only after a most vigorous combat. Yet the historian would do wrong in neglecting the charming and meditative minds we have been speaking of. They represent the ideal portion of public life, the moral element of society. It must, indeed, surprise those accustomed to what is called the political life of modern France, to see the importance acquired, and the honourable memory bequeathed, by a titled reviewer, a pious politician, and a sentimental lawyer. Certainly the material business of those times was—not to reform the penal code, but to decide whether or not England should exist at all, whether Bonaparte should beat or be beaten—not to indite criticisms for the Quarterly Review, but to support or oppose the policy of Canning—not to extend philanthropy to St. Domingo, or send mission-

aries to Otaheite, but to ascertain what degree of civilization was most suitable to the African race, and whether king Paramaribou would not have been just as happy in his own dominions, without metal buttons and silk stockings.

"It is especially when we view these excellent men in the light of the prodigious events of their times, that we find the legislative efforts of the one, and the philosophic and benevolent tendencies of the others, too confined and feeble for the great drama in which they took part. Freedom and the future, led and armed by a despot, attacked privilege and the past, represented by the freest nation in Europe. Every thing belonging to the times was great and without parallel, and as yet no final judgment has been pronounced upon them. The boundary line of their consequence is far out of sight, and every one calculates or conjectures its distance, according to his opinions or desires.

"A feeling of sadness comes over us when we look upon the dozen or fifteen volumes of these memoirs, which contain the wrecks and fragments of hopes, toils, and anxieties, often fruitless; when we reflect that these are the records of some of the noblest and best of those who have gone before us, and that few such men exist at the present day. The popular crown has not been withheld from them in England, where their memories are affectionately consecrated. As for us, in France, our constitutional life is so active and violent, that rich men could not breathe in its atmosphere; but is it not possible that we have spoiled and corrupted the political model which we borrowed from our neighbours? And, if they yield to the general impulse of Europe and the times, do not our neighbours themselves run the risk of changing that powerful and magnificent political machine, bequeathed to them by Burke, Pitt, Chatham, and Fox?

"In its normal state, such as it has been during the epoch of constitutional freedom, the English parliament represented not only towns and counties, but feelings and opinions. Its moral life lay there. Dramatic art and light literature found a voice in Sheridan, philosophic eloquence was represented by Burke, legislation by Romilly, the historical sciences by Mackintosh, and religion by Wilberforce. Every class of ideas, of living and powerful sentiments, thus found its expressive symbol. Exterior and systematic regularity was wanting to this organization, but its moral unity was complete. It has recently been endeavoured to establish a more strict and skilfully balanced system in the House of Commons, but never has the British parliament shewn itself so poor in talent and energy, as since this reform. So it is, that the old oak, knotty and fantastic, but vigorous,

is more really beautiful, and prides itself in a truer organic regularity, than the well-trained tree, whose parallel branches have been formed, not by the spontaneous development of natural strength, but by the application of a skilful geometry."

CHARLES BARRY, ESQ.,
ARCHITECT OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Distinguished as Westminster has been for ages by its incomparable monuments of architectural genius, it may justly boast that the new Houses of Parliament are the production of one of her own sons. Mr. Barry, the gifted architect, being a native of that ancient palatine district, and having spent his youthful days in the immediate vicinity of its magnificent abbey and noble halls, it may be presumed that familiarity with them gave the first direction to his mind in favour of the profession he was destined to adorn. At a very early age he was thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father, whose limited property had to be divided among a numerous family. With singular promptitude and praiseworthy courage young Barry took a lofty aim, and never rested until he arrived at his present elevated position.

When many of his juvenile competitors were only entering upon their professional probation, he had completed a tour of Europe, and had returned with his portfolio enriched with the spoils of Italy and Greece—this unusual course was not the result of caprice, but of a well digested plan. The sketch book of his tour exhibits the most methodical exactness in the distribution and occupation of his time—the margin of each drawing shews the hours and minutes employed in travelling to each place, and in sketching the buildings it contained, or in reading, eating, and sleeping, and also the expenditure of his well husbanded pecuniary resources. On his return, he supported himself by furnishing designs from the antique, for bas reliefs to the silversmiths of the city, whilst he acquired a knowledge of the practical but minor branches of his profession, until, having exhibited at the Royal Academy a water-colour drawing of the Temple of Minerva, the truth and beauty of which attracted the notice of Sir Joseph Banks—that distinguished artist honoured him with his patronage and encouragement, and speedily brought him into public notice. His designs were adopted for several of the parliamentary churches in various parts of the country, and we have seen two or three public buildings erected by him in Manchester, including the Royal Institution, a

Grecian structure, the Athenæum in the Italian style, the district church of Saint Matthew's, the elegant spire of which is greatly admired, and a beautiful pointed Gothic chapel in one of the suburbs of the same town.

Mr. Barry has not, however, confined himself to the mere routine of a professional education; he has acquired most of the modern European languages, and is enthusiastically devoted to English literature with which, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, he is extensively acquainted. Nor is he less distinguished for his frankness and urbanity, qualities which have won the admiration and esteem of many of his brethren; a writer in the Athenæum, when pointing out the advantages which would have followed from limiting the competition for the new Houses of Parliament to ten or twelve distinguished architects, observes, "The result, too, fully justifies the view we have taken in proposing to restrict the competition, for Mr. Barry must certainly have been included, if the limitation had been even to ten; and such is the opinion entertained of that gentleman's talents by the profession generally, that we believe, if it had been referred to the architects as a body to elect from among themselves to whom the work should be entrusted, and allowing every one to vote who is qualified to be a member of the Institute of British Architects, the election would have fallen upon Mr. Barry. The estimation in which we hold Mr. Barry as an architect, is the result of the merit of his works; for although his early work, the new church at Brighton, in the London Road, does not, in our opinion, justify the admiration it frequently excites, his Schools at Birmingham may be reckoned among the most classic adaptations of the pointed style which our times have produced, whilst the 'Travellers' Club House, in Pall Mall, is beyond compare the best specimen of Italian palatial architecture in London. Indeed, we know of nothing in that style superior to the Carlton Gardens front of this edifice; and, although no great admirers of the grosser details of Italian architecture, (and Mr. Barry has adopted some of them,) we consider that work an honour to him, while it is a splendid monument to the good sense and refined taste of the members of the club who carried the design into execution. We may take this opportunity of stating, to the credit of those gentlemen, also, that they instituted a limited competition when their house was to be built, and gave the preference to Mr. Barry's design for it, upon the most mature and impartial investigation of the merits of all the six which were submitted to them."

The career of Mr. Barry, like that of many

other truly great men, affords another striking illustration of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and proves that there is no royal or railroad path to honourable fame, in his, or any other profession, so direct as that of patient industry, the diligent improvement of time, and strict but unpenurious economy.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

The fame of this celebrated personage having been so great throughout Christendom, we might naturally expect that the materials for the history of his life would be abundant, and of easy access. But when from the mass which tradition has handed down to us, we throw aside the monkish legends which are related of his birth, actions, character, and death, the facts that remain will be found exceedingly few, and by no means of established authenticity. He is stated to have been the son of Sandde ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, a prince of Ceredigion, or Cardigan, by Non the daughter of Gynyr of Caer Gawch in Pembrokeshire. Other authorities call the lady Melaria, but all agree that she was a nun, who became a mother by the forcible violation of her chastity. The period of his birth is assigned to the middle of the fifth century. Cressy places it in the year 462, but the author of his life in the great work of the Jesuits, *Acta Sanctorum*, in a learned dissertation on the subject, assigns it to the year 445, while others fix it still later than either of these dates. After receiving the first rudiments of his education at old Menapia, where he imbibed a taste for literature, and determined upon embracing a religious life, he removed to the Isle of Wight to avail himself of the instructions of Paulinus, a disciple of St. Germanus, who at that time presided over a public school for the education of persons designed for the clerical office. Here he remained ten years prosecuting his studies with great ardour and success. At the expiration of this term he returned to his native country, and having fixed his residence in a secluded place called *Vallis Rosina*, the vale of Roses, he laid there the foundation of a monastic institution, which in the course of time raised the favoured spot to the dignity of an archiepiscopal metropolis. David brought together here a considerable body of scholars, some of whom, as Teilo, Aidan, Madoc, Padarn, or Paternus, and Kynedd, became afterwards greatly celebrated for their sanctity. The rules which he laid down for the observance of his followers were exceedingly strict. Every member was bound to labour daily with his hands for the common

benefit of the monastery. They were forbidden to receive all gifts or possessions offered by *unjust* men, and to cherish a hatred of riches. "They never conversed together by talking but when necessity required, but each performed the labour enjoined him, joining thereto prayer or holy meditation on divine things; and having finished their country work they returned to their monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day till the evening in reading or writing. In the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work, and immediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared, and then went all together to their refectory, eating sparingly and not to satiety. Their food was bread, with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. Supper being ended, they continued about three hours in watchings, prayers, and genuflections. As long as they were in the church, it was not permitted to any to slumber, or sneeze, or cast forth spittle. After this they went to rest, and at cock crowing they rose, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward sensations and thoughts they discovered to their superior, and from him they demanded permission in all things, even when they were urged to the necessities of nature. Their clothing was skins of beasts."

In the year 519, according to Usher, a Synod was convened at Llandewi Brefi in Cardiganshire, for the purpose of checking the Pelagian heresy, which at this time had re-appeared in the kingdom. To this assembly David, after repeated entreaties, repaired; and with such zeal and success did he preach against the obnoxious doctrines, that he was, by the unanimous voice of all present, appointed archbishop of Caerleon, in the room of Dubricius, who, on account of his age and infirmities, wished to resign. He is said, however, to have consented to his elevation, only on condition of being permitted to remove the see to Menevia. Some years subsequently, David convoked another assembly of all the clergy of Wales, but for what specific purpose is not now known. Here, the acts and decrees of the Synod of Brefi were confirmed, and some new acts passed for the regulation of the doctrine and discipline of the churches. This convocation is called the Synod of Victory. The decrees of these two Synods were committed to writing by St. David himself, and deposited in the archives of his own cathedral; and having been approved by the court of Rome, were for many ages received by the Welsh churches as their rule and directory in all ecclesiastical matters. These ancient documents were in after times destroyed by the barbarian invaders, who repeatedly pil-

laged the church, and too often wantonly burnt what they found it useless to remove.

The time of St. David's death, and the age at which he died, are as undetermined as the period of his birth. Giraldus and John of Tinmouth state that he died in the year 609 at the great age of one hundred and forty-seven. Pitts places his death in 544, but assigns to him the same incredible length of years. The author of his life in the *Acta Sanctorum* agrees with this statement as to the time of his death, but makes him only ninety-seven years old; and he suggests that the difference on this point may be accounted for by supposing that the dates having been originally written LXXXXVII or CXXXXVII, the first numeral L, was mistaken for C. Usher also concurs in placing his death in 544, but makes his age only eighty-two. He was canonized by Calixtus the second, who held the papal see from A. D. 1119 to 1124.

He was to all a mirror and a pattern of life; he taught both by precept and example; was an excellent preacher in words, but more excellent in works. He was a doctrine to those who heard him, a model to the religious, life to the needy, defence to orphans, support to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to monks, a directory to men of the world; being made all things to all men, that he might win all to God.—*Rees's South Wales.*

NEW BOOKS.

The Domestic Dictionary and Housekeeper's Manual. By Gibbons Merle. Published in Monthly Parts, Price 1s.—Parts V. VI. London: W. Strange.

The sixth part of this valuable household Cyclopædia is almost exclusively devoted to the article "*Wines*," on the qualities, manufacture, and preservation of which a body of practical information is presented, with a variety of methods for the economical preparation of home-made or British wines, in all of which the following general directions will be found of essential service:—

"The following are the specific gravities of pure juice of some of our fruits, taken in favourable years. The gravity of a pound weight of different samples of raw sugar, honey, and raisins, held in solution by one gallon of water, at the temperature of 60° is also given, in order that the reader may have a compass to steer by, in bringing his gravity to the standard required:—

Pure juice of red currants, highest gravity. 60
— white do. do. . 56

Pure juice of black currants, highest gravity	56
— do. do. do.	50
— red do. do.	51
— do. do. do.	45
— apples, averages	46
— pears	49
— ripe gooseberry	36
— oranges, January	49
— lemons	38
— foreign grapes, brought here in jars, green	70
— do. do. black	68
1 lb. good raw sugar dissolved in one gallon of water	36½
1 lb. do. do. do. 2nd sample	35
1 lb. do. do. do. 3rd sample	30
1 lb. refined do. do.	36
1 lb. treacle, do. do.	30
1 lb. Scotch honey	30½
1 lb. foreign do.	29½
1 lb. of Valentia raisins, in one gallon of water, 21 days	18½
1 lb. of good Malaga do. do. do.	18
1 lb. do. do. do. do.	16
1 lb. do. do. do. do.	15
5 lbs. parsnips, boiled in one gallon of water for two and a half hours	15
5 lbs. beet root, do. do. do.	14
1 bushel of good malt, equal from 20 to 24lbs. of sugar.	

"The pure juice of the currant in a dry warm season, when the fruit is grown in a well cultivated garden, and when dead ripe, will raise the instrument to 60. However, it varies a little from 50 to 60. In a cold wet season, the juice of the fruit, from the very same bushes, will not raise the instrument above 40, and sometimes not above 35.

"Such gravities as the latter, without the assistance of sugar, will be greatly insufficient to make a fermented liquor, except of a very meagre quality. Some people, who have not sufficiently considered the subject, have asserted that sugar is unnecessary in the composition of domestic wine, providing pure juice is used. I was myself formerly inclined to favour this opinion; but have discovered, from the failure of many experiments, that it is absurdly erroneous, a mere chimera indeed; and the result has convinced me, that the more sugar that is used, providing it do not exceed 3½ lbs. to each gallon of the juice, the more generous will be the wine, and the longer will it keep, provided the attenuation be complete, which I repeat is impracticable where the quantity made is small. The more sugar that is employed, the less water is necessary to add to the juice; for the essential ingredient, that is, natural leaven or yeast, is held in solution in the juice, by the help of which the sugar can alone be

converted into spirit without artificial means—a means which should never be resorted to unless in extreme cases. By putting too much water into the juice, you deteriorate the leaven, the consequence of which will be, that much of the sugar will remain in an unaltered state, giving rise to a wine disagreeably sweet, sickly, and without sprightliness, and completely destitute of that vinous character which it ought to possess. Hence much of the prejudice entertained against home-made wine is not without foundation.

"I have found from experience, that in order to make a strong, generous wine, a *must* should not be under 115, although 120 is better, excepting for Champagne, when 105 to 110 will be quite sufficient. Taking it for granted that the standard is 120, and that the fruit in a good year will give on an average a gravity of 55, the deficiency then will be 65. This deficiency must be made up by sugar to 120, the standard. In a bad year, the fruit will not yield what it did in the good one, as before noticed. The deficiency of gravity will be greater, which the instrument will indicate. The pure juice must then be more and the water less, when water is used, which is always advisable; and, besides, more sugar will be necessary to bring the *must* to the standard 120.

"The common rule for making wine is, to use a greater weight of water than of fruit. My rule is, to put, on the average, equal measures of juice and water. This, perhaps, in a very favourable season, may be a little too much, especially if the quantity intended to be made is great. One third juice and two-thirds water will perhaps be a good proportion, especially if the wine is to be soon used. This alone must depend upon the quality of the juice. It is, however, always best to err on the safe side, for the stronger the juice is, the better will be the fermentation. Let us suppose, then, that in a good season, we find, on examination, the pure juice to be 60, or any number under; by putting an equal portion of water as juice, the liquid will be reduced to 30. Let us fix, then, upon this weight 30 as our standard, whether the season be favourable or the reverse. In a good year equal portions of pure juice and water will produce this gravity. In a bad one, the pure juice will probably admit of only one-third water. In this last-mentioned season, we may find by the instrument that the pure juice yields only 40 instead of 60; consequently, by adding the same measure of water as juice, we shall only get 20 instead of 30, making a deficiency of 10. This deficiency must be made up (after the discovery in the portion of juice,) by adding a greater proportion of pure juice to the water

until it rises to the proposed gravity 30, keeping always in mind, that the less gravity and quantity of pure juice our fruit yields, the less fermentable extract,—i. e., natural leaven, we shall have to carry on our fermentation. Sugar and water, it should be premised, will not spontaneously ferment without a proportion of that necessary leaven which is held in solution in the juice of the fruit, or without using artificial means, such as brewer's yeast, or some other vegetable extract. By the saccharometer, we are taught the value of the juice. We have now to apply it, in order to ascertain the value of the compound of pure juice, water, and sugar. Every pound of good Jamaica sugar, mixed with one gallon of water, when thoroughly dissolved, should give a gravity of from 35 to 36½. We will assume here that the gravity is only 35. Now, as we require 90 to make up a *must* to the standard gravity of 120, it will require rather more than 2½ lbs. of sugar to each gallon of *must*; for by using only 2 lbs. to the gallon, we shall get two thirty-fives, equal to 70, instead of 90, minus 20. By the addition of another half-pound of sugar to each gallon, we shall raise the 70 to 87½, being 2½ less than is required. A small portion of sugar may or may not be added at pleasure. The saccharometer will, of course, be our guide in the obscure process of fermentation; for, in proportion as the sweet or saccharine matter lessens, the liqueur becomes more vinous and spirituous, and therefore decreases in gravity. This instrument will clearly demonstrate the progressive decline of the *must* until it is reduced to the desired point of attenuation. By regulating our fermentation by this instrument, the practice of adding spirits to our domestic wines, especially to the extent which is now practised—these being erroneously supposed to preserve or improve them—will be found quite unnecessary, as it is a well-ascertained fact, that the durability of wines is shortened by the addition of spirits, as spirits decompose and displace the carbonic acid, and prevent the wines being lively and brisk, which should be the character of home-made wine."

The seventh, and the three remaining parts, are devoted to a domestic medical dictionary, written by Dr. Reitch, in which, under the titles of the various diseases of the human frame, distinct definitions of each malady are given, with the causes, and the treatment to be pursued for their cure. The work fully realizes the high character of which the early numbers gave promise, and which received the unqualified approval of the Metropolitan and provincial press.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

I stand within the festive hall,
Where wit and mirth are weaving
A beam of light, to welcome all,
The merry and the grieving;
I stand within the festive hall,
And happy feet are telling
The mazy windings of the ball,
While music's soul is swelling;
I stand within the festive hall,
Where beauty's lamps are burning,
And hearts, on which their beamings fall,
To bless their light are turning;
Yet eyes of love and light may shine,
But all the glory round me
Can never win one thought of mine
From her, whose own have bound me.
Never I—for, Mary, in my soul
Each look thou'st ever given
Is treasured up unbroke—a whole,
As if a gift from Heaven;
Each word thou'st ever breathed to me
Haunts—haunts my memory still,
And bends my heart, where'er I be,
To worship spite of will.

I love thee, Mary,—and how well,
How deeply, and how dearly,
The heart alone that loves can tell—
I love thee too sincerely:
I live but in the hope to be
Beloved, oh! hope I wrongly!
Say, can thy heart e'er beat for me
As truly and as strongly!
I turn from beauty's cheek away,
For none can e'er endear me,
And lips of love were cold as clay.
Unless thine own were near me.
I would not ask for Fortune's smile,
Unless it were to bless thee,
And all her joys were worthless while
My soul did not possess thee;
I would not seek of Fame a flow'r,
Unless thy brow could wear it,
Nor crave from Death one ling'ring hour,
Unless thy love would share it;
There's not a bliss my hope could nurse,
Unless its light would charm thee,
And oh! my heart itself would curse
Before 'twould ever harm thee.

I quit—I quit the festive hall,
Where youthful hearts are glowing,
And sportive wit a gleam o'er all
Of happiness is throwing;
I quit—I quit the festive hall,
Where laughter is resounding,
And maiden's feet, to music's call,
Are merrily rebounding;
For oh! I tread not in the dance,
Though woman's eye be bright'ning,
And darting forth in ev'ry glance
Its soul-subduing light'ning:
I cannot mingle in the scene
Where wit and mirth are sparkling,
For gloom a weary time hath been
My nature's sunshine darkling;

I cannot join the fairy throng,
For grief is ever springing
Within the heart, whose tendrils long
Have to thine own been clinging;
I grieve to think those tendrils may
Be broken from their holding,
And by the heart be spurn'd away
Round which they would be folding;
I grieve that thou art far from me,
Perchance, too, thinking never
Of one whose purest love for thee
Consumes his soul for ever;
I grieve to think that smiles of thine,
Tho' bright may be their beaming,
May never on his sorrow shine,
Whose joy is but a seeming;
I grieve to think some other may,
Though love may flicker coldly,
Entrance, as round thy lips they play,
Those smiles that should uphold me;
He may—he may enchant thee more,
He may—rais'd far above me,—
High state and wealth around thee pour,
Yet less sincerely love thee!

Mary, if e'er thy heart be giv'n
In love's embrace to meet me—
I swear by earth, by sea, and Heav'n,
My ev'ry pulse shall greet thee;
Still, should some happier one entrance
Thy bosom's inmost feeling,
Go, thread with him life's chequer'd dance,
All, all thy love revealing;
Caress him as his love should thee—
Thine arms around him twining,—
Go, bless him as my tongue does thee,
And never know repining;
Go, Mary, go—and may the light
Of smiles and truth enchain thee;
Dream, dream not of the bosom's blight,
Whose breaking heart might pain thee;
My bliss would be for ever o'er,
My ev'ry hope have perished,
My heart would beat to love no more,
When gone the love it cherished.
Yet, Mary, may the God who gave
The virtues which beset thee,
Protect thee to a quiet grave,
And past it not forget thee.

PANSY.

*Qualis populea morrens Philomela sub umbra
Amisos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans rido implumes, dextrat; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mortis late loca questibus implet.*
VIRGIL, GEOR. IV.

The foregoing simile is thus translated by F. E. Nicholson.

Such as the mother nightingale
Mourns for her darling infants gone,
Beneath a poplar's shade alone,
Whose nest some cruel ploughman spies,
And bears away the unfledg'd prize;
She weeps the dreary night away,
And, sitting on a branch, renews
Her painful melancholy news,
And fills the wide surrounding plains,
With a fond parent's mournful strains.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street;
EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and
Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS,
Glocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE,
Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.
[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 19.]

SATURDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

EATON HALL, CHESTER.

(With an Engraving.)

It has long been the boast of Cheshire that no other county contains so great a number of ancient and wealthy families; whilst its chief city claims an antiquity so remote, that some of its topographers have (ironically, we presume) attributed its erection to a grandson of the great antediluvian Noah. Leaving this knotty point to the researches of antiquarians, it is certain that Chester was the head quarters of the 20th Roman legion, under the command of Agricola, who, in the year 78, was appointed governor-in-chief of the island.

At the Norman conquest, William I. gave to his Nephew Hugh d'Avranches, better known as Hugh Lupus, the entire county and earldom of Chester, within which, he and his successors maintained a dignity little short of absolute sovereignty for more than a century and a half. Amongst other followers of the Conqueror, was Gilbert le Grosvenor, nephew to the first Earl of Chester, and the descendant of an ancient Norman family, from whose office of *Le Grosvenor* they derived their surname. To Gilbert le Grosvenor, Hugh Lupus assigned the goodly manor of Allostock, and thus laid the foundation of the fortunes of the princely house now represented by the Marquis of Westminster, Earl Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, Baron Grosvenor of Eaton.

In a dispute, relative to the coat of arms

worn by the Grosvenor family, between Robert le Grosvenor and Sir Richard le Scrope, which was tried before the constable and marshall of England in the tenth, and lasted till the thirteenth year of Richard II., we find that the ancestors of this ancient house distinguished themselves at the battle of Lincoln in 1141, in the Crusades, at Messina, at Cyprus, at the taking of Acon, and at Joppa, under Richard I., the Scotch wars under Edward II., at Cressy, and in other battles under Edward III.; and the claimant under Richard II. proved the use of the disputed bearings at the battles of Poitiers, Najara in Spain, in 1367, and lastly at that of Limoges in 1370, in the service of the Black Prince. At this trial, nearly all the knights and gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancashire were examined, with several of the abbots and clergy, on behalf of the Grosvenors; whilst the Scropes presented the Duke of York, John King of Castile and Leon, the Duke of Lancaster, several earls, nobles, abbots, knights, and gentlemen, amongst whom was the famous Geoffrey Chaucer, then aged forty years—the only individual in the group who will now excite a moment's interest in the minds of our readers—so enduring are the breathings of immortal mind when adorned with the charms of song.

By the marriage of Thomas, the tenth male heir from Gilbert le Grosvenor, to Joan de Pulford, the youthful widow of Thomas de Belgrave, the estates of Pulford and Belgrave

were added to the extensive possessions of this powerful family.

Little of historical interest occurs in the pedigree of this knightly family, until the reign of Charles I., when Sir Richard Grosvenor, who was connected by near relationship with the loyalists of Cheshire, became an active leader and a severe sufferer in the royal cause. During the lifetime of his father, he had called out the *posse comitatus* in 1644, as sheriff of Cheshire, to oppose the parliamentary army under Lord Fairfax, and after a series of active services, was ejected from Eaton, and having suffered the sequestration of his estates, was sheltered in the house of a neighbouring gentleman until the restoration.

Sir Thomas Grosvenor, who succeeded to the title and estates in 1644, represented the city of Chester in the parliaments called by Charles II., James II., and in the 1, 7, and 10 William and Mary. Being supposed to be a warm supporter of the measures of the Crown, he was closeted with Charles, and his support of the bill for repealing the penal laws and test acts was earnestly solicited, the royal request being accompanied with the offer of a peerage, and of the Earl of Shrewsbury's regiment of horse; these tempting baits were honourably rejected—he resigned the commission he already held, and proceeding to the house, gave his negative to the measure.

The next baronet, Sir Richard Grosvenor, officiated as grand cupbearer of England, in right of his manor of Wymondley, at the coronation of George II., an office which his grandson sustained at the coronation of George III., who, in 1761, raised him to the peerage by the title of Baron Grosvenor of Eaton, and in 1784, advanced him to the dignities of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor. To these honours the present Marquis, who was born March 22, 1767, succeeded in 1802; by his marriage with Lady Eleanor Egerton, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Earl of Wilton, the younger male branch of the family has succeeded to the titles and estates of his maternal grandfather, the second son of the Marquis of Westminster being the present Earl de Wilton.

The Marquis was advanced to his present dignity in 1831, when he was permitted to add the arms of Edward the Confessor to those of the Grosvenors. He has borne his full share of active duty during one of the most eventful periods of our national history, and both in public and private has amply and practically illustrated his conviction of the truth of the dignified motto of his ancient house, that "Virtue, not ancestry, should characterise nobility."

The approach to Eaton Hall from Chester

diverges from the Wrexham road, a little beyond the first toll bar, and is indicated by a noble arch, recently erected; after a drive of about three miles through a delightful avenue, the visitor arrives at the western front of this magnificent structure, which, like that of the eastern side, represented in our engraving, consists of a large centre of three stories, enriched with octagonal turrets, buttresses, and pinnacles, placed between wings finished in a similar manner. The entrance to the western front is under a lofty vaulted portico, which admits a carriage; but the mansion presents the most imposing aspect on the eastern side, where a magnificent flight of steps terminates in three rich and airy arches, forming the middle of an exquisitely beautiful vaulted cloister, which extends along the entire centre, and unites the wings to each other. The style is that of the early English decorated Gothic, usually assigned to the reign of Edward III., but the architect, Mr. William Pordern, has not confined himself to the plan of any castellated or religious building, nor has the style of any particular period been adhered to in the form of the arches. The stone employed is light coloured, and was obtained from the Manley quarry, about ten miles distant, which has also been used for the erection of the neighbouring church of Eccleston.

Eaton Hall stands on the site of the old hall of that name—a brick building surrounded by gardens laid out in the Dutch style—of these nothing remain but the basement story of the hall, and a venerable avenue of trees, which has been extended to a Gothic lodge in the village of Belgrave, two miles distant. Another, and the most pleasing approach to the hall is one which has been cut through the plantations from the Wrexham road towards the north-east angle of the house, and which throws the whole building into perspective. In the arrangement of the grounds the cultivated taste of the noble owner has been exercised with great judgment and effect. An artificial inlet of the Dee, which intervenes between the eastern front of the mansion and the opposite plantations, with the bridge which connects the opposite banks, greatly enliven the scene; and the disposition of the avenues and plantations admirably harmonizes with the varied landscape beyond, which includes the Broxton and Welsh hills, and the elevated and picturesque ruins of Beeston Castle.

In the extensive conservatories, the admirers of indigenous and exotic horticulture will find ample range for interesting observation, and in other portions of the grounds the antiquarian will be gratified with many curious Roman antiquities from the adjacent city of Chester.

Among others, may be particularized a very perfect altar, formed of sandstone, about twelve inches square and three feet thick, the top being slightly hollowed. It bears an inscription in Roman capitals, a portion of which is tolerably legible, and from which is inferred, that it was erected by some officer of the tenth Legion to the Nymph of Spring. The altar is appropriately placed in a rustic temple, the floor of which is paved with tessellated marble or mosaic work, which once formed a portion of the floor of one of the imperial palaces of the Cæsars.

When the visitor has satisfied his sight with the external beauties of this earthly elysium, he is conducted through the vaulted portico in the western front by a flight of steps to the great hall, a spacious and lofty apartment, occupying the height of two stories, with a vaulted ceiling, and appropriately adorned with the numerous heraldic devices of the family at the intersection of the ribs. The pavement is formed of variegated marbles, arranged in Gothic compartments; on each side are four niches, with canopies inclosing suits of polished armour of various dates, between which, over ornamented chimney pieces, are two large paintings. At the end of the hall, a screen of five arches supports a gallery connecting the bed-chambers on the north and south sides of the house, which are separated by the elevation of the hall. Under this gallery, two open arches to the right and left lead to the grand staircase, the state bed room, and the second staircase. Opposite to the door of the hall is the entrance to the saloon, in which are three large windows opening to the cloister in the eastern front, which look down upon the spacious terrace, extending upwards of three hundred and fifty feet in length, and commanding one of the richest landscapes which the banks of the Dee present. The upper part of the windows is ornamented with stained glass, executed by Collins, in the most brilliant colours, from designs by Tresham, which consist of a series of imaginary representations of the ancestors of the family, from William the Conqueror downwards; on each side of the saloon are ante-rooms leading to the dining and drawing rooms, which form the extremities of the eastern front, and are noble apartments, adorned with windows of stained glass, and furnished with the most sumptuous magnificence; they are each about fifty feet in length and thirty in width, exclusive of a bay, containing five large arched windows. The ceilings of all these apartments are richly decorated with fan work tracery.

Adjacent to the drawing room is the Library, fitted up with Gothic book cases of English

oak, elaborately carved, and rich in old political and controversial tracts, and in rare and valuable MSS., among which may be specified a copy of the chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon, containing a curious drawing of the entry of King Stephen into Lincoln; an illuminated MS. on vellum, containing the proceedings in the celebrated suit of arms, between Scroop and Grosvenor; an uncollated copy of the visions of Piers Plowman; and among other Cheshire MS. a transcript of the last record distinguished by the name of the *Cheshire Doomday*. The family apartments occupy the remaining part of this floor.

The state apartments contain a great variety of paintings by the great masters, among which may be enumerated our Saviour on the Mount of Olives, by Claude Lorraine, which is the largest picture executed by him, a view of a port in the Mediterranean, by Vernet, Rubens with his second wife, by himself, David and Abigail, by the same artist, and West's paintings of the dissolution of the long Parliament, and the landing of Charles II.

The most favourable views of Eaton are obtained from the Alford road and from the bank of the Dee, where the great quadrangle of the stables is seen in perspective beyond the mansion, and assists in forming a picture of unusual architectural grandeur, aided by the disposition of the grounds in front and the stately elms of the avenue, which close up the distance. With Mr. Ormerod, the laborious and erudite historian of Cheshire, to whom we are principally indebted for the historical information in this sketch, we perfectly agree, after repeated visits, that in every respect the grounds and the hall of Eaton will abundantly gratify the expectations of the visitor; indeed, it appears to us singular that in the numerous tours through the north of England and north Wales, which have been published of late years, so few travellers have turned aside to look at this splendid palace, the beauties of which are comparatively unknown—a circumstance which can only be accounted for, from the recent date of its erection, and from the absence of frequent and direct conveyances in its vicinity. These obstacles are now obviated by the Chester and Crewe and the Birkenhead railways, and to any of our readers who have not yet visited Chester, we can give unqualified assurance that its ancient and well preserved walls, gates, and towers, its venerable cathedral, curious streets, its magnificent Castle, and its proximity to Beeston Castle, to Eaton Hall, to Flint Castle, and Holywell, or to any of the routes through North Wales, renders it eminently suitable for a week's sojourn during the summer months.

A PASSAGE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During the horrors of the Revolution in France, the principal artists of the Comédie Française were denounced, imprisoned, and condemned to the guillotine. The miraculous preservation of their lives and subsequent restoration to regal favour, form the subject of a chapter in a work entitled "Memoirs of M. Fleury," recently produced by that gentleman in Paris, and from which we have condensed the following interesting account of that extraordinary event.

We owed our deliverance, says the narrator, in a most curious way, to a man who held a post under the Committee of Public Safety. This man was Charles de Labussière. But for him, the Comédie Française must assuredly have paid its tithe to Fouquier-Tinville. The zeal and devotedness of our friends and relatives, the urgent intercession of persons who still possessed some political influence, and who cherished an interest for the dramatic art, all would have been unavailing—we must have been sacrificed, had not Charles de Labussière devised a scheme for saving us. Like many others Labussière lost his parents when the Revolution took a decided course, at which time he became what was then termed a *motionnaire* and an *alarmiste*. Threatened with danger on every side, he knew not where to fly for refuge, when a friend who was connected with the government, and who knew that Labussière's name was inscribed in the catalogue of the *suspected*, offered to procure him a place under the Committee of Public Safety. A more acceptable promise could not be made to a man who was compromised. The most secure place of concealment was in the enemy's camp. Nevertheless De Labussière at first returned a blank refusal to the offer. He was warned that the thunderbolt would soon break over his head; and at length, yielding to the urgent importunities of friends, who were affectionately interested for his safety, he accepted the proffered post.

He was at first installed in the *Bureau de la Correspondance*, an office to which were addressed all the denunciations emanating from the different departments of the government. He speedily became disgusted at the injustice of the accusations, and the inhumanity of the accusers. He wished to relinquish his situation, but the friend who had procured it for him assured him that his resignation would, in all probability, cost him his head. With the view of diminishing some of the unpleasantness of De Labussière's position, the friend above

alluded to succeeded in getting him transferred to the *Bureau des Pièces Accusatives*, an office in which the lists of prisoners were registered. This was a fortunate circumstance for me and my fellow-prisoners of the *Comédie Française*, as it also was to many other victims whom De Labussière's situation enabled him to serve.

De Labussière was installed in this general depository for documents relating to prisoners, and through his hands passed the denunciations which formed the groundwork of arrests, together with the lists styled *états raisonnés*, and the notes termed *notes individuelles*. To the same office the justificatory documents were likewise addressed, and all these papers came daily under his examination. His appointment to this dangerous and difficult post enabled him to save many unfortunate victims, although, in so doing, he frequently hazarded his own life, and sometimes the lives of his colleagues; several of the latter, to their honour be it spoken, were, like himself, men of humanity. Most of the clerks in this office had accepted their situations from the same motive which actuated De Labussière, namely, to screen themselves from unjust accusations, suggested by republican vengeance. They averted much mischief, if they did not, in every instance, accomplish the good ends to which their efforts tended.

The Committee of Public Safety received, from the offices above mentioned, the various documents which constituted the pretended grounds of condemnation, and such was the irregular and unbusiness-like mode of proceeding, that no account of these documents was kept, nor did the Committee give any acknowledgment of having received them. The several packets were endorsed in red ink, a fact which I learned from De Labussière himself. Before he became fully cognizant of the reckless disorder which marked the proceedings of the fatal Committee, De Labussière observed a due degree of caution, and trod the ground lightly. He confined himself to abstracting occasionally a few papers from the portfolios, and thus caused some few victims to be overlooked. But he soon discovered that hundreds of lives were wantonly and blindly sacrificed in a chaos of confusion, which screened every one from responsibility. De Labussière then set to work with a bolder hand.

The reader may form some idea of the terrible chaos here alluded to, from the following passage in the *Mémoires* of Joseph Marie de l'Épinard:—"In my prison," he says, "I heard the jailors calling over the names of prisoners who were to be liberated, the charges against them not having been substantiated—but it was found that several of these persons

had been guillotined. One day a list was brought in containing the names of upwards of eighty persons, acquitted by the Committee of Public Safety, and it was discovered that sixty-two of the number had been previously brought to the block."

"In all cases," says Labussière, (I here quote his own words) "in which I found the heads of families compromised, I spared no efforts to save them, without reference to the supposed justice or injustice of the offences with which they were charged. It appeared to me, that to save a father and mother was frequently equivalent to saving a whole family, especially in those ranks of life in which children must depend on their parents' exertions for actual subsistence. When I had abstracted the documents containing the charges against my predestined prisoners, I carefully deposited them in my strong oaken drawer, locking it carefully. But it was requisite the executioner should do some work for his wages; without that all would have been discovered, and I should myself have been lost in my efforts to save others. I tied up the fatal portfolio, leaving in it all the papers with which I could not venture to meddle. These papers compromised all the heads which it was necessary to consign to the devouring hydra. All went off successfully, and I gained for myself the reputation of being a most zealous servant of the Republic—a reputation which screened me from suspicion when I happened to be seen at unusual hours in extraordinary places. We were then in the summer season, and at one o'clock in the morning I presented myself at the Tuilleries, where the Committee of Public Safety held its sittings, and where my office was likewise situated. I pretended to be going to attend the sittings of the Committee, and accordingly always made choice of those hours when I knew the members were deliberating. Fortunately, I was not known personally to every one, and the porters having merely to look at my *carte d'entree*, I soon slipped out of sight, and gained my office. The keys were deposited in a certain spot, known only to my clerk and myself. I entered softly, and without a light, groping my way to my desk drawer, where I had placed the papers which I had secreted during the day. How joyful I was the first time I thus saved two or three unfortunate beings from certain death! But what embarrassment succeeded those first feelings of joy. What am I to do with these papers? was the question I asked myself. It was easy to enter; but I knew that on going out I must encounter a vigilant survey. The very first night I ventured to put this scheme into execution I held in my hand the lives of

M. M. de la Tour-du-Pin, de Villeroy, d'Estaing, and de Jouvray; of M. de Sèneschalles, his wife and daughter, and of Madame le Prestre and her two youthful daughters. Here was a prize! yet what was to be done? The packet of papers was voluminous. To burn them was impossible. A blaze of fire in the summer season would have attracted observation. I racked my brain to devise some scheme for destroying or concealing the papers, until at length I brought on an insufferable head-ache. A pail of water had been placed in the room, for the purpose of cooling the wine we had partook of at lunch. With the intention of bathing my burning forehead, I plunged my head into the pail. This act suggested a thought to me. Might I not destroy the fatal papers, or at least diminish their bulk, by soaking them in the water? Ah, I exclaimed within myself, the Revolution has had its *noyades* for the work of death, why may I not have my *noyades* for the work of deliverance? I instantly tried the scheme. I plunged the papers into the water, and by dint of squeezing and pressing them with my fingers, I reduced them to a soft paste, and then rolled them up into little balls, which I easily found means to conceal in my pockets.

"One idea naturally leads to another, and the device which I thus put in practice suggested to me a system of total destruction. I repaired to the *Bains Vigier*, and having subdivided my large paper balls into small ones, I threw them into the bath. My little flotilla of revolutionary victims being thus fairly launched, I anxiously watched its triumphant progress as it floated along the bank of the *Place de la Révolution*."

Thanks to the courage of Charles de Labussière—upwards of eight hundred of these accusatory documents were, in this manner, destroyed before the first Messidor of the year II.

Our turn arrived; and in addition to the list quoted in the last chapter, in which I had the honour to figure next in rank to Dazincourt, no less than nine accusatory papers were arrayed against us. Not nine against us all, be it understood, but nine against each; that is to say, about one hundred and ninety-eight charges of offence, every one of which was punishable by the guillotine, or at least transportation. This was more than sufficient to annihilate twenty *Comédies Françaises*. De Labussière learned that it was the intention of the famous tribunal to bring our cases forward with some sort of dramatic effect. To attempt to abstract our accusatory documents was, therefore, a step attended with more than ordinary danger and difficulty, especially as

Fouquier-Tinville had, about that time, complained of negligence on the part of some of the clerks in his department. Nevertheless, in spite of this danger, the accusatory papers were submersed in the Bains Vigier. On the 8th, the Committee of Public Safety held its deliberations on the cases of the actors. The accusatory documents arrived on the following day, (the 9th) and on that same day De Labussière abstracted the whole from the portfolio. On the night of the 9th, he removed the papers from the drawer in which he had concealed them. On the 11th they were destroyed. On the 13th it was expected we should be summoned before the Tribunal, and on the 14th, that we should appear on the *Plâce de la Révolution*. However, we appeared neither in the one place nor the other; and our non-appearance called forth the following letter from Fouquier-Tinville, addressed to the superintendants of the general police:—

“5th Thermidor, year II. of the French Republic.

“Citizens,

“The representation which was made a few days ago to the Tribunal of the Convention, proves but too true. Our *Bureau des Detenus* is filled by royalists and counter-revolutionists, who exert all their endeavours to impede the progress of public business. Within the last ten months the utmost disorder has prevailed in the documents of the committee. Of every twenty cases marked out for trial, only ten, or, at most, fifteen are brought forward. A great deal of interest has been recently excited throughout Paris, by the expected trial of the actors of the *Comédie Française*; and as yet I have received no papers relating to this affair. I must therefore await further instructions on the subject. It is impossible to proceed to the trials of any of the individuals under accusation, unless we are furnished with papers, mentioning at least the names of the prisoners, and of the prisons in which they are confined, &c.—(Signed) Fouquier Tinville.”

Of all the dangers encountered by De Labussière, the greatest was that which threatened him whilst he was engaged carrying off our papers. The presence of mind, too, which he evinced on that occasion, was extraordinary. Florian, whose accusatory documents he carried off at the same time, used to relate, with wonderful interest, the adventure encountered by De Labussière on the night of the 10th Messidor, a date so memorable to the imprisoned actors. But the reader has not heard Florian, and, unfortunately, can never hear him, and therefore I scruple not to narrate the incidents which had well nigh marred our courageous deliverer's efforts to save us.

As I have subsequently mentioned, De Labussière succeeded in removing our papers from the official depository on the night of the 9th Messidor. He had passed the sentinels, and was beyond the gates of the Tuilleries. Day was not yet dawning; and whenever he was out on these nocturnal expeditions, he took care not to return home during those hours which are usually allotted to repose. He never made his appearance until the usual time of rising, so that the servants, and other persons in the hotel in which he resided, gave him credit for being detained out by some *liaison* of a tender nature, a suspicion which he took no pains to remove. Accordingly, on the night on which he carried off our papers, he took a stroll along the *Boulevard des Italiens*, until the hour arrived when he could repair to the Bains Vigier, and release himself from the packages of papers contained in his pockets. Feeling fatigued, he sat down on the steps of the *Café Hardy*, pensively resting his head on his hands. From this attitude he was suddenly startled by a heavy blow on the shoulder, given with a degree of familiarity which seemed to indicate that it came from the hand of a friend. De Labussière quickly turned round. Never did the head of Medusa produce a more terrifying effect. The man who had given him this rough salutation was Aillaume, a zealous member of the revolutionary committee of the section of Lepelletier. “What are you doing here?” said he. “I am taking a walk,” was the reply. “That's droll enough,” said he; “taking a walk and sitting still!” “After a walk,” said De Labussière, “one may possibly feel fatigued, and then it is natural to sit down.” “Your answer is ready,” replied Aillaume; “but let me tell you, good citizens are not in the habit of walking about the streets at this extraordinary hour.” “Well, then, I suppose we are neither of us good citizens,” said the other, “for I should presume the hour is not less extraordinary for you than for me.” “My name is Aillaume,” was the answer. “I neither wish to know your name, nor to tell you mine,” said Charles. “Then,” said the revolutionist, “perhaps you may be prevailed on to tell it to some one else.” At that moment a patrol was passing by; Aillaume called him, and De Labussière being given into custody, was immediately conveyed to a neighbouring *corps-de-garde*. His situation was fearful. He was pressed by questions from Aillaume—surrounded by bayonnettes, his pockets were filled with the paper balls, and the packet relating to the actors was almost in sight. But in spite of all this, De Labussière did not lose his presence of mind. He firmly refused either to

tell his name or to show his card. A great deal of loud altercation ensued: by degrees a crowd collected round the door of the *corps-de-garde*, and several persons entered to inquire the cause of the uproar. Among the number was a young man named Pierre, who was a clerk in one of the offices belonging to the Committee of Public Safety. "What means this, citizen?" said Pierre, grasping the hand of De Labussière; "have you suffered them to arrest you by way of a joke." "By no means," replied De Labussière, "I assure you I have been arrested in earnest." "Ha, ha!" said Pierre, "this is droll enough! You under arrest? My good fellow," continued he, addressing Aillaume, "I advise you to take care what you are about, or you will get yourself into a scrape!" "Get myself into a scrape," said Aillaume, "for doing my duty! What means this insolence? This fellow must be an accomplice—seize him. I declare him to be suspected." "Take care what you are about. Do you see this?" said he, unbuttoning his coat, and displaying the plate which all persons in the employment of the Committee of Public Safety wore suspended round their necks. Aillaume recognized the badge, and was dismayed. He immediately doffed his red cap, and turned timidly to De Labussière as if fearful that he had unwittingly laid violent hands on some high and mighty power. After having somewhat collected himself, he endeavoured to apologize to patriot Pierre—"Oh," stammered he, "if you wear the medal of the committee, that of course settles the question. I suppose this citizen can also shew his medal. I hope he will pardon the mistake I have made." Pierre familiarly thrust his hand into De Labussière's pocket, and triumphantly drew forth his card, which described the official situation he held. Not content with this, he unluckily laid his hand on the packet of papers, and exclaimed—"He has also papers here, which will suffice to shew who and what he is." De Labussière now saw that he was lost if he did not put a bold face upon the matter. Accordingly he drew out papers from his pocket, and holding the superscriptions downwards and the seals uppermost, said—"I feel proud to make myself known to citizen Aillaume, by producing these proofs of the confidence of the committee. See," added he, breaking the seals, and running his eye rapidly over the papers, "whose signature is this? Chaumette's! Whose names are these? all members of the Council of the Commune—and this?—the signature of Collot d'Herbois." And so he went on unfolding the papers, rapidly folding them up again, and turning round amidst the circle as if to exhibit the imposing signatures,

but in reality to evade observation. Aillaume was overwhelmed with confusion. He was bewildering himself in his attempts to apologize, when De Labussière charitably helped him out of the difficulty. "My good friends," said he, "I am far from being offended at the conduct of citizen Aillaume, and if I did not make myself known at first, it was only for the purpose of trying his patriotism. I feel happy in having this opportunity of congratulating him before you all, on his vigilance in watching over the public safety. Farewell, republican! I will take care to report your zeal to the Committee of Public Safety."

"You are a great deal too good," said Pierre, as they both left the *corps-de-garde*, "were I in your place, I would have him severely punished." Being once more at liberty, De Labussière lost no time in taking leave of his serviceable friend, and then hurried as usual to the bath. On arriving there, finding himself alone, he took the opportunity of glancing over the papers containing the charges against the actors of the *Comédie Française*. Besides the letter of Collot d'Herbois, there was a report of the Council General of the Commune, full of malicious and false accusations; moreover a virulent declaration of Chaumette, on the necessity of bringing us before the revolutionary Tribunal, together with numberless accusations emanating from private individuals. These documents, which formed a sort of codicil to the general accusations, referred only to the six victims who were especially singled out, of whom I was one. But the codicil was, together with all the accusatory documents, consigned to the *Noyade*.

Thus the performers of the *Comédie Française* escaped the vengeance of their persecutors, and in this manner did De Labussière, risking his own head to save others, rescue from the guillotine no less than eleven hundred victims!

WALKS IN THE STREETS.—No. I.

PEEPS INTO SHOP WINDOWS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,
(Author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery.")

I was born in the heart of a populous town, and have spent my life, with the exception of a few short intervals, amidst the din and turmoil of crowded thoroughfares. I may, therefore, be said to have been from my birth a street-walker. It is the too common attribute of our nature that we are discontented with the fate to which we are destined, and sigh for something which is its very opposite; yet I cannot

say that such has been my own case. It is true that I am passionately fond of the country, but if I were located at a considerable distance from the place of my birth, and the friends with whom I have been in the habit of associating, I am afraid that nothing which Nature could afford would long content me, or compensate for the loss of all my accustomed enjoyments. I do not go to the length of Dr. Johnson, who says that "when a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Nor do I agree with him when he says, in his usual dictatorial style, "Sir, it is in the intellectual world as in the physical world: we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it: they who are content to live in the country are *fit* for the country." Nevertheless, I think there can be no doubt that if we want to make ourselves acquainted thoroughly with human life, we must study it in cities, and not amidst rocks and trees. I look upon the streets as the leaves of a great book, and on those who pass along them as the characters which the observant mind may read with profit and advantage to itself. A clever writer of the present day (J. A. St. John), who is not yet appreciated as he deserves to be, observes, that "every great city appears at first like a huge prison, at least to an imaginative person. But when you have perambulated its streets for months or years, until every house you see is familiar to your eye, and almost every face in its vast crowds looks like the face of an acquaintance, you no longer regard it in the same light. On the contrary, you move about with a feeling of satisfaction and security greater and more perfect than any king ever experienced in the midst of his guards." It is not necessary that we should retreat into the country for study and meditation, for we may abstract ourselves quite as much from the world, by retreating into an apartment situated in the very densest portion of a town, as we can in a lonely dwelling in a secluded forest, far removed from any sound of humanity. Such is the force of habit, that I have felt myself, when seated with pen in hand, or poring over a favourite author, completely isolated from mankind; and though cabs and coaches have been rattling past—though heavy-laden waggons and carts have been rumbling along, and harsh and loud voices were continually adding to the clamour, dead silence has seemed to prevail with me. Gibbon describes his own situation to have been similar when in the midst of the fashionable world; and Descartes, when he resided in Amsterdam, in writing to Balzac, advises him, if he wish to observe mankind, and at the same time to lose

himself in the deepest solitude, to go to Amsterdam. Rogers thus expresses himself:—

"When from his classic dreams the student steals
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed, while around him press
• The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone in wonder lost, he seems to stand,
A very stranger in his native land."

Sufficient authority has, perhaps, been adduced to prove that the town is neither unsuited to observation nor study. It has often struck me that, much as has been written, there is yet a wide field for those who choose to discourse on men and manners. There are many things which we pass unnoticed, from the frequency with which they present themselves before us, but which only need pointing out in order to be made the vehicles of amusement and information. My object in writing the present series of sketches, will be to note down many things of daily and hourly occurrence, and in fact, to notice anything in the course of my perambulations which may appear to furnish food for remarks.

The most conspicuous establishments in all large towns or cities are the shops. Whether seen by day, or at night, when multitudinous and brilliant lights are streaming through their windows, they are ever objects which command a large share of public attention. With the reader's permission, I will now take a peep at a few of them.

The first window which arrests my attention is one which is radiant with plate and jewellery. The richly-carved goblet, the massive dishes, the chains of gold, the glittering gems, and divers other articles which constitute some of the necessaries of the wealthy and luxurious, are here all displayed in tempting and tasteful profusion. The door is surrounded by carriages, and the shop itself is thronged with fashionable people. The officious shopmen place before their customers various costly and splendid ornaments, and the purchasers are generally guided in their selection by the cost and style of what is in possession of their acquaintances. At one end of the shop stand a lady and gentleman, both in the spring-time of life, and attired in the extreme of fashion. They are gazing on a casket of dazzling jewellery, and from the delicate attentions of the gentleman, and his soft and languishing glances, which are answered by the lady's blushes, I should conjecture that ere long their destinies will be united. In another part of the shop are two persons whose relative positions are even less equivocal. They are of humble rank, but clean, neat, and intelligent-looking; and there is a quiet and subdued beauty of expression about the features of the female, that is indicative of fortitude and meek en-

duration—characteristics which are the peculiar attributes of woman, and are more frequently to be found in females of humble life, than those of an aristocratic grade. The young man is purchasing a wedding-ring, and with down-cast looks the maiden holds out her finger to satisfy her lover that the golden circle is of the requisite size.

After a short walk, I pause before a shop of a different description—a green-grocer's. The proprietor is an Irishman, and bustles among his customers with much importance and alacrity. His visage is ornamented with a black eye, and variegated with the small-pox; and his voice has a peculiar huskiness about it, which proclaims that he has not yet enrolled himself amongst the teetotallers, though he has no doubt often meditated doing so, especially when he has awoken after a whiskey debauch. Servants and elderly ladies, with soddened hands and hard-favoured countenances, are waiting their turns to be served, and their discourse, meanwhile, is interlarded with domestic anecdotes, seemingly of a very private nature, from the injunctions to secrecy with which they are accompanied. The lady who purifies unclean linen, and she who goes out to "skewer the stars," are perfect oracles in this way, and have the reputations of all their employers in their keeping. Vegetables, dried fish, fruit, eggs, herrings, and a melange of other useful commodities, crowd up the place, which altogether has "a most ancient and fish-like smell."

The next object of attraction is the shop of a print-seller. These establishments may always be known from the quantity of people outside, for, like the booths at a fair, the outside is more calculated to gratify the sight than the inside, besides the amusement may be had for nothing, which is a surprising recommendation. This propensity of the people for gratuitous entertainments is so well known, that to mention instances of it were almost a superfluous task. The patience with which they will listen to a mob-orator, or wait for the passing of a paltry procession, or submit to inconvenience for the purpose of reading a placard on the wall, when they would pass unheeded the same information if they met with it in the columns of a newspaper—all these things are worthy of admiration. They think nothing of spending their time and pains to get at what may be had gratis, but place the smallest pecuniary embargo on any of their enjoyments, and the zest immediately departs from them. Well, here we are at the print-shop window, where the people are clustering as eagerly as blue-bottles about an empty sugar hogshead. You will generally find a

sprinkling of country people in all these gatherings, for rustics are inveterate window-gazers, and so absorbed are they whilst pursuing this recreation, that they afford excellent subjects for juvenile thieves to practise upon, and the rising generation of that class derive much emolument from them. These congregations about shop-windows form admirable little patches of pasture-ground, for those who are in the habit of preying upon the green blades that lie in their way, and gentlemen who have a trick of inserting their hands by mistake into other people's pockets, and have an attachment to the property of their neighbours, are extremely fond of honouring such spots by their presence. The faces of those who are looking into the print-shop window might make an excellent study for a caricaturist, for here may be seen every shade and variety of feature, from the first faint dawn of mirth, to the full and unrepressed roar of laughter, according to the rank and dress of the party,—the mode of uttering sounds of mirth in the streets being usually regulated by the appearance and position in society of the utterer. The genteely-attired individual scarcely ventures upon more than a repressed smile, and a whispered remark on what comes under his observation, whilst he who has no dignity to take charge of, and is unfettered by respectability, shakes his tattered sides on every occasion, and makes his remarks with a freedom and loudness which import that he considers the streets his peculiar and privileged territories, where he may do as he likes, and laugh at and jostle his superiors with impunity. The gazers into print-shop windows may be divided into two classes—the lovers of the humorous, and the admirers of the sentimental. The first are composed of rustics, middle-aged people, and young gentlemen who appear with hands everlastingly in their pockets, and cigars perpetually in their mouths, and the majority of those who are above the vulgar prejudice of imagining that it is necessary their faces should undergo daily ablution. Amongst the second class stand prominent, individuals of the male sex, who cultivate perfumed locks, figure in light-coloured gloves, and wear a seductive and fascinating smile upon their countenances, fancying that all ladies are charmed with their person and manners, whilst they are fearful of looking too engaging. The fair sex are remarkably sentimental in their likings, and usually read the printed illustration at the bottom of any representation of a love-scene, with the utmost attention, and then walk away, wondering if it be true. There is one period of the year when the gazers into print-shop windows will be found to be exclusively confined to the younger branches. I allude to

February—that month when those soft-breathing epistles entitled Valentines, cause a flutter in the hearts of unfledged youngsters, and make the postman vent his imprecations on every thing connected with the tender passion. In this month the windows of second-rate print-sellers are almost entirely denuded of every other species of pictorial display, to make way for groups of square pieces of paper, on which are seen indelicate urchins exercising themselves in archery, and making a target of the human heart. Ladies and gentlemen are also represented seated on green banks, or on garden chairs, looking at each other in an extremely earnest and endearing style, whilst the gentleman points to a church in the distance. Young girls look for a length of time on these delightful productions, and after much hesitation and whispering with each other, as to who shall be bold enough to be the speaker on the occasion, they enter stealthily into the shop, and tittering and blushing, make known their wishes to the shopman, who speedily lays before them a tempting heap of Elysian views, and with an unmoved heart, proceeds, in a business-like way, to make his comments on his goods.—A more effectual method of clearing a crowd from before a shop-window could not be devised, than the intermixing a sweep amongst it. The moment one of this fraternity makes his presence known, an instantaneous and ludicrous dispersion takes place. It is amusing to witness the glances of contempt that pass between a baker and a sweep, when they chance to come into contact, each conceiving his garments to be defiled by the other. Such a circumstance not unfrequently leads to a pugilistic encounter betwixt the two professors, which is productive of a piebald and most picturesque result.

What a world of sorrow and agony lies grouped together in the window of a pawnbroker! What tales of woe and distress would each article be able to narrate, if endowed with a tongue! Here are a heap of silk handkerchiefs—to whom did they belong? Let us single out one from the rest, and we have at once a history before us. We will suppose that it belonged to a merchant's clerk, who, owing to depression of trade, or his employer's embarrassed circumstances, has been compelled to leave his situation, though with an unblemished character. He has contrived, during his servitude, to amass a few pounds, and, nothing daunted, he looks upon the world with hopeful eyes. He enquires anxiously among his friends, but all is dull, and nothing *at present* is to be had. He eagerly peruses the various newspaper advertisements, and promptly answers many of them both personally and by letter, but without any beneficial result. He finds the place where

a situation is vacant, literally besieged with applicants. His funds become exhausted, he flies to the pawnbroker, and gradually all his little funds are swallowed up. That watch—with how many recollections is it fraught! How many moments and hours of joy and grief were associated with it in the mind of its owner, and how many yearning looks did he cast upon it ere he parted with it. That heap of trinkets seems to me like the gathering together of the emotions of the heart—there I behold peering out pride, love, friendship, extravagance, self-approbation, folly, and a host of other feelings and qualities. There are blended tokens of affection—perhaps love's first gifts—and mementos of friendship. What fair girl has been the owner of those ear-rings? and what have been her struggles ere she has resolved to part with those little drops of vanity? May they not have been the first oblation at the altar of virtue—the beginning of a series of sacrifices, offered one by one, until she herself, in her horror of want, has been constrained to become a victim? That bugle may have sounded the war-blast in many a field of death, and was perhaps preserved as the last relic of the veteran who had blown it—what were his emotions on parting with it? Violins, flutes, fifes, and a variety of musical instruments repose together in mute but inharmonious confusion. These may be regarded more as the types of man's fickleness and fondness for new pursuits, than as symbols of poverty. They bring before us young and enthusiastic amateurs in the divine science of music, scraping and puffing, and squeaking and screeching, in all the glory of discord, whilst features are twisted in agony, and ears are stopped in despair, until the performer himself becomes disgusted with his own exertions, and is attracted by some new crotchet, when the instrument is consigned to its present destination. There is a suit of clothes, the holiday-suit of some young urchin just breeched. What a tale of suffering may be connected with that! What must the mother of the boy have felt when she decided on pledging those habiliments, the pride of her first-born! How many of the comforts of existence would be gone—how many deprivations have taken place, before a mother's heart could decide upon such a step as that! There may be seen the working-man's Sabbath clothes, and the implements of his trade, which had become useless. But it would be almost an endless labour to enumerate all that meets the eye in this window. Not only is a pawnbroker's shop the resort of those who are in actual distress, but of many who are themselves the authors of their own misery—the drunkard, the slothful, and the improvi-

dent. The best customers that a pawnbroker has are those who visit him weekly—those persons who reside in rooms and cellars, and who never contemplate renting a whole house. Though these establishments are calculated to do good, there is no doubt that they are often productive of much misery to the poorer classes, from the facilities which they afford for procuring money. No inconsiderable portion of the income of many poor families is expended in paying the interest on sums which are borrowed in this way. I can never pass a pawnbroker's window without experiencing unpleasant sensations, and reflecting on the various causes which may have induced the original proprietors of the articles seen there, to have consigned them to such a repository.

[To be continued.]

THE BACK PARLOUR ;

OR, COMFORT AND STYLISHNESS.

(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of 'Cottage Comforts,' 'The Young Folks of the Factory,' 'History of Slavery,' &c.)

[Continued from our last.]

On Monday evening, February 26th, the bells of St. Michael's Church, W——, were ringing merrily, and divers conjectures were afloat as to the cause.

Old Mr. Meredith was the oracle of his club in political matters. He moreover fancied himself in some degree endowed with the spirit of prophecy, or at least of interpreting prophecy. With no less pertinacity than ingenuity, he minutely expounded scriptural predictions as referring to the passing events of the day—maintaining most positively that “the raiser of taxes,” mentioned by the prophet Daniel, referred distinctly and exclusively to William Pitt—and pointing with equal particularity and positiveness to the exact descriptions of Roubel, Barras, Rivoliere, with other movers in the scenes of the French Revolution. The said Mr. Meredith unhesitatingly asserted, on the first striking up of the bells, that a great naval victory had taken place; and reminded his companions that just five weeks before, he had shown them some extraordinary lights in the heavens,* which portended bloody battles, and that no doubt at that very time Admiral—— had given the French and Dutch fleets a severe drubbing. The supposed victory furnished to the club at the “Magpie” a topic of conversation for the whole evening, and, indeed, kept them at least an hour later than usual, to the no small satisfac-

tion of the landlord. Meanwhile, his two boys, having caught hold of the report, busied themselves in making clay candlesticks for the illumination, which would no doubt take place on the following evening. Early in the morning they were knocking at the doors with their wares, hoping to monopolize the trade, as other candlestick makers would not hear the news until the delivery of the letters; and their expectations were not disappointed. They actually did sell hundreds of their candlesticks, and spread the report so extensively and so confidently, that the total absence of any intimation of a victory, either in newspapers or private letters, failed to convince people in general that nothing of the kind had taken place. Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Sadler, and Mr. Bell, and Mr. Midwinter, and Mr. Preston, and all the members of the club at the Magpie, were referred to as authority for the fact; besides, St. Michael's bells were ringing all the evening.

But in the bar of the “Golden Fleece,” another cause was assigned for the merry peal. The guard of the night coach was just putting on his great coat when the bells struck up. “There,” said he to the landlady, who stood ready with his parting glass of rum and water; “I should not a bit wonder if that isn't for the accession of the Prince of Wales, for I heard at Egham last night, that the old king was desperate bad. Well, I shall get the news on the road.” Away went Mr. Guard, perhaps intending to make enquiry, or perhaps thinking no more about the matter; and away went Mrs. Landlady to give certainty, and circumstance, and currency to the conjecture. This report made some way in the city, though not to the extent of the other. When the guests at the Golden Fleece, at the suggestion of the landlady, replenished their glasses and cups, to drink long life and prosperity to his Majesty, somebody remarked that it would have been no more than decent to have tolled the bell for the good old king, before they began ringing for his successor; but that was the way of the world, to worship the rising sun. However, the liquor was drank, and the report got more or less into circulation. At last, in the course of Tuesday forenoon, some person did what it was a wonder no one had thought of doing the preceding night, he went to enquire of the sexton of St. Michael's, what the bells had been ringing for, and learned, that it was neither more nor less than that Walker, the hatter, had brought home his wife.

Mrs. Walker was quite disposed to receive all the homage and distinction due to a bride, according to the established laws of etiquette,

* The Aurora Borealis had been remarkably frequent and brilliant about that time.

but she certainly had no idea of the sensation she had been the occasion of exciting in the city; nor would she have been at all flattered by the expression of indifference with which it was re-echoed by the disappointed newsmongers; "Walker, the hatter, brought home a wife!—is *that* all?"

However, so it was—and despite of their indifference, Mrs. Walker was, in her own esteem, the centre of a very important circle:—

"Still, to herself, the blooming bride appears,
The central object of revolving spheres,
Wherein she stands, Creation's dearest spot,
For what were all to her, if she were not I?"

A few of the band-boxes and trunks had been emptied, and the bride and her bridesmaid had laid aside their travelling dresses, and selected from their varied stores one each, which, after an elaborate toilet adjustment, each pronounced to be elegantly graceful and simple; and Ellen was gracefully reclining on the sofa in the best parlour, or drawing-room, and Caroline Leslie drew off one of her white gloves, and seated herself at the tea-table, the duties of which devolved on her as bridesmaid.

"This is a handsome room," remarked Ellen—"don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned Caroline, "and nicely furnished. The carpet is elegant—was it your choice?"

"No—it was a present from Walker's brother, who is a carpet manufacturer."

"And, of course, the rug to correspond; well, I admire them both exceedingly. The lamp, too, is very splendid."

"I am glad you like that—for it *was* my choice; we had half a tiff about it. Walker wished to have candlesticks, on account of the expense; but I was set upon having a lamp—and a good one too—and mamma said candles would be quite out of character for a drawing-room; so he was obliged to comply. I wish he would come up to tea—what can he be about?"

Walker made his appearance, and apologised for having kept the ladies waiting, by saying, that he was obliged to write letters for the post.

"And, I declare, you have absolutely changed your coat!" exclaimed Ellen; "you old miser—I am really ashamed of you—to think of sitting down to tea in that shabby old thing."

"Again I ask your pardon, my dear; but you know a good coat would soon be spoiled in the dust of the shop, so I changed in the back parlour before I went into the shop, and forgot to change again before I came up stairs."

"Well, we will excuse you this time; but pray do not look so melancholy. Surely the troubles of business have not taken hold of you

already. Come,—'Away with melancholy;'" and Ellen playfully kissed his forehead, and Walker received the expression of tenderness with real affection, and with an attempt at playfulness too, but it was evident that something had grieved him. Nothing, however, transpired. By the time the repast was ended, the shop shutters were closed; and Walker, with some hesitation, intimated that it was the time at which he usually assembled his family for worship; and enquired whether it would be agreeable to Ellen and her friend to meet them.

"Oh, certainly not, to-night," was the reply; "it would be quite out of the way to think of being introduced to the family so soon after her arrival; besides she was extremely tired." So irregularity was introduced the first evening of Ellen assuming her important station at the head of a family. She did not intend to neglect her duty, or to discourage her husband in the discharge of it; but she fancied that etiquette required her, as a bride, to sit in state in the drawing-room; and that it would be indecorous, so soon to begin to look well to the ways of her household.

Ah! she thus sadly increased the difficulties of beginning, and the uncertainty of ever successfully proceeding, in the way she should go.

"Oh, that some power the gift could give us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Mrs. Walker reclining on her drawing-room sofa, (so placed as to command a full view of the mirror) appeared to herself a beautiful, graceful, elegant bride, in a genteel, well-furnished apartment; commanding the unequalled admiration of her husband, and entitled to the notice and consideration of the first society. But this was not exactly the universal opinion formed of her.

"How do you like your new mistress?" enquired the servant at the next door, of Mrs. Walker's hand-maid Rachel.

"Why, it is early judging yet," replied Rachel, but I think she is rather highish in her ways for a tradesman's wife. Every day—every day—she sits in the drawing-room, dressed like a duchess. She has never once entered the kitchen yet."

"I should not care for that if I were you; you have it the more to yourself; for my part I am not over fond of mistresses that come poking and prying about in the kitchen and pantry. Where a servant knows her work, there is no occasion for it; and as you have managed it your own way so long, I should think you would rather have her room than her company."

"Why, as to that, master had taken such care to provide every thing complete and proper

in the kitchen, and I had got every thing in such nice order against mistress came home, that I did think I should like her to come down and look round at it; however, I suppose it is proper for her to sit in the drawing-room while she is expecting visitors to call upon her, and perhaps, when that is over, she will put on a plain dress, and begin to make herself at home: I must say I hope it will be so soon, for every day I have that bright grate to clean, which takes a good bit of time; and then it is so much more work to run up and down stairs with every thing; besides, it is a shame to have that room and all the beautiful new furniture for common use. There is one of the best china cups broken already, and coffee spilt on the new carpet. Another thing I don't at all like, and that is being so late and long at meals—so different from what it used to be; instead of getting my breakfast by eight o'clock, it is between nine and ten before it comes down stairs, and then it is all bustle to clear away, and get forward in time for dinner. Ah well, poor thing, she is young and ignorant; she will know better by-and-by. I do not want to take a dislike to her at first. But have you seen young Mrs. Collins? She came in to see mistress the very evening after they came home, for they were old acquaintance, and she did seem such a nice woman, without a bit of fuss—I quite took a fancy to her; and the next day I was sent with a message to her, and there she was in a plain merino dress with a linen apron, watering her plants in the little back parlour; and there was her sister sitting at needlework; they did look so comfortable and homely. Well, I hope it will all come right at last."

Rachel, it will be seen, was more candid than some of her tribe. It was evident, however, that her first impression of her new mistress was not of the most desirable kind. The shopman pronounced Mrs. Walker as proud as Lucifer, and the two young journeywomen were exceedingly indignant; that though Mr. Walker very kindly invited them into the back parlour to take a bit of cake and a glass of wine in honour of the occasion, Madam did not condescend to come down and speak to them, nor yet send for them to the drawing room, so they did not even get a glimpse of her.

[To be continued.]

Conversation.—Let your subject, says Epictetus, be something of necessity and use; something that may advance the love and practice of virtue, reform the passions, or instruct the understanding; such as may administer advice to men in difficulties, comfort them under afflictions, and assist them in the search of truth.

THE VERNIER;

OR MICROMETRIC* SLIDING SCALE.

Reader, be not alarmed! We are not about to indite a political article on that *quæstio vexata*—the "sliding scale," we can assure you. It suits not our inclination, much less the design of our Periodical, to battle with the politics of the day. Commend us to the "Amenities of Literature," (we can very safely recommend it to you,) and we are more than willing that the acerbities of political strife and animosity should be confided and confined to other goose-quills.

At different periods, several methods have been devised for accurately measuring small sub-divisions of space; but they have been superseded by the instrument, the name of which forms the title of this paper—a name derived from that of the inventor, Paul Vernier, a gentleman of some note in the Franche Compté, and who described his invention in a work published at Brussels in the year 1631. This instrument is applicable to rectilinear or curvilinear graduations, and either to large or small divisions; to the circles of quadrants and sextants, or the rectilinear scales of barometers. In some delicate astronomical instruments it is used for the indication of distances so minute, that the eye is assisted in the measurement by a small double-convex lens or magnifying glass. We shall describe the Vernier as attached to an ordinary upright barometer.

Were the barometer itself the subject of the present article, we could discourse widely at least, if not eloquently, of its extended, ay its unlimited benefits and uses. Many a gallant vessel has been saved from the yawning deep by the premonitory fluctuations of a marine barometer. And the mariner who should dare to neglect the warnings of this silent "prophet," would have small claim to pilot through the pathless sea those steaming leviathans and "mammoths," which periodically plough their way across the Atlantic; waft the inhabitants of one Continent to the shores of the other, bring the old and the new world into nearer contact; and binding in the bonds of brotherhood the two great nations that unhappily are still jealous of each other's power, unite them in ties, still closer perhaps than those of consanguinity, the ties of commercial interests—interests which, at this moment, are preventing the war that might otherwise have been appealed to for the settlement of supposed grievances.

Where is the man that doubts, where is the

* Micrometer. From two Greek words signifying *little measurer*.

statesman, that would dare to doubt, whether such mutual dependance is a blessing? Welcome such dependance on foreigners! Welcome such foreign dependance on us! And all hail to thee, thou mighty, motive machine, which art destined to revolutionize maritime intercourse, and, we fondly hope, to assist in rendering *all* nations so dependant on foreigners, that Cowper's declaration may yet be realized,—

"War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings [could] not play at."

When the stately bark has been calmly gliding on the wave; when there has been no token in the air, the heavens, the sea, of any gathering tempest; when the oldest mariner has been unable to descry even so much as "a little cloud, like a man's hand;" even then has the sudden depression of the mercurial column given premonitory warning of an approaching storm. At the time Capt. Basil Hall was off the Cape of Good Hope, in 1815, he observed that whenever the mercury in the barometer fell below a certain point, a storm *always* ensued; and he states that these gales, of which his barometer never failed to "give timely notice," often came on suddenly, without any visible change in the aspect of the sky. We might quote other instances, but that our present paper relates to the sliding index rather than the barometer itself.

We shall assume that our readers are acquainted with the system of decimal notation; that they understand the relative values of 50; 5; .5; .05; the first standing for fifty; the second for five; the third for five-tenths, that is one-half; and the last for five-hundredths; each one of the series from right to left being equal in value to ten times that of the preceding one.

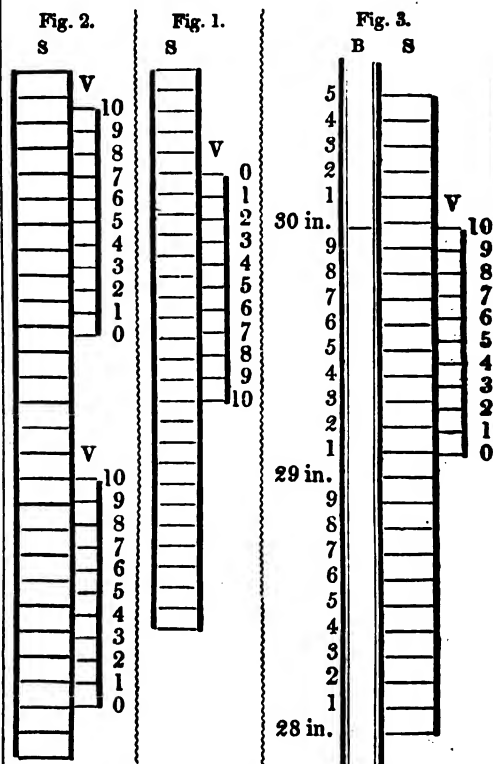
The "range" of the barometer, that is, the variation in the length or altitude of the mercurial column, is, in this country, about three inches, from 28 to 31. Within and near the Tropics, there is but little variation. At St. Helena, the range is said to be trifling; and in Jamaica about three-tenths of an inch.

Many persons, on examining a register of the state of the barometer, (28.74 inches for example,) understand that this indicates the height of the mercury. They know that the scale is divided into tenths of an inch; but being unacquainted with any method of measuring the hundredths of an inch, they suppose that these hundredths are guessed at. No such thing. The hundredths are as easily and accurately measured as the tenths; and our present object is to describe the simple and ingenious contrivance by which this measurement is effected.

Attached to the moveable index of an upright barometer is a small scale, which, to an ob-

server unacquainted with its use, *appears* to be divided into ten parts, similar to those of the fixed scale, which indicates, in inches and tenths, the height of the column of mercury. This small scale is the Vernier. It is not attached to all upright barometers; nor is it made use of in wheel barometers; for though, as stated above, it is applicable to circular as well as to rectilinear graduations, yet the common wheel barometer is not calculated for very accurate measurement of barometric variations, though well suited to indicate slight changes.

The Vernier, then, consists of a sliding scale, or graduated moveable index, applied to a fixed scale, any length of which moveable index is divided into a given number of equal parts, either one fewer or one more in number than those into which a corresponding length of the fixed scale is divided. The size or number of these divisions is arbitrary; but for decimal notation, the proportional numbers must be as 10 to 9, or as 10 to 11.



In the above diagram, Fig. 1, let S represent a scale, (call it tenths of an inch,) and V the Vernier, 10 divisions on the Vernier being equal to 11 on the scale. It follows that a division on the Vernier is one tenth larger than a division on the scale. The uppermost and lowest graduations on V bei-

opposite to, or coincident with graduations on S, it will be evident on inspection, and a little consideration, that 1 on V is not exactly opposite the line on S, but one-tenth of a division below it, 2 on V is two-tenths of a division below a line, 3 is three-tenths, and so on to the bottom of the Vernier; and that if V be moved gradually upwards,* so as for the lines 1, 2, 3, &c. to coincide with lines on S, it will indicate corresponding elevations of one-tenth, two-tenths, three-tenths, &c. of a division, until 0 on V arrives opposite the next line on S, when the Vernier will have moved upwards one-tenth of an inch.

In fig. 2 (lower part) the Vernier is in smaller divisions than the scale, 10 on the former being equal to 9 on the latter; and the figures read in the opposite direction to the former. The top and bottom of V being coincident with lines on S, it will be seen that 1 on V (being in this case at the bottom of the Vernier, and not at the top, as in the former example) is one-tenth of a division below a line on S, that 2 is two-tenths below a line on S, and so on; and that when 10 on V is coincident with the next line on S, all the lines on V, 1, 2, 3, &c. must have coincided with some line on S, and consequently exhibited 10 separate and equal distances between two lines, or in one division, on S; and these distances are each equal to one-hundredth of an inch, or one-tenth of a division. In the upper part of this figure another Vernier is placed, so as to indicate six-tenths of a division.

Fig. 3 represents the tube and scale of a barometer, with the mercury standing a little below 30 inches. The divisions on the Vernier being smaller than those on the scale, the numbers on both proceed in the same direction. A little examination and reference to our former description will show that the height of the mercury is 29.98 inches, 8 on the Vernier being the coincident line.

We may here state that, practically, one Vernier is as useful as the other: but it must be borne in mind that when the Vernier divisions are smaller than those of the scale, the numbers proceed in the same direction. This is called a direct Vernier. When the Vernier divisions are larger than the scale, the numbers read in opposite directions. This is a retrograde Vernier.

Reader! should our description of Vernier's ingenious but simple instrument have proved uninteresting to you, we regret it. The short time spent in writing has been pleasant to us; the time occupied in reading it may be

useful to you.—But our trusty servant has announced the hour. It is the "noon of night"; the March wind is howling in the chimney, and whistling through the window; our barometrical Vernier is in the "stormy" region; and the hailstones are hissing out our little remnant of embers. In the words of Darwin—

"The hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black; the glass is low;
To night the sun went pale to bed;
The moon in halos hides her head:
'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow,"
[Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.]

And yours, too; so you may watch your "weather glass," note the "downward progress" of the mercury, and take a practical lesson on the use of the *retrograde* Vernier.

And if the reader be of a "rueful countenance," he will probably find his associations glide quite imperceptibly into a moody musing on the *retrograde* march of public opinion, or some other equally philosophic speculation. But if the gloom of nature retire; if the clouds open their portals, and display the blue vault of heaven, he may discover that, himself unknowing it, his feelings have gradually melted into unison with the brightened prospect around him; (for there is a chemistry of the feelings, the existence of which is known by its effects, that assimilates our temperament with the tone of surrounding nature;) and if your gloom and nature's gloom have rolled away together, accept the enclosed invitation card from a "Prince" among poets; and come, with your sister, (for, if a bachelor "all forlorn," we hope you have a sister,) to spend a few pleasant "Hours with the Muses." You will assuredly meet with some beauties. We have condescended to "sample" the casket for you; although we offer the verses rather as appropriate to our subject, than as the brightest or best of the poet's gems:—

"Now the glad sun, from his ethereal throne,
Rains down the mid-day glory of his beams;
The skies sweep round me like an azure zone—
Rolling in light the far-off ocean gleams;
The hills are clothed with splendour, and the streams
Flash with a quivering radiance here and there;
Earth slumbers in the depth of summer-dreams;
Mysterious murmurs stir the sultry air,
As if all Nature's breast throbb'd with unuttered prayer."

Judicious reader! in very troth we repudiate the modern multiform misappropriation of poetic quotations; but when you have examined a few of the gems in John Critchley Prince's "Hours with the Muses," we are quite sure that your gentle sister will unite in exclaiming—

Sweetest poet! Nature's child!
Warbling forth thy wood-notes wild!

and whatever you may think of the Vernier, you will not regret your introduction to the "Prince."

* It would assist the reader, were he to provide himself with a piece of paper graduated as V, to lay down by the scale.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

Hath secret sorrow then o'ershadow'd the sunlight of
thine heart ;
 And is it *thine* to linger on, and act the dreamer's part ;
 And hath the starlight of young hope, that once lit up
 thy brow,
 So pure, so faultless, and so fair, for ever vanish'd now !
 Are all *thine* hopes by winter chill'd ! Hath sorrow
 dimm'd *thine* eye !
 And for the past, hast thou, alas ! no record but a sigh !
 Oh ! say not so,—the bird of peace hath not *for ever* flown ;
 Trust still for hours of purer joy,—they soon shall be
thine own.

Say not thy *last* dear hope is gone for ever and afar :
 Look to the hope which is in heaven,—be *that* thy brightest
 star :

That hope will not forsake thy breast, nor leave thee
 desolate,
 But through the darkness of the past, will gild thy future
late.

Pause not on earthly seas or shores ; oh ! rest not here
thine ear,—
 Strike out again,—the waves shall bear thee to a happier
 shore ;
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown, where love the
 portal keeps,
 And the sweet song of heavenly joy in glorious music
 sweeps.

There broken hearts shall be at rest,—there is a home for
 those
 Whose spirits find no home on earth, nor moments of
 repose :

Fear not to pass the portals wide, which open to the
 grave :—
 Thy God will lend a star to light thee o'er life's ebbing
 wave.

And when in Heaven 'tis *thine* to dwell,—when all thy
 sighs are hush'd,
 And sweeter joys arise from those which earthly sorrow
 crush'd ;
 Thine earthly friends will gaze on high, still upward, and
 afar,
 And dream they see thee in the sky,—the spirit of a star.

Smedley House.

F. G.

SNOWDROPS.

Sweet infancy of flower's pale blossoming !
 Springing from out the plain,
 Where Winter scarce hath ceased to reign,
 Faintly ye breathe a voice of coming Spring !
 When countless blooms shall joyous earth o'erspread,
 Breathing a sweet perfume,
 When a bright sun shall all illumine,
 And ye be numbered with long buried dead,
 Unthought of, save by few—your errand sped.
 I look on ye, and think upon the dove,
 Flying from forth the ark,
 To see if still the earth were dark—
 If still the mighty waters rolled above :
 Weak messenger from all the living things,
 Preserved with puerile care,
 Again to people earth and air—
 She soon returning on scarce rested wings,
 The olive leaf of promise joyful brings.

So ye, frail harbingers of floral life,
 Preserv'd within the earth.
 To us give promise of new birth
 Of Nature, when the genial airs are rife,
 And green-robed Spring advances light and free.
 With tears mine eyes are blind ;
 For mournful thoughts have come to mind
 Of youth's gay spring-time, when Hope shewed to me
 Visions of bliss, which now no more I see !
 A radiant morning of a gloomy day,
 Sinking full soon to night,
 Has been too oft youth's early light ;
 A brilliant sun-burst passing swift away !—
 Manhood's high noontide knows no blooming rose
 Fair as the morning flower ;
 Yet mind doth like the sun gain power,
 Thoughts come like shades, inducing calm repose,
 And wisdom makes our day more glorious ere its close.

Hulse.

A. L.

BON MOR.—A person being seated at a table
 between two tradesmen, and wishing to cast a
 slur upon them, said, "How prettily I am
 fixed between two tailors !" On which a gen-
 tleman observed, that being beginners, they
 could not afford to keep more than one *goose*
 between them.

HORSE-WHIP.—The horse-whip probably
 originated in the switch, by which, and the
 voice, the ancient Orientals guided their horses
 without a bridle, by striking them on the right
 or left side of the face, to turn them as neces-
 sary, and upon the nose to stop them. Whips
 were in common use among the Greeks, and
 were made of leather thongs ; hogs' bristles
 twisted together ; and sometimes of the sinews
 of oxen.

There was not much wit, but there was great
 good humour in the reply George II. made to
 a lady, who, at the first masquerade his ma-
 jesty was present at in England, invited him
 to drink a glass of wine at one of the beaufets ;
 with this he readily complied, and the lady
 filling a bumper said, "Here, mask, the pre-
 tender's health ;" then filling another glass,
 presented it to the king, who, receiving it with
 a smile, replied, "I drink with all my right
 to the health of all unfortunate princes."

Maffeus, a Portuguese author, who wrote a
 history of the East Indies, mentions a man of the
 name of Numus de Cagna, a native of Bengal,
 who died in the year 1565, at the almost in-
 credible age of three hundred and seventy years.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street ;
 EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street ; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street ; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and
 Blacklock, 27, Brown Street ; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place ; LEEDS,
 Sloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann ; DERBY, T. Roberts ; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle ; CARLISLE,
 Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Publisher.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 20.]

SATURDAY, 19TH MARCH, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

PROFESSIONAL MANNERS.

SECOND SERIES.

"Or any thing in the way of prints, Ma'am?" inquires the draper's "assistant," as he gracefully bends over the counter, and displays in tasteful folds the newest specimens of his Manchester goods.

"Why, not to-day, Sir." And no wonder he receives a negative reply, for, by dint of sheer politeness, he has succeeded in inducing the lady he addresses to purchase more of his articles than she ever dreamt of possessing, and although she begins to doubt the state of her finances, the temptation is so great that she cannot resist having but *one* look at the prints.

"They are beautiful, Ma'am—just permit me to shew you this, Ma'am—such a delicacy of tint—be pleased to take a chair—think *ya*—such a sweet design!—this, now, is a splendid article, Ma'am, dazzling blue—something ethereal—I assure you it looks charming when made up—pray, be seated, Ma'am—this print, Ma'am, is one of Hoyle's fust colour pinks—immense favourite—much admired —"

"This lilac seems rather pretty," observes the lady, selecting a pattern which attracts her attention. The voluble "assistant" sees the "impression" it has made—he has now only to follow it up, and the sale is effected.

"Pardon Ma'am—this, the lilac—ah, nice thing—quiet, very—not conspicuous—make a decidedly genteel dress," he continues; "I

can't say but I should prefer it to the blue, and the pink *is* rather glaring, though it *has* a run."

"Do you think the colours of this may not fade, Sir?"

"Fade! oh dear, no, Ma'am—no chance of it—fust as a rock, and wash like linen—sun could have no effect on this, Ma'am—I predict it will look as well years hence as now—I pledge my *honour*, Ma'am the colours are *in*-exceptionable." And all the while, perhaps, the "assistant" knows that the colours are so *fast*, as a celebrated wit once said, that they are sure to *run*.

"And how much may this be a yard?"

"*Only* (a favourite adverb with all drapers)—only eightpence, Ma'am—it's a cheap article, Ma'am—nine and a half yards to the dress—nine and a half yards at eightpence, would be six and four,—its a low figure, Ma'am. Let me see, why, last season"—and he becomes suddenly impressive,—“we were cutting those identical goods at tenpence—would you credit it Ma'am?—shall we say the usual quantity?"

"I can scarcely say—it *does* look pretty."

"A first-rate article, I assure you, Ma'am; you can't do wrong in having a dress—shall we say the —"

"You may—I'll take a dress."

"Think *ya*, Ma'am. And what shall the next article be?" he continues without a pause, whilst measuring that he has sold—"merinos, silks, or chenês—I have something very fine in chenês—quite fascinating, I predict."

"Not to-day, Sir," she again replies.

"You won't permit me to tempt you, Ma'am, allow me, Ma'am, to introduce this single chenê —"

"Some other time, I thank you. I will call again."

"Think ya, Ma'am—much obliged—good morning, Ma'am." And the "assistant" forthwith proceeds to "straighten" his goods until he is again called to go through the same ceremony, which only terminates with the closing of his shop.

In no profession, perhaps, are manners and tact so indispensable as in that of a draper—to these alone he is indebted for the disposal of what he terms "bad stock," that is, articles so antiquated in style as to be beyond the hope of *attracting* purchasers, and to these also he owes the sale of a large proportion of his "regular goods." It is not surprising, then, that his external comportment should take its tone from his profession.

The "assistant" behind his counter, is the most perfect gentleman imaginable—his manners are the most engaging, his attentions the most unremitting—his politeness, in fact, knows no bounds. He spares no pains to accommodate his customers—their wishes are his commands—he lives only to please, and if he fails in his endeavours, it is not for lack of perseverance. How skilfully does he humour women's foibles, palliate their little weaknesses, and by flattering their vanity ingratiate himself into their good graces! He is far too well bred to differ from any lady in matters of taste—he admires every selection she makes, and can "confidently recommend" every article she purchases—there is nothing too *outré* she chooses but what he believes will look well, and nothing too glaring that may not appear "very becoming." He can accommodate himself, too, to all classes, for he is equally a favourite with the garrulous old maid as finical in her taste as a girl in her teens, and the bullying Irishwoman, who comes to buy with the conviction that she is doomed to be imposed upon. Then there is no resisting his alluring offers; his very importunity induces you to purchase—it would border on incivility to refuse, and you are fortunate, indeed, if you escape with a coin in your possession. How many have entered a draper's shop for the most trifling article and left it with more than they could well bear away! and amongst the male sex many a suit has been sold when a handkerchief alone was required; for our own part, we generally limit our resources before we visit such establishments, for we are free to confess that our wardrobe has more than once been "over-stocked" solely through the pertinacity

of these "assistants."—Thus the profession of a draper induces an air of politeness and condescension—a desire to please and to gratify, which is at once flattering to those towards whom it is observed, and profitable to those who observe it. But this is not always the result of professional pursuits, as we have already shown, and, with your leave, kind reader, will again attempt to prove. Bear with the antithesis.

"Move on there, I tell ye," bellows a gentleman habited in a blue frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and ornamented with the badges of his office. The poor creature he is addressing is one of those miserable beings whom Poverty has thrust into the streets to earn a scanty subsistence by selling fruit. Her stock-in-trade is disposed in a basket suspended over her shoulders, and perhaps ill-health or the delicacy of her situation has compelled her to seek a temporary support in leaning against the rails in front of that public office—a liberty no policeman could tolerate when there is nothing else to occupy his attention.

"Move on there, will ye?" he again vociferates, remembering Hamlet's injunction to *suit* the action to the word.

"I'm a-going, Sir,—I'm a-going. Oh, don't upset my apples, Sir."

"A-going! away with ye—off—off! There," he adds, levelling a blow at the basket, "if I catch you here again, see if I don't take it to the green-yard." And in the twinkling of an eye, apples, pears, and sugar-plums are rolling on the pavement to the infinite diversion of a mob of urchins, who quickly assemble to assist themselves and the unfortunate fruit-vender, whilst the "officer" walks calmly down the street, as if he had performed a heroic action for which he merited the thanks of the community.

Policemen, like all public individuals, have undoubtedly much to contend against, but they forget that in many cases persuasion is better than force, and that a gentle word is often a more powerful argument than a wooden truncheon. Join the crowd at the top of that street—there was a fire there last night, and the engines are still pouring their torrents on the smoking ruins. An entire "division" surround the spot, and form a barrier against intrusion. Involuntarily you are carried forward by the "pressure from without" and by the accession of new comers, till you gradually find yourself in the foremost ranks, and facing the guardians of the public peace. To retreat is impossible—it is well if you can maintain your footing, and avoid further trespassing on forbidden ground. "Are there any lives lost?" you eagerly inquire of one of the gentlemen in blue. If he deigns a reply, you could not

catch it, for suddenly he makes an onward rush—"Back—back!" is the cry, and in a moment you find a stave unceremoniously applied to your abdomen, or lifted to your head; and as mobs push forward just as policemen force backwards, you have a double pressure to sustain, until, on the crowd giving way, one of the "division" ejects you and your neighbours, head foremost, and beats you off the ground. We remember being present at a fire in the vicinity of Fleet-street, and witnessing an instance of the professional manners of policemen, which induced us to believe that they were anything but a gentlemanly class of men. Amongst the crowd was a respectably attired youth, who, on the arrival of the engines, eagerly stood forward to render assistance, and after toiling at the pumps until overpowered, resigned his place to another. In the interim, as is usual on such occasions, refreshments were served out to the volunteers, but just as the youth was about to inhale an invigorating draught before resuming his labours, one of the B division, who happened to come up at the time, rudely forced the tankard from his hands, and protesting that he "was an idle feller and was a-doing *nothink* at all," collared him, and dragged him from the scene. Remonstrance, of course, was in vain—satisfaction out of the question, for the police do not generally stand on points of etiquette at fires, and are not amenable to the code of honour.

What a contrast to all this do the professional manners of your family doctor present—a man of the mildest demeanour, of the most soothing address, whose whole life is spent in administering comfort and consolation—however unseasonable your calls upon his aid—through the midnight storm, he hastens to assuage your pains—the cheerful family circle, or the society of dearest friends, is promptly quitted, that he may listen to the oft-repeated details of symptoms of approaching sickness. No fretfulness can disturb the equanimity of his temper; the peevishness of old age and the rashness of youth he can equally moderate and subdue. There is sympathy in his very looks and hope in his voice. With how noiseless a step does he enter the chamber, of sickness—what feeling is there in the shake of that cold hand—what earnestness in his enquiries—how gentle is his touch—how cheering his words! And then how kindly does he dispel the fears of anxious relatives, listen to a mother's tale, and bear with her solicitude. Would that all were like our family doctor!

But we must check our wandering thoughts—graver duties demand our attention, and for the present, at least, we must here conclude our illustrations of Professional Manners.

THE BACK PARLOUR;

OR, COMFORT AND STYLISHNESS.

(By Mrs. Copley, Authoress of 'Cottage Comforts,' 'The Young Folks of the Factory,' 'History of Slavery,' &c.)

[Continued from our last.]

"What a dashing set out we had at church yesterday," observed one of the ladies at Mrs. Mordaunt's party on the Monday after Ellen had made her first public appearance, "but I think it would have been quite as decent if they had come in before the service began, and not made such a display to draw off all the congregation from their duty—I never knew Walker behind time before."

"Oh, you mean Walker the hatter—I heard he brought his wife to church, but I did not happen to notice them."

"She is rather a pretty looking young woman, but the display was truly ridiculous. Do you know who or what she is?"

"Her parents are respectable people, living at S—, and I suppose there was some little property. Mr. Lowndes knows something of the father, and rather wishes me to call on the bride; but I scarcely know what to do about it. It would not do to get into a clan of tradespeople."

"No, certainly not. I, however, must make a point of calling both on Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Collins, and intend to do so to-morrow morning. I should have gone last week to Mrs. Collins, but was prevented by company in the house. You know Mr. Stewart's profession obliges me to keep up a larger connexion than I could wish. He is quite angry if I am not one of the first to call on new comers."

"It happens that I have already, without premeditation, paid my respects to Mrs. Collins. Dr. Warburton had occasion to call there on business, and as he was a considerable time engaged in the counting-house, I was invited to take a seat by the parlour fire. I did so, and had a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Collins. She is a very prepossessing young woman—intelligent and well-informed, and so perfectly simple and unpretending in her manners—she would grace any rank in society. While every thing about her person and house presents a model of neatness and good taste, there is such a total absence of that parade and circumstance on which vulgar minds lay so great a stress, that though I was in her company nearly an hour, I should never have suspected that she was a bride of last week, if I had not been aware of the fact."

"It would have been as well for Walker if there had been less of that sort of fuss and nonsense in his case. The Mayor was exceedingly desirous of employing him in a

large city order, and although it was determined by tender, yet, as the gentlemen did not bind themselves to take the lowest tender, but that which, on the whole, appeared most satisfactory, there is no doubt, as Walker is a good tradesman and a fair dealer, that, with the interest of the Mayor in his favour, he would have obtained it. But the tenders were delivered in on Thursday week, and Walker did not arrive at home till Monday, when, of course, the chance was lost. He waited on the Mayor immediately on his arrival—but it was too late."

So—Mrs. Mayoress imparts to us the real cause of vexation and chagrin at the tea table, which the bride in vain endeavoured to unravel or dispel. May she never in future years be painfully reminded that, in her unwillingness to make a small sacrifice of personal gratification and fancied form, originated a serious and permanent injury to his commercial interests! From the remarks, too, of the banker's maiden sister, and the rector's lady, and the elegant Mrs. Ord, and the ladies of Mr. Lowndes, the solicitor, and of Mr. Stewart, the surgeon, and the rest of the coterie at Mrs. Mordaunt's, it may be gathered what impression it made on people of that class, by the attempts of those, whom they consider their inferiors, to vie with them in show and etiquette. The efforts made to attract their notice, and slide into a footing of acquaintance with them, very rarely succeed; and even if they do, it will generally be found that the *whistle* has been too dearly bought.

And how does it operate on equals? Mark those three citizen's wives returning from market, each with a small fancy basket, or large reticule, or ample muff, in which are deposited some of the little select purchases which are not to be trusted to *anybody* to carry home. While bringing their heads as near together as may be, for a little friendly chat, each guards her cargo as if it were made of egg-shell china—perhaps it is. As they pass along the High-street—they are looking at No. 120, and—

"To call, or not to call! that is the question—"

"Suppose we look in, in a friendly way at once; it is rather too early for any very stylish company, and it will be well over without the trouble of coming out on purpose."—"But we are not dressed for a bride visit. It would scarcely do to call in merinos; besides, we are loaded."—"I am sure your dress is very good—so is Mrs. Edwards's—and as to mine, it is what I wore when I called last week on Mrs. Collins; and you know we can leave our things in Rachel's care, while we go up stairs. Do let us go in—it will seem more

neighbourly than going full dressed."—"For my part, I do not think I shall go at all—I understand she is so very stylish—I suppose she will scarcely deign to speak to a tradesman's wife. She is in hopes of attracting the grandees—she will find herself mistaken there. However, I don't see any reason why I should call, and be despised by one who has no right to reckon herself my superior."

Mrs. Vincent probably derives her opinion of Mrs. Walker from the testimony of the two shop-women, with whom she has been some time acquainted. She takes leave of her friends, and turns homewards. Another momentary discussion issues in Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Fisher making the proposed call. They are kind hearted, motherly women, likely to be agreeable and valuable friends to the young wife; but they go rather with timidity than confidence—rather with prejudice than admiration of the stylishness displayed and reported; while Mrs. Vincent—whose disapprobation of finery and display in her neighbour, is not unmingled with jealous apprehension that they should be found to eclipse her own—suffers her prejudice to grow into a thorough dislike, and fancies that it is not proper for the Vincents and the Walkers to be on a friendly footing.

So, at the close of the season assigned for the calls of politeness, and the formation of a circle of acquaintances, if the two brides impartially took stock, it would probably appear that the one who had expended very little of either time, money, or feeling on show or empty formality, had established her claim to the esteem of superiors, good feeling among equals, and respect in inferiors—together with realizing a large measure of genuine domestic comfort, and the growing esteem and confidence of her husband; while the other—having strained every nerve to make a stylish display, which she hoped would draw around her the elite of the neighbourhood, and repel those of inferior pretensions,—had only excited contempt in some, and envy and prejudice in others.—Comparatively, few people called on her, and of those, the few that continued their acquaintance were of the least desirable class—those who, not being regularly and usefully employed, are glad to pick up an acquaintance at any rate, for the sake of an occasional evening's entertainment in their house, and materials for half a dozen morning visits and evening parties, in the shape of critical remarks or confidential gossip. Nor had she, during that period, established her proper authority or influence in the family, by whom she was regarded rather as the decorated plaything of the master, than as the sharer in his duties, cares, and responsibilities. And yet Ellen was not ill disposed,

or indolent, or unwilling to conform to her husband's wishes, and to promote his interests. She was misled by erroneous notions of form and fashion. This must be done—and that is required—and the other is expected. Why? not because duty enjoins, or circumstances justify, or comfort demands them—but for the sake of appearance—because it is the fashion—it is according to the rules of etiquette.

Ellen and Mary kept up a friendly intimacy. Ellen sometimes wondered that Mary was so regardless of forms, and Mary wished that Ellen were not so much led by them; but their old intimacy and sincere regard, rendered them mutually candid, and disposed to think favourably of each other, while each retained her own preferences. Their husbands, too, becoming better acquainted, cherished a growing esteem for each other, which, of course, tended to encourage the intercourse of their wives; but it is believed that the effects produced on the minds of the two husbands, were very different; and that a visit paid or received, awakened, in the mind of Walker, a wish that his wife were more like her friend—and in that of Collins, a feeling of thankfulness that his wife had a character of her own—a character that rose in his esteem whenever it was brought into comparison.

The bridesmaids had long since returned home, and matters had subsided to their quiet level, and Mary one evening took her work to sit an hour with her friend. She felt surprised at being shown into the drawing-room, and enquired whether company was expected. "No," replied Ellen, "I was sitting quite alone, and most likely shall not see Walker for two hours to come; he seldom comes up till after the shop closes. I assure you it is quite a charity to come and sit an hour with me—I am very much alone."—"Are you?" replied Mary; "Collins often comes in and sits half an hour with me in the course of the day—but then, our back parlour commands a view of the shop, so that he can see in a moment if he is wanted. That, you know, is very convenient."—"Y-e-s," replied Ellen, hesitatingly; "yet I wonder that you like to sit in that back parlour—you must be liable to all manner of people coming in."—"Oh no; no one ever comes in that is offensive to me. If Mr. Collins wishes to speak to any one on business, I generally withdraw; but this does not often happen."—"Walker is often teasing me to take my work and sit in the back parlour, and I have sometimes half a mind to do it—it is quite as comfortable a room as this. I should not at all mind it for myself, but if any one calls, it seems so, to show them into a room that has a door from the shop; and then, if the shop

girls had any thing to say, they would be running in there—and I never have been mixed up with business."—"Oh you would soon get over all feelings of that kind; and in a very little time you would take a pleasure in being able to attend to any thing in the business. Besides, it is so much more convenient to have a common sitting-room down stairs—it saves so many steps both to servant and mistress."—

"Yes, I suppose it does; and my Rachel does complain of having too much work to do. She says we ought to keep another servant—and that we must do so before the year is out. I don't know what Walker will say about it; he seems always so afraid of going into a little expense."—"Yes, I dare say he does; I am sure we find it of great importance to avoid every unnecessary expense. There is so much required to keep business going; and then, as a family comes on, expences will so unavoidably increase, that, as my William often observes, we can scarcely be too careful to keep within compass at first."—"But, my dear Mary, you do amuse me to hear you talk so gravely, just as if you were a partner in the business, and understood all about it."—"And surely I am a partner, in every sense of the word. Do not our mutual interests and comforts depend on its success? and am I not responsible for its success or its failure, at least so far as lies in my power to encourage and assist my husband's endeavours, and to guard against any neglect or extravagance which would tend to defeat them;"—"Well, Mary, I am sure you are a much better wife than I am. I don't know that I am extravagant, but as to business, I know no more about it than a child. It is impossible for me to assist or encourage—I do not at all understand the matter."—"I think you underrate your own capabilities. It is not to be supposed that either of us understands business, just as if we had been apprenticed to it; but knowledge comes by observation—at least we have the use of our eyes—and in the master's absence, a vigilant and faithful eye is sometimes of more value than even a skilful hand; and though nothing particular may occur for her to report, it must be a satisfaction to the husband to know that his wife keeps her eyes open, and that her memory is not treacherous."—"You are a dear good creature, Mary—you always were—I wish I were but like you. I must really try to make myself useful as you do; and I have half a mind to begin by sitting in the back parlour. I know it would please Walker."—"That motive alone would be sufficient; but I venture to predict that you will not sit a week in view of the business, without making some observation, or picking up some piece of useful information,

that will render you more and more interested in its prosperity, and better able to promote it."—"Well, I will certainly try; the fire shall be lighted there to-morrow morning. But suppose anybody should call? Do you keep a constant fire in your best parlour as well?"—"No; we seldom sit there, except on Sundays, or if we happen to have company. I feel so much more at home in the little parlour; besides,—perhaps it is an old fashioned notion—but I do like to keep one thing better than another; I should not carry this fancy so far as to occupy a close confined apartment for the sake of keeping a smart drawing room; but as the rooms are equally airy, it is just as well to sit where I find it most convenient for access to the kitchen and the shop, and at the same time keeping the best furniture uninjured. As to chance callers, I should not be very ambitious of a second visit from any one who would expect me to neglect duty, or sacrifice convenience for the sake of appearance and formality."

Ellen was musing on the steady independence of her friend, and perhaps questioning with herself whether she had taken as direct a course to domestic satisfaction and general respectability, when her husband entered the room, with a hat and a roll of ribbon. "My dear Ellen, could you oblige me by making up a rosette for this hat? It has just been purchased since the girls left the shop, and must be finished off to-night."

"Dear me, what a job! I am sure I would do it with all my heart if I knew how, but I never did such a thing in my life, and I have no idea how to set about it; I am afraid I shall only spoil it."

"Oh no, I think you can manage it very well. It is as easy to make a rosette for a hat as for a card rack. Suppose I fetch you one for a pattern?"

Ellen agreed, and, with her friend's assistance and encouragement, succeeded to admiration. The kind expression of her husband's approbation abundantly rewarded the effort, and—together with the newly formed resolution to exhibit a more general conformity to his wishes and circumstances—probably diffused a livelier feeling of self-satisfaction than she was wont to enjoy. Ellen realized, what every one who sincerely makes the experiment will realize—that there is a reward in doing right, as well as advantage generally resulting *from* doing right.

She would probably have improved much more than she did, by the example of her friend, but unfortunately a counteracting influence was exerted during a visit from her mother, who again filled her head with false notions of gentility, propriety, and etiquette, which led to the breaking off of several good

beginnings, and the resumption of several self-indulgent, lofty, and expensive habits.

In the course of the following spring Mrs. Collins was often seen in a plain morning dress, carrying her infant for the air in the Cathedral close at the back of their dwelling; or sitting at her needlework beside its cot in the back parlour. Martha, from the habits of regularity and order observed in the family, found herself able to despatch her daily business, and was ready at an early hour in the afternoon to assist her mistress in nursing the little one, of which she was exceedingly fond. Mrs. Walker's baby was committed to the care of a professed nurse-maid, and only brought occasionally to its mother to receive its nutriment, or to be exhibited to visitors. Her mother assured her that she had not strength to fag about with it as Mrs. Collins did; besides, it did not look well for a lady to carry about her own child. When the babies were first brought into comparison, little Walker was invariably pronounced the finer child of the two. It was certainly the larger, and its robes, laces, and coral, were by far the most superb; but in the course of a few months a striking reverse was perceptible—a change which might be clearly traced to the difference of being nursed by a mother or by an hireling. The one was plump, lively, active, and contented; amusing itself on the carpet, and early acquiring the power of locomotion, without ever having been "taught to walk"—the other, feeble, puny, and fretful, always in arms, often unwell, and—despite of all the efforts of the nurse-maid, prompted by the grandmother's promise of a handsome present if the child should run alone at a year old,—unable to support its own weight, and having little more notion of using its feet at twelve month's old than it had at six. The mother and grandmother said it was a delicate child, but Mrs. Vincent and some others of her clan said, however unjustly, that the child was neglected for the sake of its mother's upstart pride. Rachael, the servant, made no scruple of saying that if her mistress was but like Martha's mistress at No. 96, hers would still have been the finer child of the two, and even the doctor cautiously admitted that he had his apprehensions that Mrs. Walker placed rather too much confidence in a nurse-maid, who might not be altogether trustworthy.

On the seventh anniversary of their marriage, each of the husbands was talking over affairs with his wife. The conversation at No. 120, savoured much of perplexity and disappointment; Walker assured his wife that retrenchment was absolutely necessary, and even intimated his apprehensions that he should

scarcely be able to keep the business together, or by means of it to provide for his growing family—Ellen was dressed in deep mourning. A nice observer might discern that, though she retained the fashionable air and manner to which she had always attached so much importance, there was a want of thorough neatness in her person, and an expression of fretful anxiety on her countenance, as she asked, by way of reply to the remarks of her husband, “What *can* I do?”

Where a cordial affection subsists between a married pair, whatever may have been the mistakes into which they have fallen, and whatever evils may have resulted, there is in that one principle of virtuous love, the germ of hope. Ellen loved her husband, and wished to please him. Walker loved his wife, and wished to think favourably of her; and, notwithstanding the somewhat petulant tone in which the appeal was expressed, he regarded it as a sincere and well-meant enquiry. He knew and believed that the errors of his wife had been fostered, if not originated, by her mother's pride and love of fashion and display. That mother was recently dead. Her expensive style of living had put it out of her power to leave her children the means of gratifying those tastes which her example, as well as precept, had encouraged. Perhaps there was somewhat of a disappointment, though Walker had not cherished any great expectation; he, however, felt almost relieved by the certainty that there was little, or nothing, to come from that quarter, as also by the removal of any restraint of delicacy, in explicitly and decidedly expressing his wishes to his wife. There was no longer the fear of any plan he might propose, giving offence to his wife's mother; and he had great hope that his wife herself, if left to the exercise of her own judgment and feelings, would willingly fall in with his wishes, which he proceeded kindly, yet firmly, to state.

“Well, my dear Ellen, I think you may do without a nurse-maid. Fanny is a very extravagant expensive servant, and I am sure the children do not thrive under her care; I really think you would have little more fatigue in attending to them yourself; and that the children, by their health, comfort, and manageableness, would soon satisfy you in having made the effort.”

“Well, my dear Henry, I am quite willing to try. I do not think Fanny makes the children comfortable, though she is so smooth-tongued in our presence. I have lately seen reason to be much dissatisfied with her, and am quite willing to give her warning; but you will not blame me if I find myself unable to manage them without help.”

“Certainly not; I shall honour you for the effort, even though it should not succeed. Besides, you shall not do it without help—I will help you myself—and you don't know how handy I shall be when stimulated by conjugal and parental love, and not checked by the presence of a mercenary and uninterested hireling.”

“Well—and what next?”

“Why I very much wish you would more constantly occupy the back parlour; I have reason to know that I have scarcely ever left the house without some embezzlement of property or waste of time. The shop girls have been going on most shamefully—I must dismiss them both—and unless I can secure some vigilant superintendence in my absence, I shall perhaps be little better off with new ones.”

“Henry—it is my fault—I see that it is entirely my fault. Had I done my duty, they never could have acted as they have done. Oh, if I had but steadily followed the suggestions and example of dear Mrs. Collins, seven years ago, how different might our circumstances now have been.”

“Well, dear Ellen, I hope it is not even now too late to retrieve. It is a great matter fully and clearly to perceive an evil. Take courage, dearest,—let us both pull one way, and all may yet be well.”

And they did pull one way—and pulled vigorously and steadily, and the blessing of God crowned their endeavours; and though they had much up hill work and many heavy pullings, which might have been spared by beginning well, they are now in a state of comparative prosperity, and, what is more, growing in solid excellence of character, and mutual affection and esteem.

On the same day that was marked by a complete change in the administration and measures at No. 120, the happy inmates of No. 96 exchanged their cheerful congratulations and devout acknowledgments, on account of the happy circumstances by which they found themselves surrounded—a happy blooming family rising around them, and looking, not to strangers but to parents, as the source of their supplies, their comforts, and their instruction: while the means were liberally afforded them of suitably providing for and educating their dear children!

It was then that Collins disclosed to his wife a little project he had formed for her gratification. As his business increased, especially in the printing department, he found it necessary to enlarge his accommodations, and had erected a large pressing and drying room, at the back of the premises. He proposed to build a room over this, and throw it open to the back parlour, so as to answer the double end

of enlarging that favourite apartment, and forming a nice little conservatory. The heat employed in the office below would facilitate this object. The resources for accomplishing it were at hand, without cramping any more important enterprize; and, with mingled smiles and tears of complacency and affection, Collins, as he laid down the plan for his wife's approbation, delicately characterized it as a cheap and just expression of his sense of her worth; and assured her that he traced his present prosperity, under the blessing of Providence, to her uniform and well principled conformableness to his circumstances, devotion to his interests, and identity with his plans.

Yes! and on a wedding-day, fourteen or fifteen years later, Collins conducted his wife and family to a genteel residence, three or four miles out of the city, where they then took up their abode, the business in the High-street being principally confided to the eldest son, and Mason, the long-tried and faithful assistant, whose valuable services were considered as justly entitling him to a share in the business. The superintendence of the father is not entirely withdrawn, though his time is chiefly devoted to the education of his family, and the pursuits of active benevolence. Mary, however improbable it might once appear, has at length reached the beaute ideal of early days—she has a delightful country home, extensive grounds, including, not only a good greenhouse and poultry yard, but also a carriage sweep and a carriage; and among the visitors are Dr. and Mrs. Warburton, and nearly all the intelligent and respectable society in the neighbourhood. These things are sources of enjoyment to her, and she has taste and spirit to enjoy them, but they are as nothing in her esteem compared with her own consciousness, and the testimony of him she loves best, that she has done him good, and will all the days of her life. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The old trusty servant Martha, keeps the house in the high-street, still practising the most faithful economy, and conscientiously devoting herself to the interests and comfort of the family with which she has identified herself by so long a period of attached and honourable service.

Secrets of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

WALKS IN THE STREETS.—No. I.

PEEPS INTO SHOP WINDOWS—continued.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,
(Author of "*Rhyme, Romance, and Revery.*")

"What's in a name?" says Shakspeare. I am glad that the immortal bard did not ask the question in the present day, because if he had addressed himself in such a style to a shop-keeper of our own times, he would have exposed himself to insult, and at any rate have been advised not to talk nonsense. Look at that showy and immense establishment, with its arched windows, and long ranges of shelves loaded with goods, and ask the proprietor whether he attaches any importance to a name or not. Without deigning you an answer, he would no doubt point exultingly to the elegant and euphonious word which designates his own place of business. It is entitled the PANTHETHECA! Here may be had clothing of every quality and description required for the male sex; from the boy just breeched to the exquisitely, and at the same time, economically-dressed gentleman. Those, however, who patronise this establishment must not have the idea that they can bilk their tailor, for all, I believe, is transacted on a ready-money principle.

I come now to what was once a chapel, once an amphitheatre or circus, once a theatre, and is now—a draper's shop! "To this complexion must we come at last." This dépôt is in my native town, and though little removed from the centre, it is situated in a quiet square, whose silence is only occasionally broken by meetings of the people on subjects of popular excitement. This is a novel idea, and the proprietors (Messrs. Falkner Brothers) ought to reap the benefit of it. There is no need of bustling through crowds of passers and gazers—there is no fear of being jostled off the pathway—stillness and comparative solitude reign around, and females may be observed at all hours stealing in and out as noiselessly and timidly as mice from their lurking places. In this commodious and splendid emporium is displayed a valuable and well-selected stock of drapery, and a vast variety of other merchandize. Here may be purchased all those things which are so essential to female happiness, and which occupy so great a share of their meditations. Rich silks, delicate muslins, shadowy veils, fine linens, and a thousand other articles, useful and ornamental, fill the shelves and drawers of this palace of commerce. The busy and attentive shopmen bustle about, showing a patience and forbearance towards their fair

customers which Job himself might have envied. Every thing is systematically arranged, and the most agreeable order and regularity prevail throughout the extensive premises. Each member of the establishment moves without hesitation or difficulty amidst the multiplicity of wares, and is enabled to administer to the wants of the buyers without the slightest approach to confusion. Between forty and fifty young men are employed here, and board upon the premises, where the strictest attention is paid to their comforts, both physical and mental. There is a library, and news-room, and lectures are occasionally delivered in the evenings. I was highly gratified in receiving this information from the proprietors themselves, with whom I am personally acquainted, and by whom I have been conducted through the interior of their premises, being thus enabled to see more of their establishment than I could possibly have obtained by a peep into the windows.

The windows of many draper's shops undergo a complete change during the day, the goods that are displayed there in the morning being taken out in the after-part of the day, and replaced by others. Most drapers consign the task of dressing their windows to one person alone, who is singled out for this duty on account of the excellence of his taste and judgment in such matters.

All towns and cities possess their share of snuff and tobacco shops, because these are luxuries in such general use, and the amount of capital required to commence in this line is so small, that parties smitten with a love of shopkeeping and the hope of emolument, fancy that they cannot have a better opportunity of investing the few pounds they may have saved than in installing their wives or daughters into a shop of this description. Accordingly the shelves are occupied with a goodly quantity of empty cigar-boxes, neatly papered up to appear like full ones; divers jars with gilt labels are provided, then a stock consisting of a few pounds of cigars, common tobacco, and snuff, is purchased; and if you take a peep into the window, you will see everything spread out to the best advantage. Behind the counter you will most likely see a young woman, dressed in what has previously been a party-going frock, with her hair very tastefully arranged, very probably in the same style as Her Majesty's. The window-panes will be ornamented with paintings, executed in the artist's best style, and displaying an accurate knowledge of human nature, and the customs which prevail in different parts of the globe. To be an effective artist in this branch of the profession, much historic information is requisite, together with a minute attention to costume,

and an intimate acquaintance with the expression of countenance which makes the distinction between the members of the great family of man. In one pane you will behold a sturdy negro, who is seated in an easy and graceful attitude upon a hog'shead, performing the somewhat difficult feat of smoking a pipe of tobacco, from which proceeds a fine volume of smoke, and at the same time greeting you with an open and bewitching smile, whilst he gives utterance to the following words:—"Berry good bacca, massa!" The knowledge of the negro dialect displayed in this little sentence will no doubt be duly appreciated by all linguists, and, therefore, I shall not stay to dilate upon it. In another pane you will see a still more elaborate design, personifying the united kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by the representation of three individuals, one of each nation. This specimen of art is rendered of additional value on account of its being illustrated by the pen of the poet. Over the heads of the figures may be read this concise and epigrammatic couplet:—

"We three are engaged in one cause—
I smokes, I snuffs, and I chaws."

The Englishman, with an insight into character which is deserving of all praise, is represented as a sailor, who has unfortunately lost a leg, and, from a patch on the top of his right cheek, you are led to presume that he is dark in one of his visual organs. He appears to have suffered poverty, too, for his jacket has got a hole in it; but he bears up against fate with a light heart, and solaces himself by inserting in his left cheek what you at first imagine to be a fruit of the orange or turnip class, though, on consideration, you are led to suppose that the artist wishes you to infer that it is a quid of tobacco. The Irishman is, with the same regard to character, depicted as a gentleman of somewhat hilarious habits and temperament. He seems to have met with an untoward accident, and to have been taking part in some popular commotion, for one of his eyes is discoloured, and his habiliments are rather in a disordered state, the crown of his hat not being in its accustomed place, and one of his hose hanging loosely, not to say ungracefully, about his uplifted leg. He carries with him a walking-stick of more than ordinary thickness, though he appears to consider it as an ornament, and not as an article of real utility: he does not use it as an aid in his progressive efforts, but flourishes it in the air in an easy and negligent style. His face is the index of good humour, and his mouth is garnished by a pipe, for the keeping of which in its proper position habit has apparently rendered the use of his hand needless. The Scotch gentleman has a more

pensive cast of feature than either of the others, and his face has a shrewd and pinched-up expression. He walks gracefully between his two friends, not taking any heed of their peculiarities, but refreshing himself by repeated appliances to a brown box which he carries, and which no doubt contains snuff. He is habited in the dress worn on the stage when actors are representing a native of the Highlands, and also used by young men who frequent fancy-balls, in what they consider Scotch costume. Young ladies who are brought up to the profession of an opera-dancer, and are addicted to interesting attitudes and short petticoats, may also be seen exhibiting at theatres in this costume. Of course the poor vulgar individuals who move in the sphere of common life do not glory in this dress, but that is a thing to be deplored and lamented, and is not the fault of the artist. The three individuals are apparently "citizens of the world," wandering along with no object, except to convince mankind that they "smokes, snuffs, and chaws."

The establishments designated by the title of "Cigar Divans," &c., are of a more ambitious nature, and the proprietors are mostly aristocratic-looking personages, of the Hebrew faith, who display rings and breast-pins, and cultivate their hair, and a gentlemanly bearing. A Turk, in full dress, sometimes stands sentry at the doors of these incense-breathing temples, and a billiard-room is frequently attached to them, though this cannot be seen by peeping through the window.

I remember how fond I was, when a mere child, of looking into bookseller's windows, and how delightedly I read the titles of the books that were exhibited there, for, when only a few years old, a book was the most welcome present that could be made to me. There were no cheap periodicals in those days, and it was a work of time for me to accumulate a sufficient sum to purchase a book. When I had, therefore, fixed my mind upon any one in particular, I seldom missed a day without resorting to the window where it was displayed, in order that I might feast my sight with its outward appearance, and felicitate myself with the anticipation that the time was drawing nigh when all the hidden gems which it contained would be in my possession. I have been told of people learning to read at a bookseller's window, but no aspirant after knowledge need be reduced to such an extremity in these times. I can never pass a bookseller's window without something of the old feeling coming over me; I never see a new book without experiencing an irresistible longing for it. I look upon every fresh production which proceeds

from the master-spirits of the age, as one more "drop of honey in our draught of gall," and as another proof that man is the heir of immortality, a being that never was created to pass away "as the brute which perisheth."

There is ever to my mind an aspect of melancholy about an old furniture-shop, and I cannot avoid speculating on the fate of those who have contributed their "household gods"—or, more properly speaking, household goods—to make up the motley heap. Ruined tradesmen, orphan children, poverty-haunted widows, toilless and houseless labourers, all rise before my view when I examine the contents of a broker's premises. The well-worn sofa, the old arm-chair, the cradle, the looking-glass, the pictures, all awake a train of mournful reflections. The warm fireside comes before me, with an aged form filling that old-arm chair, whilst around are disporting merry children, and seated on the sofa the parents are smiling on their happy offspring. The pictures are ranged along the walls, where perhaps they have hung suspended for years, until they have become as familiar to the eyes of the owners as the faces of old acquaintances; and the antique looking-glass is there, up to which the babe who has just awoke from its cradled slumber is now held, in order that it may see and wonder at its image. But—I gaze around me, and the scene hath vanished. There are other thoughts and associations conjured up likewise in my mind by a shop of this sort. We see there many useful articles which have done excellent service to their owners, but have been cast aside and disposed of because circumstances have smiled upon their masters; and their place has been occupied by less trusty, though more showy servants. It is seldom that mankind like to see about them in prosperity the companions of adversity. What a peculiarly cheerless, uncomfortable, and repulsive look there is about the place; and yet we there see all the elements of comfort. The genius of Confusion and Discord seems to preside over the scene. The warm carpet no longer occupies its accustomed place on the floor, but is rolled up, and cast into a corner. The chairs are no longer placed as they were wont to be when the wholesome meal was smoking on the board: instead of being around the table they are now piled upon it, and in the most provoking positions, one chair being, as if in mockery, inverted upon another. Warming-pans are hung at the door, candlesucks are put under the table, fire-irons are lying in the window along with a heap of knives and forks, and footstools are thrown upon the sofa—every thing seems wrong and disjointed. An old furniture-shop is a striking exemplification of the text—that

good things are as nothing unless properly applied.

The next shop which fixes my attention is a confectioner's. There are few windows more attractive than this to the rising generation, and many longing eyes are cast towards the display of delicacies which is there to be met with. The fortunate youths cannot resist pulling the treasured coin from their pockets, and satisfying their cravings with the dainties which they behold, whilst the children of Poverty are constrained to pass on with mouths overflowing with water. The grand time for looking at a confectioner's shop is twelfth night. In London particularly, this is the busiest time of the year for confectioners and pastry-cooks, and the manufacturing of twelfth-cakes forms their employment for a considerable length of time. The window is decked out on the morning of the eventful day with rows and piles of immense and delicious cakes, composed of the richest materials, and sprinkled over with frosted sugar. These cakes may be had at all prices, from ten guineas to a penny, so that every class of juvenility may have an opportunity of gratifying their appetites, and poor indeed must that child be, who does not contrive to find a penny to spend on this occasion. At night the windows send forth a glorious stream of light, and stores of luscious viands meet the gazer's eye, profusely strewn with glittering frost-work. The cakes, according to Hone, are "decorated with all imaginable images of things animate and inanimate. Stars, castles, kings, cottages, dragons, trees, fish, palaces, cats, dogs, churches, lions, milk-maids, knights, serpents, and innumerable other forms, in snow-white confectionary, painted with variegated colours." "This paradise of dainty devices," continues he, "is crowded by successive and successful desirers of the seasonable delicacies; while alternate tappings of hammers and peals of laughter, from the throng surrounding the house, excite smiles from the inmates." In explanation of this, it may be necessary to state that in London, on twelfth-night, the spirit of fun and mischief reigns predominant before the windows of confectioners, and impish boys provide themselves with a needle and thread, and busily occupy themselves with sewing together the coat tails and cloaks of the lookers-on. It frequently happens that they attach the coat of a gentleman to the dress of a lady, and the mutual awkwardness and indignation which are produced, afford only additional provocatives to merriment. Many who are laughing loudly at the expense of others soon find occasion to look to themselves, the same prank having been exercised at their own expense, on the discovery of which, the mirth

waxes louder and louder. Some creep in amongst the crowd, provided with nails and hammers, and dexterously fasten coat tails, cloaks, and gowns, to the edge of the window, and the lady or gentleman who is the victim in this instance, must either leave behind a part of the garment, or get the nail extracted. Should money be offered, a young rogue is soon found who chances to have a hammer in his pocket, but if the person be wroth and at the same time penurious, it seldom happens that an escape is made without a rent occurring. The character of the individuals who perpetrate these tricks, is admirably drawn by that pleasant and exquisitely-observant and humorous writer, Leigh Hunt. He describes them as "those equivocal animal spirits of the streets, who come whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy,—sometimes with a bundle and sometimes not,—in corduroys, a jacket, and a cap or bit of hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it." Much amusement was formerly derived from twelfth-cakes, and even at the present day many of the ancient customs are kept up. I have not space to go into this subject to any extent, and will, therefore, content myself with a quotation from an old author:—"We had much mirth on board," says Henry Teonge, off the Morea, 1676: "we had a great cake made, in which was put a bean for the king, a pea for the queen, a clove for the knave, a forked stick for the cuckold, a rag for the slut. The cake was cut into several pieces, and all put into a napkin, out of which every one took his piece, as out of a lottery; then each piece was broken to see what was in it, which caused much laughter to see our lieutenant prove the cuckold."

An innumerable variety of shop-windows yet remain unnoticed, but I have already trespassed further on the patience of the reader than I originally intended; at another opportunity, however, I may return to the subject.

JEDEDIAH JONES;

OR, SUBURBAN MILESTONES OF LONDON.

The following amusing and merited satire on the varying and unsatisfactory mode of computing distances from the great Metropolis, forms the introduction to a chapter on the subject in the first volume of Mr. Knight's "London," a work which, if that spirited writer and publisher is enabled to extend to the vastness of its subject, will, like St. Paul's, form an enduring monument of the powerful genius and untiring energy of its projector.

Jedediah Jones (he was called Jedediah in

consequence of the admiration his father cherished for the character of Jedediah Buxton, the great calculator) was a schoolmaster at Barnet. His delight in his occupation was hereditary; for the elder Jones had properly impressed his son with a sense of the high responsibilities and privileges of his calling, and had shown him how superior a schoolmaster was to any of the other mighty functionaries of the land—to a judge, or a minister of state, or even a bishop. Jedediah grew, in time, to be somewhat of an important personage, especially as his love of learning branched out into sundry matters of abstruse inquiry, by his knowledge of which he not only puzzled his wondering pupils, but occasionally perplexed the most sagacious of his neighbours.

There were some matters, however, with all his learning, which puzzled Jedediah Jones exceedingly. One of these dark and important questions was a source of perpetual irritation to him. He took long walks on half-holidays, and generally his face, on these occasions, turned towards London; for he had a secret conviction that his ultimate vocation was to be in the Metropolis, and that he should be summoned thither by a special degree of the Royal Society or the Society of Antiquaries, and be humbly requested to solve some great enigma, of which all mankind, except himself, had missed the solution. In these long walks he was constantly reminded by the milestones that there was one point of learning as to which he still remained in absolute ignorance. This was grievous. These milestones had proclaimed to him, from the days of his earliest recollections, that it was seven miles, or six miles, or five miles, or four miles, or three miles and a half, "*from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.*" Now in all his books he could find not an iota about Hicks, or Hicks's Hall. For ten tedious years had he been labouring at this riddle of Hicks's Hall. It was his thought by day, and his dream by night. Who was Hicks? How did Hicks obtain such a fame that even the milestones were inscribed to his memory? What was his Christian name? Was he General Hicks, or Admiral Hicks, or Bishop Hicks, or Chief Justice Hicks? Or was he plain Mr. Hicks? and if so, was he M.P., or F.R.S., or F.A.S., or M.R.I.A.? Why did Hicks build a hall? Was it a hall like "the colleges and halls" of Oxford and Cambridge, or like the Guildhall in King-street, Cheapside? Perhaps it was a hall for public entertainments,—perhaps Hicks was a member of one of the City companies, and built a hall which the company in gratitude called after his name. How long ago was Hicks's Hall built? Was it in the Gothic or the Roman style of archi-

ture? Was it of brick or stone? Had it a carved roof? When did Hicks's Hall cease to exist? Was it burnt down? Was it pulled down by the mob? Was it taken down to widen the street? Was it suffered to go to decay and fall down? Was anybody killed when it fell down? Are the ruins still to be seen? Has anybody written the History of Hicks's Hall? Has anybody written the Life of Hicks? Shall I, Jedediah Jones, write this work which the world must be so anxiously looking for?

Such were a few of the perplexing and yet inspiring thoughts which had for years passed through Jones's mind, as he walked from Barnet, Highgate-ward. His difficulties at last became insupportable. He took up his resolution, and he was comforted. A week still remained of the Christmas holidays. He would set out for London, and not see his house again till he had penetrated the mystery of Hicks's Hall.

With his trusty staff in his right hand, and a small bundle containing his wardrobe in a pocket-handkerchief under his left arm, Mr. Jones sallied forth from Barnet, under the auspices of the New Weather Almanac, on a morning which promised to be "fair and frosty," in January, 1838. The morning was misty, with rain, which occasionally became sleet, driving in his face. He courageously marched on through Whetstone, and crossed the dreary regions of Finchley Common,—without meeting a highwayman,—which was a disappointment, as he had an implicit belief in the continued existence of those obsolete contributors to the public amusement. He at length reached the northern ascent of Highgate Hill, and his spirits, which were somewhat flagging, received a new impulse. The milestone proclaimed that he was only five miles "from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." Onward he went, over Highgate Hill, till he arrived at the stone which told him he was only "four miles" from the shrine to which his pilgrimage was dedicated.

At last he reached Islington Green, stopping not to gaze upon the suburban gentility of Holloway, nor going out of his way to admire the architectural grandeur of Highbury. He was now only "one mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." The stone which proclaimed this great truth reared its proud head, unencumbered by houses, at a distinguished distance from the foot-pavement and the high road. It seemed, as he approached the scene of Hicks's glories, that there was an evident disposition to call attention to the name of the immortal man, whoever he might have been. He was persuaded that he should now

learn all about Hicks;—the passers-by must be full of Hicks;—the dwellers must reverence Hicks. He went into a pastrycook's shop opposite the triumphal stone. He bought a penny bun, and he thus addressed the maiden at the counter:—"Young woman, you have the happiness of living near the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. I have walked ten miles to see that place. Which is the road?" The young woman replied, "Hicks, the greengrocer, lives over the way; there is no other Hicks about here." This was satisfactory. Hicks, the greengrocer, must be a descendant of the great Hicks; so he sought Hicks, the greengrocer, and, bowing profoundly, he asked if he could tell him the way to the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood? Now Hicks, the greengrocer, was a wag, and his waggery was increased by living in the keen atmosphere of the Angel at Islington, and by picking up something of the wit that is conveyed from the West to the East, and from the East to the West, by the omnibuses that arrive every three minutes from the Exchange at one end, and from Paddington at the other. To Jones, therefore, Hicks answered by another question, "Does your mother know you're out?" This was a difficult question for Jedediah to answer. He had not communicated to his mother—good old lady—the object of his journey; she might have disapproved of that object. How could Mr. Hicks know he had a mother? how could he know that he had not told his mother all his anxieties about Hicks's Hall? He was unable to give a reply to Hicks, the greengrocer; so Hicks, the greengrocer, recommended him to get into an omnibus which was standing opposite the door.

Into the omnibus Jedediah Jones accordingly went, and he desired the gentleman called a conductor to put him down at the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The gentleman grinned; and something passed between him and another gentleman, called a cad, which had better be trusted to the immortality of their unwritten language than be here inscribed. On went the omnibus, and after a tedious hour Jedediah Jones found the carriage deserted, and the conductor bawled out "Elephant and Castle, Sir."

At the Elephant and Castle our traveller had lost all traces of Hicks's Hall. The milestones had forgotten Hicks and his hall. They were full of another glory—"the Standard in Cornhill." What was the Standard in Cornhill? Was it the Royal Standard, or was it the Union Jack?

By the aid of another omnibus our pains-taking Jedediah was placed in the busiest throng of the London hive. He was in Cornhill.

Jones was somewhat shy, according to the custom of learned men,—and he, therefore, knew not how to address any particular individual of the busy passengers, to inquire about the Standard at Cornhill. He did, however, at last venture upon a very amiable and gentlemanly-looking man,—who politely offered to show him the desired spot. The promise was not realized;—in a moment his friend slipped from his side,—and Jedediah found that his purse, containing two pounds seven shillings and sixpence, had vanished from his pocket. He forgot the Standard in Cornhill; and in despair threw himself into a Hampstead stage, resolved not to give up his search after Hicks's Hall although he had only a few shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

In a melancholy reverie Jedediah arrived in the Hampstead stage at Camden Town. He knew that he ought not to go further, unless he was quite prepared to abandon the original object of his inquiry. It was a bitter afternoon. The rain fell in torrents. He had a furious appetite,—he had lost his purse,—yet still he would not sleep till he had found the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. He left the Hampstead stage, and there was light enough for him to ascertain whether the milestones were still faithful to Hicks. A new difficulty presented itself. The milestone in Camden Town informed him that he was *two miles from St. Giles's Pound*. What was St. Giles's Pound? Why did a saint require a pound? If it was a pound sterling, was there not a slight anachronism between the name of the current coin and the era of the saint? If it were a pound for cattle, was it not a very unsaintly office for the saint to preside over the matter of strayed heifers? He was puzzled;—so he got into a cab, being disgusted with the ignorance of the people in omnibuses, for the opportunity of a quiet colloquy with the intelligent-looking driver.

"My worthy friend," said Jones, "we are only two miles from St. Giles's Pound—what sort of a pound is St. Giles's Pound?" "For the matter of that," said the cab-driver, "I have driv here these ten years, and I never yet seed St. Giles's Pound, nor Holborn Bars,—no, never,—though ve always reckons by them." "Wonderful!" replied Mr. Jones,— "then please to drive me to the Standard in Cornhill." "The Standard in Cornhill,—that's a good one!—I should like to know who ever seed the Standard in Cornhill. Ve knows the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, and the Golden Cross, and the Vite Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, but I never heerd of anybody that ever seed the Standard in Cornhill." "Then, Sir," said Jones, breathlessly, "perhaps you

don't know the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood?" "As for Hicks's Hall," said the cabman, "its hall a hum. There's no such place,—no more than the Standard in Cornhill, nor Holborn Bars, nor St. Giles's Pound,—and my oppinnun is, there never wor such places, and that they keep their names on the milestones to bilk the poor cabs out of their back carriage."

Jedediah Jones was discomfited. He did not quite understand the cabman's solution; and he had a vague notion that, if the milestones were placed with reference to the Post-office, or St. Paul's, or some other place which *did* exist, the back carriage and other carriage of cabmen and hackney-coachmen would be better regulated. He, however, made the best of his position. He spent one of his remaining shillings upon a *very* frugal dinner; and wending his way back to Islington, he bestowed the other upon the coachman of a Holyhead mail to convey him to Barnet without further loss of time or property.

The journey of discovery which we have thus narrated is not an impossible one to have been undertaken by a person whose curiosity was greater than his judgment. The suburbs of London continue to be full of puzzling inscriptions, such as that of Hicks's Hall. The system of measuring the roads out of London by some well-known central object, such as the Standard in Cornhill (a conduit once known to every passenger), was a right system, and ought to have been the uniform one. But the other system was that of measuring the roads from some point where London was supposed to terminate. There is a wide part of St. John-street, some two hundred yards from Smithfield, where we learn, by an inscription on a mean public house, that Hicks's Hall *there* formerly stood. This was the Sessions House for the justices of Middlesex; and it was built at the sole cost of Sir Baptist Hicks, in the reign of James I. Here then, two centuries ago, was something like the beginning of London proper, to those who arrived from the country. The Hall was surrounded with fields and scattered houses; and it was of course a remarkable object to those who entered the Metropolis from the north. Some ten years ago Tyburn Turnpike existed. The intolerable nuisance of a gate in one of the most crowded roads seemed to draw a line of demarcation between London and the suburbs; and so the roads were measured from Tyburn Turnpike. Now an inscription tells us where Tyburn Turnpike stood,—a matter upon which we should have no desire to be informed if the milestones onward did not continue to refer to Tyburn Turnpike. Hyde Park Corner is, in the same way, nearly

obsolete; but it was a real barrier when its gates stretched across the road, with their wondrous illumination of a dozen oil lamps before the days of gas. The managers of this road have now begun, as they conceive, to reform the milestones; and these dumb oracles tell us that we are "one mile from London," or "two miles from London." Knightsbridge is now as much London as Tottenham Court Road. In London, then, a stranger is told he is a mile from London. This, of course, is unintelligible. But why not tell the stranger, and at the same time afford most valuable information to the resident, that, at Knightsbridge he is four miles from the General Post Office?

NEW BOOKS.

The Pulteney Library. Edited by William Haslitt. The Works of De Foe, with a Life.
London: Clements, Little Pulteney-street.

In bringing forward at the present time the works of Daniel Defoe, with a memoir of his life, we have no hesitation in saying, that the publisher has done good service to the literature of our country, and to the public. It is really refreshing to turn aside from the light reading which is teeming from the press, to sit down to the sterling nervous English of by-gone days, and this is particularly the case in perusing some of the works of Defoe. If his style be not as smooth and polished as that of more modern authors, yet is it not offensively coarse or rude, and his writings are always made the medium of instruction or amusement. There is also something encouraging in reviewing the life and character of our author—a life of great and constant difficulties and vicissitudes, but of great usefulness to his country and to mankind; exhibiting indomitable energy and perseverance in struggling against adverse circumstances, unwearied activity in wielding a most prolific pen; with but few flaws or spots, (even by the acknowledgment of opponents)—such a life cannot be contemplated calmly and candidly without instruction. Almost every subject that the human mind could be exercised upon, within the range of religion, politics, trade, morality, polite literature, and various other departments, seems to have come under his notice, and to have been ably treated of by his pen. When we perceive that almost every question that agitated the public mind in his day, called forth a pamphlet from him, and when we read his plain terse common-sense productions, we are reminded of the noted William Cobbett and his writings, but the comparison holds no further. We fear Defoe has been comparatively little known in modern

times, except as the author of Robinson Crusoe, and many will be surprised to learn that he was an able historian, and, perhaps, for his day, no very mean poet—at least that he wrote no inconsiderable quantum of poetry; and if his effusions had not been read with some approbation in his own day, one would suppose he would have sent forth fewer efforts of his genius in that garb.

For nine or ten years he published a periodical called "The Review." It was issued three times a week, without intermission, and constitutes nine quarto volumes, forming, in the words of Mr. Hazlitt, "one of the most remarkable features in the history of literature. Defoe was the sole writer of this unparalleled effort of combined intellect and industry. It was issued amidst difficulties and impediments of every description, and amid innumerable other engagements of a literary nature. The chief topics were news, foreign and domestic, and politics; to these, however, were added the various concerns of trade, and also articles of polite literature."

"But the Review," says the editor, "was not only superior to its predecessor, in graces of style and in vigour of intellect, but also in the importance of its matter. To cultivate a taste for polite learning and solid attainments; to diffuse information, and rouse a spirit of enquiry upon political, commercial, and other subjects; to stimulate the improvement of females, as well by a more refined behaviour in the other sex, as by increased attention to their education; and, above all, to give a more decided tone to the moral and religious character of his readers, were the leading objects of Defoe in the composition of his 'Review.' In the prosecution of his purpose, he often brings sound learning and chastened wit to the aid of acute reasoning, and unites an accurate judgment to a mind stored by various and extensive reading. His style is vigorous, shrewd, and often eloquent; and he has some passages that, for pathos, dignity, and well-pointed satire, are not exceeded in the writings of his successors. For keenness of satire, tempered with liberality of feeling, and decorum of expression, his work had probably no equal."

The above extract presents a just estimate of Defoe's varied talents, and of his sterling character as an English author.

In his fictions, Defoe had the rare talent of combining amusement with instruction, and of clothing them with such an air of reality, that it is almost impossible to divest the mind of a firm belief that the circumstances did veritably occur as described; he built no intricate plot on a single fact, nor were his imaginative works, like many of the present day, put forth under

such a load of imagery as to make the reader almost hesitate to receive even that which is historical truth. In proof of this characteristic, it is sufficient to mention that Dr. Johnson himself was deceived by the "History of the Plague," and quoted it as a record of experience.

We have said Defoe's life was one of great vicissitude, and in this point of view we think thousands of our fellow countrymen may contemplate it with benefit. He, himself, states that he was thirteen times rich, and as often poor. He was for some time honoured with the confidence, and engaged in the service, of King William III.; and was instrumental in bringing about that important measure, the union between England and Scotland—a measure productive of lasting benefit and happiness to both countries. At another time we behold him in the pillory, through one of his satirical pamphlets being mistaken by all parties for a violent attack, written in plain earnest undisguised English. Again we see him in prison, at one time for debt, and at another, for a short period, on political grounds. Yet under the most trying circumstances, he was sustained by his religious principles and feelings, and by conscious integrity of purpose; and his biographer touchingly refers to this, in relating the last scene of his mortal existence:—"With a mind elevated above the grovelling pursuits of the mere worldling, and steadily fixed upon the scenes that were opening to him as he approached the boundaries of time, Defoe could not be unprepared for the change that was to separate him from his dearest connexions." His death took place upon the 17th of April, 1731, in the seventieth year of his age.

We would strenuously recommend a perusal of his works to those of our readers who are yet unacquainted with them; especially his "History of the Great Plague in London, or Journal of the Plague in the year 1665." His "Serious Reflections on the Life and surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," and his "Vision of the Angelic World," will also repay a perusal. Nor will the time be mispent by those who, amidst the turmoil of our political and religious strife, are inclined to turn to the polemical writings of this consistent and liberal-minded christian and politician.

But we must leave our readers to search further for themselves, in proof of our assertion, that Daniel Defoe was an eminent political, moral, and religious writer, whose labours will long be classed amongst the ornaments and supports of British literature.

Besides the intrinsic merits of the work, it has the advantages of cheapness of price and beauty of typography, and will no doubt, command a wide circulation.

Original Poetry.

We have been induced to insert the following sonnet from its poetic excellence, although we dissent from its theology.]

SONNET

ON SEEING A MAN PRAYING AT A NEWLY-MADE GRAVE.

"Ch' lo' vidi lamentare in forma vera
Sovra la morta immagine avvenente."—DANTE.

There is a beauty in the thought of prayer,
Breathed heartfelt for a parted soul's repose;
Unchilled by death the spring from whence it flows,
And he who scoffs, of love hath little share.
Surely the man who reverently kneels there,
Is not untouched—his face a tear-stain shows;
And may not Fancy picture near him those
For whom he prays, though past all human care,
Listening his orisons, well pleased to hear
The pious supplication for their peace;
'T would be a sweet deceit, allaying fear!
What vain wise man shall say unto him, "Cease!"
For Consolation comes with gentle cheer;
Hope smiles on Sorrow, causing Grief's decrease.

Hulme.

A. L.

MEMORY.

BY THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

When the morning of life and its freshness depart,
And we ponder o'er scenes once enchantingly bright;
A keen sense of cold sadness steals over the heart,
Like the damp wind that sighs thro' a church yard at night.

Oh! the heart is a tomb where Childhood lies sleeping—
Where its joys, crushed together like dead flowers, repose,
While over them Mem'ry sits silently weeping,—
Still gathering the remnants of time as it flows.

With fondling affection she broods o'er each ruin [fled—
Of bright hopes that are broken and dreams that are
Perchance she may smile, but she's chiefly renewing
Her breathings of sorrow for the lost and the dead.

Women should be acquainted, that no beauty has any charms, but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their persons: that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating of children, for an affection to her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Epictetus*.

Fielding being once in company with the Earl of Denbigh, it was observed that Fielding

was of the Denbigh family. The Earl asked the reason why they spelt their names differently, the earls family spelling it with the e first, (Feilding) and Mr. Henry Fielding with the i first (Fielding). "I cannot tell my Lord," said the author, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS.—Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business, it is a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to prosperity and welfare.—*Spectator*.

Voltaire after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the king said to some of his courtiers, "When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away."—"Then," said Voltaire, "*I must take care of the peel*;" and quitted his Prussian Majesty's dominions.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.—*Shenstone's Essays*.

Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment, ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good? To which he replied "Very good for *hogs*!" "Then, pray," said the lady, "allow me to help *you* to a little more of it."

UNKINDNESS.—More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Young*.

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who had taken the name of Lynch, Mr. Garrick, who was present, observed, "I see the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *inch* has taken an L."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



THE CENOTAPH OF BURNS IN ALLOWAY.

Suggested for the artist by

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 21.]

SATURDAY, 26TH MARCH, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE CENOTAPH OF BURNS.

(With an Engraving.)

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

"Oh ! child of song, the voice of memory brings
Strange recollections of thy life and lyre."—*Prince.*

It is impossible to write, or even to think of the name of Burns, without feelings of delight, affection, and astonishment. Like the breeze, when it sweeps across the strings of the Eolian harp, the memory of his productions comes upon the heart as the murmurings of wild, sweet, and fitful music. There never yet was a man born under similar circumstances who produced so great—so universal an influence upon his fellow-creatures as Burns. Not only are his songs carolled by the peasantry of his native Scotland—who are all as familiar with them as with the articles of their religious faith—but there is scarcely an individual throughout England, whatever may be his station, who has not in his memory some portion of the works of the immortal ploughman. When we take into consideration the lowness of his birth, the hardships which beset him in his earliest years, and the adverse circumstances which were his almost constant companions through life, we cannot but muse upon him with wonder. He forms the greatest and most striking proof, if proof were wanting, that genius can neither be produced by the favourable aspects that shine upon its birth, nor by a youth spent in ease and affluence, and aided by all the refinements of education. Genius is a boon

bestowed by God himself, and is as likely to burst forth in the dwelling of the lowly peasant, amid the rudest scenes of Nature, as in the stately mansion of the noble, in the centre of wide and fair ancestral domains. What Burns might have been, had he enjoyed the advantage of what is termed a learned education, it is difficult, if not impossible, to conjecture. He possessed all the elements of a great poet—humour, wit, pathos, a correct observance of nature, a love for the wild and legendary, and a powerful and sublime conception. His conversational talents were of an extremely high order, and this was one of his most baneful gifts, because it led him into society—very often into the society of those who had far more capabilities of appreciating the man than the poet. These, too, were the parties who were most likely to decry the genius of Burns, for the purpose of bringing him down to their own level. They had witnessed his shining and brilliant superiority in the companies with which they mingled, and they had felt overpowered and crushed by the keenness of his wit, and the withering blight of his sarcasm, in which latter propensity he was too prone to indulge, although he did so, in most instances, from the exuberance of his animal spirits, and from the distaste which he had to anything bordering upon common-place egotism. There is no true poet who is a hypocrite—there is no genuine son of genius who can subscribe to the rules and observances which trammel ordi-

nary men of the world—they cannot submit to mole their way through life—they will not grub themselves into the sunlight of existence—they do not creep through the dirty sewers and channels of life for the sake of cultivating the graces of the god Mammon. They will not consent to bow before a mere creature of wealth, and make their bones, sinews, hearts, thoughts, and soul his property; and all for what?—to obtain the privilege to crawl like a worm through the earth? “to ask for leave to toil?” No!—we must have sky as well as clouds—we must have sunshine as well as shadow—we must have stars as well as darkness—we must have heaven as well as earth, and we must have poets in the world, who are in truth—not to speak irreverently—the sky, the sunshine, the stars, and the heaven of life. What would be the state of the human mind now if Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Burns, and a galaxy of other glorious orbs which have burned in the hemisphere of poesy, had never had a being? What would have supplied the loss of the life-like and mighty creations of Shakspeare—the lofty and angelic shapes of Milton—the profound philosophy of Wordsworth—the pure and intellectual emanations of Shelley—the eloquent and visionary profundity of Coleridge—the proud and demi-god misanthropy of Byron—or the humour, the pathos, the powers of description, and the sublimity of Burns? The utilitarians may scoff at these things, but I firmly believe and will uphold that my words are, in this instance, those of truth, and will raise an echo in the souls of many of my readers. Burns was the poet of Nature. He did not occupy his pen with themes of mawkish and refined sentimentality, nor did he lose himself in a labyrinth of impracticable speculations. He was not a religious poet, according to the conventional acceptance of the term; nor was he even a moral poet, according to the same acceptance. What he felt he expressed in rhyme, and if he exhibited more frailties in his productions than many other bards, it was not because he was more faulty than others of his craft, but because he was more ingenuous, and would not lie even in verse. He had his follies, and he had his temptations. If the latter had not seductively, and almost irresistibly, beset his path, few of the former would have had an existence. Let those who have been born and bred in obscurity, poverty, and toil, suddenly find themselves raised into popularity—let them be flattered by the rich, and courted by the middle class—let them, in addition to this, be engaged in a business which leads men to taverns; and let the intoxicating glass be on all sides held out

to them—I say let them encounter this, and see what will be their fate. But Burns was not a drunkard; and in making this assertion, I do so on the best of testimonies—that of Mr. Findlater, who was the immediate supervisor of Burns, as collector in the district of Dumfries. He says:—“I have seen Burns in all his various phases, in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family; indeed, I believe I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, after he became an excise officer, and I never beheld anything like the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That when set down in an evening, with a few friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hour beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable; but in his family, I will venture to say, he was never seen otherwise than attentive and affectionate to a high degree.”

Can any evidence be more conclusive than this? So much for the drunkenness of Burns! His calumniators did not content themselves with insinuating it in his lifetime, but openly asserted it after his decease—the living ass kicks the dead lion with impunity. I conceive that his private life had nothing to do with his poetical character, any more than the domestic qualities of a merchant have to do with the goods he offers for sale—if the merchandize be of a good quality and suitable for his customers, they purchase it—if otherwise, no estimable domestic virtue in the seller prevents the buyers from seeking other markets.

There never was a poet who had finer susceptibilities, or a truer perception of the beautiful, than Burns. From the lowly daisy peeping out in the field, to the stars shining in the sky above him, all had an equal charm for him, and alternately became subjects for his Muse. He was an enthusiastic admirer of female loveliness—as indeed all poets are—and many a lowly peasant-girl, who but for him might have bloomed unnoticed, is immortalized by the magic of his rhyme. He says, in one of his letters, “Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song, to be in some degree equal to your divine airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation?—*tout au contraire*. I have a glorious recipe, the very one that, for his own use, was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when first he piped to the flocks of Admetus,—I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman.” And as long as poetry and music retain their hold upon the human heart, so long will the names of Bonnie Jean and Highland Mary be as familiar and as hallowed by men as the objects they themselves have worshipped. Many others

also live in his songs, but cannot be enumerated in this brief article. I cannot do better, however, than quote the following passage from the writings of that highly-gifted woman, Mrs. Jameson:—"The original blue eyes which inspired that sweet song, 'Her ee'n sae bonnie blue,' belonged to a Miss Jeffreys, now married, and living at New York. We owe 'She's fair and she's false,' to the fickleness of a Miss Jane Stuart, who, it is said, jilted the poet's friend, Alexander Cunningham.—'The bonnie wee thing,' was a very little, very lovely creature, a Miss Davies; and the song, it has been well said, is as brief and as beautiful as the lady herself. The heroine of 'O saw you bonnie Leslie,' is now Mrs. Cumming of Logie. Mrs. Dugald Stewart, herself a delightful poetess, inspired the pastoral song of Afton Water; and every woman has an interest in 'Green grow the Rashies.' All the compliments that were ever paid us by the other sex, in prose and verse, may be summed up in Burns's line:—

'What signifies the life o' man, an 'twere na for the lassies O?'

Let us take a hurried glance at his career through life. He was the eldest son of William Burnes, a small farmer near the town of Ayr. Labour was his portion from his earliest years, yet still he received a tolerable education. His mind became filled with a yearning for poetry and romance, from the tales which were told to him by an old unlettered woman, who lived in his father's family. Her memory was well stored with adventures of fairies, witches, warlocks, ghosts, and goblins, which she most devoutly believed, and therefore retailed with corresponding earnestness. Love was the theme of his first poetical effusions. In 1786 he published a volume of poems, to enable him to obtain funds to carry him to Jamaica, where he had engaged himself as assistant overseer to a plantation, not being able to earn a living in his native country. He was advised, on account of the great sensation which his poems had produced, to go to Edinburgh. He did so, and published a new edition of his work. The result surpassed his highest hopes, and after remaining about a year in Edinburgh, he took a farm near Dumfries, and also obtained a situation as an exciseman. He married his "bonnie Jean," and considered himself settled, but after a trial of three years and a half, he found that his farm would not answer his purpose, and he abandoned it. He contributed numerous exquisite songs, adapted to old Scottish airs, to a periodical which was published in Edinburgh. Numbers courted his society, fascinated by his talents and his conversational powers, and he was consequently

led into occasional excesses. These, combined with a passionate temperament, and many worldly troubles, brought on a premature decline; and he died in 1796, at the age of thirty-seven.

No sooner was the mighty spirit departed, than his countrymen began to think how they could do honour to his lifeless clay. They, who would have scrupled at parting with the veriest trifle to aid the living genius, thought it an honour that they should participate in the contribution of large sums to raise monuments and mausoleums to the dead. When Burns was in spirit and in body a dweller on the earth,

"The selfish world withheld the due reward,—
Worshipped the poet, but o'erlooked the man."

So writes Prince, a man of great and unquestionable genius, in our own day, and one who has poured forth the glowing and natural emanations of his truly poetic mind in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," despite of circumstances more adverse than those which beset Burns himself. Let us hope that happier influences will brighten the lot of our English Burns, than those which shone on the Scottish bard!

Burns was interred in Dumfries, and since then a costly mausoleum has been erected to his memory there. Other monuments have also been raised in honour of his undying fame; and perhaps the most interesting of all is the one which illustrates this article. It is situated in Ayrshire, in the native parish of Burns, and near the Auld Brig o'Doon, and Alloway's auld haunted kirk, where witches and warlocks were wont to hold their nocturnal meetings. It was through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window in this sacred edifice that Tam o'Shanter beheld the witches tripping merrily to the sounds of their infernal master's bagpipe. The foundation stone of the cenotaph was laid in 1820, by Sir Alexander Boswell, (son of the celebrated biographer of Johnson) and he made on the occasion a speech which was perhaps never surpassed for feeling and eloquence. The scenery around the cenotaph is exceedingly beautiful and romantic, and no one can gaze upon the monument without a host of reflections arising in the mind. The lowly peasant-boy may be pictured gazing reverently and fearfully on the "auld kirk," filled with strange superstitions, and undefinable apprehensions. He little thought that after-ages would behold innumerable pilgrims bending their steps to this spot merely to gaze on what had been charmed and sanctified by his own genius. He little thought then that multitudes from all lands would journey to the place of his residence, merely to have the satisfaction of standing beneath the roof where he first saw the light.

Festivals are annually held in all parts of the globe to celebrate the anniversary of his birth—statues have been raised in memory of him—streets have been called after him—the paths where he loved to muse are sought out—sculpture has chiselled his creations into substance—no scene that he named has painting left unembodied—and the land in which he dwelt is called the Land of Burns. Wherever his countrymen abide, there may be heard the songs of Burns; and in almost every part of the globe his poetry is breathed with rapture. The most trivial thing that was once his has been purchased at an enormous price, and treasured as a sacred relic. A monument has lately been erected to Highland Mary—a poor and unsophisticated country girl—only because she was dear to and celebrated by him. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Montgomery, and a host of other bards, have sung his praises, and eloquence has exhausted itself in glorifying his memory. He who was in life a poor peasant, a toiling farmer, a drudging exciseman, and who had to ask on his bed of death a paltry loan to save him from the horrors of a gaol, is now—BURNS!

ABSURDITIES.

CHAPTER I.

"Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."—HUDIBRAS.

What a curious and instructive lesson might be taught by a record of the fallacies in philosophy, morals, and religion, which have been promulgated even under the sanction of the most enlightened minds, and have become the derision of succeeding generations. The picture would indeed be humiliating to the vanity of our race, but it would be fraught with materials for sober thinking and profound investigation. It is not our intention in this paper to embrace so wide a field, but merely to string together, in a sort of *olla podrida*, a few instances of the absurdities of past and present times.

Few subjects have more engaged the attention of mankind than the origin of the world, and the race of beings which "it inhabit." Passing over all the rude notions of the ancients, we shall select a few of the theories of modern wisdom. Mons. Cherreau, in his "History of the World," informs us that it was created on the 6th of September, which happened on a Friday, and a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. Mons. de Maillet proves that our great progenitor, Adam, was originally a fish, and adds that our marine parents had their tails forked ere they became amphibious. Lord

Montboddo, the Scotch metaphysician, incon- testably proved, to the satisfaction of all but the most sceptical, that men had originally tails projecting from the gable-end of their bodies, which so far decreased in size in after generations, that the appendage became in due time extinct. "Does not," he argues, "the very bottom of the vertebræ, or back bone, convince any one that it is palpably blunt, and must formerly have been cut?" Besides, the celebrated Dr. Bergman, author of "Chemical Essays," gives an account of a people with cats-tails; and Dr. Guindant says that, in 1771, the islands of Formosa, the Molucca, and Philippine, had whole races of men with tails. Mons. P. Bertrand is of opinion that man was produced from *virgin mud*, impregnated by the sun's perpendicular rays! Dr. Darwin, the poet and philosopher, says that man is nothing more "than a branch or elongation of the parent stem—a living filament edging into a fibre," and that "man, at first, floating amidst a liquid element, is nothing but a *tadpole*;" but he afterwards escapes into another element, and, like a tadpole, "changes into a frog, and becomes an aerial animal." The learned Doctor further assures us, that "mankind, in their embryo state, are aquatic animals, and resemble gnats and frogs." He is also of opinion that men were originally quadrupeds, for he says, "some parts of the body are not yet so convenient to an erect attitude as to a horizontal one." The Doctor feelingly laments that we have neither horns nor wings, for he says—

"Proud man alone in wailing weakness born;
No horns protect him, and no plumes adorn."

Buffon and Helvetius imagined that mankind were originally monkies, and Blumenbach is of opinion that a method of manufacturing men, might yet be discovered. In this opinion he is not singular, for several German philosophers have contended for the probability of this theory. Payne Knight thinks that Adam was an African black, and John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, believed that the human species were originally black, because black animals will breed white ones, but no white will breed black ones. Dr. Beddoes washed his servant Sambo all over with oxygenated muriatic acid, but Sambo remained the same after these philosophical ablutions. Dr. Camper tells us that the race of blacks originated from the commerce of whites with ourang-outangs and pongoes, or that these monsters became, by gradual improvement, men. But Lord Kaimes, as if to settle the question, says, in his Sketches, vol. i. p. 29, "that the negro colour is owing to an ancient custom in Africa of dyeing the skin black." Milton has told

us in "Paradise Lost," that our first parents had their *conversations* and tête-à-têtes, but Lord Montboddo and other philosophers are of opinion, that language is not natural to man, but that men sung before they talked, in a sort of humming noise or recitative. We are foolish enough in the present day to believe that Adam and Eve were male and female, but alas! while in a state of ignorance, into what errors we fall, for philosophers have proved that the human race was at one time hermaphrodites, and De Sales shews that originally all were thus formed. Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the first scholars of his time, a man who could preach in twelve languages, in his Commentary on the Bible, (Genesis, chap. 3,) tells us that the serpent that tempted Eve was a creature of the ape or ourang-outang kind. Some writers pretend to know the precise mark the Almighty set upon Cain, for they say he was changed into a black, and thus became the parent of the negro race. Linnaeus thinks that our first parents were originally giants; but that mankind, from one generation to another, owing to poverty, extreme labour, and other causes, have considerably diminished in size. Abbé Rochon tells us that there is a small race of people existing in the island of Madagascar, only three feet high, and Le Vaillant, a lively French traveller, informs us of a race of ladies who were born with aprons!

Volumes might be filled with the opinions that have been expressed respecting the creation and formation of the world. The Plutonists account for it by the action of fire; and the Neptunists by the action of water. Some geologists contend that it was created in exactly six days; others, that it must have occupied many thousands of years in its formation; but Dr. Darwin tells us that the creation of the earth was spontaneous:—

"Hence, without parent, by spontaneous birth,
Rose the first specks of animated earth."

Olaus Rudbeck was convinced that the Garden of Eden was situated in Lapland. The writer of this paper has in his possession a curious work, which he purchased at Amesbury, near Stonehenge, a few years back, of a very eccentric character named Browne. It is entitled "An Illustration of Stonehenge and Abury, by H. Browne." The author of this work is of opinion that Paradise was situated in the east, but that after the fall, Adam, journeying as far as Wiltshire, took up his abode and resided there during his life, and he is further of opinion that the mysterious Temple of Abury, or Amesbury, was either erected by Adam or his immediate descendants, in order to mark the event of the fall, the temple being arranged in the form of a serpent. This same

gentleman also considers Stonehenge to have been the work of the Antediluvians. Again, the French Savans, who accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt, were of opinion that the Pyramids of Ghizeh were erected before the flood.

Noah's ark has been a favourite subject of speculation. The Rev. Mr. Maurice, in his "Asiatic Researches," speaks of an astronomical library in that vessel, and Mr. Davies, author of the "Celtic Researches," tells us that Noah studied his nautical almanack by the light of jewels and pearls.

We have also microscopic speculators. Sturm says there are millions of insects in the smallest crumbs of bread; and Malezieu asserts that he has seen living animals twenty-seven millions of times smaller than a mite; and as light and life are, with some, concomitant ideas, Niewentyt has computed that, in a second of time, there escapes out of a farthing rushlight, ten million of million times more particles of light than the number of grains of sand computed to be contained in the earth.

Dr. Skrimshire talks of the theoretical bliss of a pair of earth-worms,—of the rapture of fishes,—and pronounces a lamentation over caterpillars, because they have no sex. He also tells us of the fine feelings of the mind of the moth. The same writer also maintained that snails reproduced their heads when cut off. This was denied by a Mr. Coote, who said that not above five or six out of a thousand, (after a trial, we presume) did really reproduce their heads. The late Sir William Herschell says that the sun is hot, that it is a habitable world, and that it contains mountains; but Mr. Knight says it is as cold as eternal winter. Von Haan saw the hills distinctly, and calculates to a nicety their relative height. Bishop Wilkins discoursed on the probability of a passage to the moon, and we recommend his dissertation to all incipient aeronauts.

For many years we were credulous enough to believe that a tree was a tree, and a flower a flower, but on enlarging our botanical knowledge, we perceived the erroneousness of this antiquated notion, for Dr. Smith, the late president of the Linnaean society, makes this query:—"May not the exercise of the vital functions of plants be attended with some degree of sensation, however low, and some consequent share of happiness?" Other illustrious philosophers have seen with penetrating eyes the grass grow, have witnessed the pulsation of trees, and observed how they got sick and feverish when wounded, requiring vegetable plaisters to heal them. (*Vide Transactions of Society of Arts, vol. XVIII.*) Dr. Darwin, in his "Philologia," labours hard to prove

that shrubs are animals, and the theory of the sexes of plants is well known.

Amongst the various theorists of our own times, Mr. Malthus has incontestibly proved that the world is much too small for its population, and a Mr. Williams has stated that, in five hundred years time, the coal mines will fail. Lord Napier, the great inventor of Logarithms, prophesied the end of the world, but outlived his own prediction. O'Flaherty, an Irish historian, deserves praise for his remarkable accuracy, for he informs us that just forty days before the deluge, on the 15th of September, which fell that year upon a Saturday, three men came, with fifty women, to people Ireland, but the flood disappointed their intentions. Again, three hundred and twelve years after the deluge, a man, with his wife and three sons, with their wives, arrived in Ireland, and founded a new colony. The name of this gentleman was Partholan.

[To be continued.]

THE DESERTER.

A TALE.—BY G. E. S.

Edward and Stephen Lancaster are twin brothers. Their father was a respectable farmer in the South of England. He has, long since, slept with his fathers in the churchyard of the village of B—, and the moss is already defacing his head-stone and obliterating his name—they will soon follow, for the suns of more than eighty summers have tanned their cheeks, and the storms of more than eighty winters have passed over their heads, since they first drew breath at High Peak Farm.

At High Peak Farm they live now—the last of their race. They have buried side by side, in close proximity to a long line of village ancestors; father, mother, brothers, and sisters; and they alone are left, sole bearers of the time-honoured name of Lancaster.

It was long after I first came into this part of the country, that I knew any thing of the two serious, even to melancholy, looking old men, that I occasionally met with in my walks; but from the first, I was struck with their appearance, and by several points of singularity about them. For one thing, they were never to be seen apart from each other; I never encountered one of them but the other was sure to be either at his side or close behind. I have seen them early in the morning and late at night—walking and riding—at work and at rest—at market and at church—but never, except on one occasion, which I shall presently relate, singly and alone. When my sister

Bessy first noticed this peculiarity, she called them the Siamese Twins.

Then again, their remarkable similarity could not but attract attention, though, considering they were twins, perhaps there was nothing very extraordinary about it. They appeared to have been cast in the same mould. The form—the stature—the expression of countenance—the colour of the eye—were all the same; and a stranger could hardly have distinguished them from each other, but for one decided mark of difference—it was in the colour of their hair; for while the thin locks of Stephen exhibited the usual distinctive badge of age, and flowed in long grey curls over his shoulders, the temples of Edward were still clothed in the native blackness of his youth—and yet of the two, a close observer might probably have discerned that he was the more debilitated and infirm. I had often puzzled myself to account for so curious a freak of nature before the true cause was revealed to me.

Another thing that I remarked in them was an exceeding retiringness. Just in proportion as they stuck to each other, did they appear to avoid the society of all around. I remember endeavouring to cultivate their acquaintance when I became their nearest neighbour; but was repulsed, with courtesy it is true, but still with coldness. They seemed to live only for each other.

They were bachelors, too, and the only inmates of their old family farm house, besides themselves, were an ancient female servant, or housekeeper, and a labouring man, who officiated as ploughman and groom.

Curiosity and scandal are not confined to the high places of the earth, or circumscribed within the boundaries of cities or towns; on the contrary, they appear in strongest exercise where there are fewest objects to work upon. This I have found—sometimes to my amusement, and sometimes to my annoyance, since taking up my permanent residence in B—: neither were the Lancasters suffered to pass without their share of village *on dits*. “Our neighbours seem very reserved,” I remarked one day to Simon Harpur, my occasional gardener.—“Aye, Sir,” he replied, shaking his head very oracularly, and (of course) resting on his spade—“there are strange stories told about them old men, and maybe they have good reason to keep away from other folks.”—“Why,” I said, “they seem very quiet respectable sort of people—they don’t look as though they had ever done any thing to be ashamed of.”—“I can’t say,” responded Simon, “that I know any thing against them; but people do say that they have been wildish in their young days, and don’t like to have old

stories raked up about them. But as to that matter, if it ever happened, it was long before I was born."—"Long enough, it is to be hoped," I remarked, "to be forgiven and forgotten."—"It is to be hoped so," said Simon, "but blood does not wash out very easy."—"Blood!" I exclaimed involuntarily.—"Yes, blood, Sir;" and forthwith Simon began a long rambling story, told on the authority of his own father, who died "twenty-five years ago, come next April, poor man"—that lasted well nigh half an hour, and left me as wise at the end as I was at the commencement of it; in fact, I had found out before this, that Simon was no bad hand at a little gentle romancing; and if he could indulge this propensity, and wile away half an hour or so, from his working time, why, so much the better; it was killing two birds with one stone. I cannot but confess, however, that I regarded the two solitary old men with the more interest, when it appeared that some mystery was attached to their history.

Accident, at last, brought me into closer contact with them, and led to the disclosure of the following tale; the publication of which, perhaps it is as well to say, is no breach of confidence—or rather, it was in some measure solicited, in the hope that it might prove a beacon to warn some high-spirited and headstrong youth of the dangers to which such a disposition tend; and to shew that one hasty step may lead into a maze of errors, and embitter the whole course of after life.

Among other reminiscences of an early country life, I have always treasured up the pleasures of shooting. It is true, that my principal exploits in this way went no further than a ramble over the fields, at the back of my paternal home, gun in hand, in quest of blackbirds and thrushes; and I well remember the mingled feeling of consternation and ecstasy with which, on one lucky occasion, I bagged an unfortunate hare that happened to cross my path. But humble as were my early deeds, they have always held a place in the pleasures of memory, and induced a resolution that, when emancipated from the thralldom of a city existence, they should be renewed. When, therefore, unexpected events led me to B——, one of my first cares was to procure a fowling-piece, and put it in order for future execution.

It happened that, not long after my new acquisition, a hard frost set in, followed by a fall of snow. Nothing could be more fortunate. I forthwith threw my shot belt over my arm, pocketed my powder horn, and shouldered my gun, and set off on my long desired excursion. Neither had I forgotten my former prowess—I brought home a glorious show of

sparrows and linnets; was fortunate enough, too, to knock down a field-fare; and shot at a covey of partridges. This was capital. The next day, and the next, and the next, I renewed my exterminating warfare, and made terrible havoc among the warblers of B——.

It was about a week after thus commencing sportsman, that I was surprised by a visit from the white-haired Lancaster. He came alone. He bowed, as I thought rather stiffly, when I offered him a chair; and when I expressed my pleasure at his call, he said, a little drily, that perhaps I should not be so well pleased when I learned the purport of it. "Surely, that cannot be," I said, "I trust nothing unpleasant has occurred. Your brother, I hope, is well."—"No," replied Lancaster, "he is unwell—indeed he is ill; and I have called to ask you to do us the favour to avoid firing off your gun so near High Peak as you have lately done, as much as possible." I replied that I would willingly comply with his request, and apologised for having unwittingly disturbed his brother with my sport—adding, however, that his illness must have been sudden, as but two days previously I had met them both in one of my rambles after game. "You did so," was his answer, "and however unintentional on your part, his illness was occasioned by that meeting. I see," continued he, "that you are surprised, but do you not remember shooting at a bird of some sort or other, almost directly after you passed us?"—"Indeed I do," I said, "for, like a cockney sportsman as I am, I had put in a double charge of powder, and my shoulder aches at the bare remembrance of it—but surely"—and the blood forsook my face, as the idea flashed across my mind—"surely I could not have been so unfortunate as to shoot your brother instead of the bird?" "Oh no," replied the old man, smiling at my evident confusion, "you only frightened him."—"I am glad—very glad to hear it, and I can assure you, that you have frightened me in return; but I should have thought your brother too much of the farmer to be alarmed at the sound of a gun?" He made no reply for some little time, and at length said, "It is a short story, but a sad one, and if you will have patience with hearing an old man's troubles, I will tell it you."—"Nothing would give me more gratification," I replied. The expression was a rather unfortunate one, but he did not appear to notice it, for he merely thanked me for my readiness, and observed, that as the story would be better told in the old family house, he would be happy to see me there in the evening, if it suited my convenience; adding—"We see but little company; but we can occasionally make a friend welcome."

Thus saying, he took his leave, and left me to my wonderments; however, I left my gun in undisturbed repose for that day.

True to my appointment, I made my appearance at High Peak Farm after an early tea, and found the venerable host waiting my arrival. He met me at the door, and conducting me through a spacious stone floored hall, ushered me into a small, and remarkably neat apartment; well furnished too, to my surprise, with a goodly number of well-bound volumes, in a large old-fashioned bookcase. A glance, as I passed it to a seat by the fireside, to which I was invited, shewed me the titles of some of the best English classics; and I ventured to congratulate my old neighbour on the possession of such valuable companions in solitude. "Yes," he answered, "they are valuable, and we have been, in a measure, driven by circumstances to make choice of them. For a long time, in the early part of our lives, we had no disposition to cultivate familiarity with the companions of our youth; and in later years, we have had so many changes in this neighbourhood, that we seem almost left alone—we have thus been thrown upon our own resources; and our long winter evenings would have passed heavily, but for the amusement we have found in our books. And, to tell the truth," he continued, "I had no intention of asking you up here this evening, when I called on you; but I saw so much of the same sort of furniture about your parlour, that I concluded you *could* make a better use of your time than in shooting hedge sparrows, and frightening old men; and so I made up my mind to court your acquaintance. And besides," he went on, in a tone, tremulous by age, but still more by agitation, "there is my—or I should say—our story. It is many, many years since I last told it; and I would once more ease my mind. My poor brother never speaks of it; I wish he would, for I am sure it is never off his mind."

"You excite my sympathy, dear Sir," I replied, "as well as my curiosity; and I shall be well pleased to be the means of lightening your burden. I sincerely thank you, too, for the confidence you repose in me, and, I am proud to say, you will not find it misplaced."

"Well then," said Lancaster, "it is necessary I should go back many years ago; long—I should judge—before you were born; for the few events I have to tell—at least the principal part of them—took place before the year 1780—sixty years since!"

"We were born in this house; indeed, our family have inhabited it upwards of two hundred years. My brother and myself were the oldest born of my father; there were several younger brothers, who, most of them, died in

infancy; and two sisters—but they are all gone—more than twenty years have passed since we buried the last of them.

"When we were about fourteen years old, our mother died—died in giving birth to twins, who were laid with her in the same grave. From that time our father's temper became completely altered. Before—he was mild, good-tempered, and happy; after—he was peevish, morose, and miserable. Poor man! I have *now* cause to believe that his reason was unsettled by the stroke. Would to God I had thought so then!

"Time wore away, sadly enough for us youngsters, after our mother's death, till we, the eldest, were about seventeen years old. During this time, our poor father's irritable temper was a continual source of unhappiness to all his children, but especially to us, whom he appeared absolutely to dislike, for no other reason, but that we were twins. He told us, more than once, that we perpetually reminded him of our mother's death. However, we bore up under it, and endeavoured to please him as we best could. But at length the crisis arrived.

"You may probably have noticed, about half a mile hence, a little to the left of your own house; a small cottage, uninhabited and in ruins."

I replied that I had.

"Well," he continued, "at that time it was occupied by my father's shepherd. He had an only daughter. Poor Mary! she was called the Rose of the Valley, and well she deserved the title—at least, I thought so. I became madly in love with her, and she gave me her affection in return. We often met in secret, for I dared not avow the step I had taken; and perhaps the discomfort of home drove me oftener to her side than would otherwise have been the case. Edward, alone, knew where I was to be found when missed from home; and he often used to warn me of the probable consequences of a discovery on the part of our father; but I was jealous of his interference, and would not listen to his remonstrances.

"One morning I was sent by my father to D—. The shepherd's cottage was only a field from the road, and I could not resist the opportunity of looking in upon Mary—it was the last time I ever saw her!"

Here the old man was overcome by the course of his narrative, and paused till he regained some degree of composure. He then proceeded—"Well, this is downright folly; I did not think I should ever have been so moved again."

I suggested that perhaps the recollection of the past was too much for him just now; and

that, interested as I felt in his history, it might be more agreeable to himself, to defer the remainder to some other opportunity.

"No, no," he replied, hastily, "'tis over now. I will go on—I do not know whether my father suspected my habit of visiting the cottage, or whether he saw me crossing the field on that occasion; but however that might be, I had hardly had time to exchange words with the poor girl, when he stood before us! We were both of us, too much taken by surprise to speak at first, and before I could recover presence of mind, he had laid hold of my collar, and begun to flog me with passionate severity, with a stout walking stick that he happened to have in his hand. I struggled to get free, and Mary clung to his arm to prevent his frantic blows; but he was far too strong for us. He shook her off with violence, uttering at the same time a curse and a degrading epithet; and continued his castigation till I was nearly insensible. He then threw me to the ground, and left us without speaking a word to either.

"Poor Mary trembled like an aspen leaf, and sobbed violently—as for myself, I rose from the ground burning with shame and writhing with pain. I should have cared but little for the latter; but to have been thus degraded, and treated like a truant school-boy, in *her* presence, was more than I knew how to bear. I left the cottage, after a hasty adieu, with my spirit high in rebellion against my father; but uncertain as to what course I should adopt to evince it.

"In this disposition I reached D—— and delivered my father's message. Just then the sound of a fife and drum met my ears. I looked round and saw that it proceeded from a recruiting party of soldiers. This decided me—yes, I would enlist—I would no longer endure the caprice of an unreasonable parent—I would let him know that I would not tamely bear such usage as I had that morning met with—those were my reflections then; but bitterly have I repented them since. My father, doubtless, was wrong; his whole course of discipline was unnecessarily arbitrary; but he *was* my father, and I ought to have submitted. His loss had soured his disposition, if not unsettled his mind; and I ought to have pitied—besides, I was wrong to form such a connexion without his knowledge, and at my age; and he was right to exercise his control over me. But these thoughts had no place in my mind then. I was determined to enlist, if it were only to distress him.

"Having come to this resolution, I arranged my further proceedings. I did not like to carry it into effect at D——, because I might possibly be recognised; but I knew that there were

always regiments stationed at Chatham, and I determined to proceed thither on the morrow; rightly supposing that my absence from home would not excite much surprise for the remainder of the day; and before enquiries could be set on foot for me at D——, I should be many miles on the road. I therefore loitered about till evening, and then, having a few shillings in my pocket, I took a night's lodging at a small public-house in the outskirts of the town. From this place I wrote a note to my brother Edward, informing him of my intentions, and requesting him to observe secrecy concerning them. I also promised to write to him again, as soon as I got to Chatham, and arranged a plan for future correspondence, so that my letters should not fall into our father's hands.

"I need not trouble you with the particulars of my journey. It is enough to say, that I got to Chatham; and in less than three days from the time of my leaving home, I was a private in the ——th regiment of foot. I had taken the precaution of concealing my age, and my real name; and as I was tall and active, and it was, moreover, in time of war, very few questions were put to me. I enlisted in the name of Stephen Larkin.

"According to my promise, I wrote to Edward, and enclosed in his letter, a note to Mary. I soon heard from him in return. He told me that our father was terribly exasperated with my absence, though he had taken no means of ascertaining what had become of me—that the shepherd was discharged, for having, as my father asserted, connived at my connexion with his daughter—and that poor Mary was ill—very ill—in consequence of what had occurred. He blamed me for my rashness, and hoped I would return home, if means could be taken to procure my discharge.

"Our regiment, when I entered it, had just returned from America to recruit—the American war was then at the hottest—and it was not expected to leave England again for some time: we therefore remained at Chatham for some months. While there, I frequently heard from Edward, but his letters were far from cheering—our father had forbidden my name to be mentioned—the shepherd was reduced to absolute indigence through the loss of his situation, and my sweet Mary was sinking, as he feared, into a lingering decline. Each account I received of her was more gloomy than the preceding, and I began heartily to repent of my rashness.

"At last, a letter came, that threw me into a state of desperation. Mary was dying, and wished to see me once more, and for the last time. It happened that the very day before I received this intelligence, our regiment had received orders to march to the North of

England; and we were in all the bustle incident to such a movement. However, I went immediately to the commanding officer and applied for a furlough. As might have been expected, it was refused. It did not matter; I was determined to see the poor girl once more. That night I deserted.

"I walked hard all night, but when day broke, I was still thirty miles from B——. I knew that I should be pursued, and if seen upon the road, should inevitably be taken; so I hid myself in a wood by the road side, intending to remain there all day, and to continue my flight when it was again dark. Oh! how long that day seemed to me! I shall never forget it, though I have suffered enough since, too, to drive all thoughts of it from my head. But it was a truly miserable day; I thought it would never close; a hundred times in the course of it I started up, determined, at all hazards, to pursue my journey; and then shrunk back again, from the certain danger of being discovered. Evening at length drew on, and I gladly availed myself of its first shades of obscurity, to leave my hiding place. Stiff and foot-sore as I was, I hastened on; I believe I ran many miles without once stopping to take breath; and before morning I was almost within sight of B——."

[To be continued.]

HANDFULS OF TRASH.

"Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."—BYRON.

HANDFUL THE FIRST.

It is customary with historians, in chronicling the past, to distinguish various periods of time by terms significative of the existing state of things, and by one brief adjective to pourtray the moral and intellectual condition of the people during the epoch referred to—thus, we hear of the golden age, the barbarous ages, and the dark ages, and no doubt when the world is a century or two older, the age in which *we* live will be known by some equally expressive name. What estimate future Humes and Smolletts may form of the present generation we are at a loss to determine; possibly, if science and learning advance with as rapid strides as they have done during the last hundred years, our descendants, in their retrospective glances, may lament over the ignorance in which their forefathers were shrouded, and thank Providence that they were not born in the nineteenth century! If our chroniclers, however, take a "comprehensive view of things," and deduce the character of our times from their prominent features, we shall doubt-

less be said to have lived in the *railway age*—that age in which science began generally to be made subservient to utility, and when mankind became acquainted with a power, of the capabilities of which they were pitifully ignorant. In those days, perhaps, people will be surprised when they learn that there once lived men who could neither read nor write—that there was a time when the properties of electricity were comparatively unknown—when the streets were actually lighted by a vapour called gas—when Englishmen were astonished at a tunnel under the Thames, or a bridge over the Menai Straits, and never once dreamt of taking a trip to the moon! But, however justly the historian might term ours the age of railroads, were we, like Bishop Burnet, to become the chroniclers of our own times, we should be inclined to denominate this the age of *rhyme*. Pope tells us that he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came," but in the present day men, aye, and women too, despising the vulgar prejudice of poesy being a gift and not an acquirement, lisp in numbers whether they come or not; and so imploringly have the Muses been called upon to descend, that the goddesses appear to have been unable longer to refuse; and in taking up their abode amongst the sons of men, they have lost their identity by partition and their spirituality by prostitution. From the "whining school-boy" to the "slipper'd pantaloons"—all now dabble in verse,—the newspaper press teems with poetical effusions in praise of cheap clothing—tobacco papers are redolent of rhyme—songs are sung in every street—illustrated sonnets figure on handkerchiefs, and our lock-ups and gaols bear witness that even felons

—— locked from ink and paper, scrawl,
With desperate charcoal, round their darkened wall."

When Pope, in the Prologue to his Satires, denounced the crowd of scribblers who invaded his privacy at Twickenham, his enumeration embraced but the parson, the maudlin poetess, the peer, and the embryo lawyer; but had he lived in the present day, we know not what class would have escaped condemnation. The world is inundated with countless effusions which only survive in the memories of their authors—"occasional verses" appear without occasion—and hapless "poems" are hourly expiring in their birth. Rhyming too, has now become a profession as well as a pastime—a *commercial* school of poetry has sprung up, and the aid of the Muses nine has been invoked in apostrophizing "jet blacking," or singing the praises of "magic razor strops." Truly, this is the age of rhyme.

We have been led into this train of thought

from a recent inspection of the accumulation of "trash," both printed and written, which we have been daily receiving during the last nine months. It is truly lamentable to witness the labour and patient industry thus worse than misapplied—the amount of thought and time thus wasted and misspent—all of which, if directed to a proper end, might have led to important results. Whilst we are solicitous to encourage latent merit, and to fan the spark of genius where it shines with an unborrowed lustre, we feel imperatively called upon to discountenance the rhyming mania in those who are naturally incapable of approaching mediocrity in the divine art, and whose want of education unfits them to express their thoughts even in "dull prose." It is with this view, and in the hope that we may be the means of directing some rhymsters to the cultivation of their powers in pursuits more profitable to themselves, that we now proceed to place before our readers a few Handfuls of their Trash.

"Poems and Songs of Susanna Hawkins. Vol. V. Dumfries: Printed for the Authoress. 1841."

Such is the title of a pamphlet before us, consisting of sixty pages, and containing upwards of forty separate pieces; Miss Hawkins is therefore a somewhat voluminous writer, and having appeared so frequently before the public, may be understood to solicit public criticism. There are two slight emendations in the title page of her work, which we, in the first place, humbly suggest to the fair authoress:—if, instead of Gray's well known verse, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," she had adopted for her motto, a line from Swift,—"'Tis not poetry, but prose run mad"—she would have supplied a just commentary on her works; and their ultimate destination would have been more truthfully predicted had they been announced as "printed for the *trunk makers*." The fifth volume opens with a poetical dedication to the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, in which, after the usual compliments, Miss Hawkins thus consoles with her Grace on a recent family bereavement:—

"But these noble ladies, the Douglasses brave,
I was sorry to hear when deceased—
I hope, by the grace of the great God on high,
That their graves are sweet beds of rest."

Like many eminent poets, Miss Hawkins is not exempt from the charge of egotism, for she ingeniously manages, whatever be her theme, to associate herself with it, and in more than one of her metrical compositions, she figures as the heroine. For example, the poem on "Household Friendship" commences with the following:—

"When I went to Northumberland,
Unto Newcastle fair,
I was a stranger in that place—
I had few acquaintance there.
I thought before I came from home
That few would there me know,
But very soon good friends I found,
Who did great friendship show."

The "Lines on a Newcastle Warehouse"—a highly poetical subject, open thus:—

"I went to Newcastle that stands by the Tyne,
I saw there a warehouse—'twas both rich and fine;
Not one of the city of London most fair,
Not one of all England can with it compare."

and the poem contains the following gratifying evidence of the spread of intelligence in the North:—

"They have a fine library in that warehouse large,
While seven brave young men of it have a charge;
Those who wish to join them who learning do love,
By books and good talents they may well improve."

Miss Hawkins also favours us with an account of her journey from Scotland into England, where it would appear she was received so enthusiastically that her Muse could not withhold a tribute to English hospitality, and thus overflows in heartfelt gratitude:—

"In all these said places I likewise did find,
The English people still were very kind;"
"By some of my parish and parishes near,
I was kindly treated by my neighbours dear;
Had kind invitations from them every day;
The time passed on like the bright morning ray."
"In all these said places I likewise did see,
The English people were jovial and free."

The journey appropriately concludes with an outburst of patriotism, the fervour and beauty of which will be duly appreciated:—

"May brave Scottish thistle and English red rose,
Entwine with each other and beauty disclose;
Their fragrance delightful hath a pleasant smell,
The emblems of Britain none can them excel.
The harp of old Ireland tunes a pleasant lay,
Adorned with the rose and the thistle most gay.
If any bold enemy threaten us harm,
The harp will the rose and the thistle alarm;
If any invader should come to our land,
The brier of the rose shall bring blood from his hand;
If any usurper Victoria oppose,
The thistle will soon put an end to her foes."

There is something strikingly original in the poetry of Miss Hawkins—she writes to the meanest capacity, and never forgets herself—she indulges in no fanciful similes—no lofty soarings—no wire-drawn sentimentality—her meaning is rather trammelled with verbiage than with mystery, and is yet at all times couched in plain and homely terms that preclude misinterpretation. With such native powers, it is somewhat astonishing that Miss Hawkins should have condescended to avail herself of the thoughts of others, and yet no impartial reader of her "Love Sentiments" can deny that they are *after Burns, longissimo intervallo*:—

"My love is like a pretty flower,
Most beautiful to see ;
Her voice sweet as the nightingale
That sings upon the tree.

My love is like a lily fair,
That mildly blows in June ;
Or like the bonny blooming rose,
That blushes sweet at noon.

My love is like the hawthorn mild,
In bloom that sweetly smells—
Of all the blossoms in the wood,
The hawthorn far excels.

Each bird sings sweetly with his mate,
Down by the river side,
Upon the pretty blooming trees,
That flourish in their pride."

And it would appear that the similarity had not escaped the notice of other critics, for Miss Hawkins thus indignantly rebuts the charge of plagiarism, and scorns the judgment of the vulgar:—

"Some say I canna rhyme indeed,
By Burn's works I do come speed—
For them I dinna care indeed
What they do say."

These euphonious lines occur in a lyric entitled "Conversation betwixt Twa Dogs," which illustrates the difficulty of concealing stolen goods, and exhibits a singular aptitude for contorting language and disfiguring metaphors.

Although Miss Hawkins seldom rises to sublimity or indulges in the pathetic, she seems to possess a love for the awful, and an ability to pourtray it, in a very remarkable degree. Her poem "on a young Man murdered at Blackburn" is a soul-harrowing narrative, truly painful to peruse. Witness the following graphic picture of the scene disclosed to the crowd who repaired to Wilder Moor after the deed was perpetrated:—

"Unto the murdered man they came with speed,
Though mortal wounded yet he was not dead ;
The blood was running from the deadly wound,
Part of the brains and skull lay on the ground.
The cruel villian had shot out one eye—
All roll'd in blood upon his cheek did lie."

And the writhings of the conscience-stricken murderer almost "freeze our young blood."

"Within his mind he sees the man lie dead,
Part of the skull and brains around his head,
The bloody mortal wound and death-fixed eye,
Likewise the mournful groans and deadly sigh."

In her account of the "Great Storm of the 7th January 1839" there is a vivid description of the "war of elements and the wreck" of ships, which no one can read unmoved, although it appears to us questionable whether the dire calamity was solely referable to the pressure of the air.

"By the air's heavy pressure the houses did shake,
And some thousand trees fell, and the forests did quake;
And the wild raging waves did beneath the storm roar,
And they rose like great mountains, and roll'd on the shore ;

By the high swelling tide many houses fell down,
And all swept into wreck lay low on the ground ;
And the ships in the ocean were dreadfully tost ;
Of the sons of the sea many hundreds were lost ;
And many a strong ship sunk among the rude waves,
Which caused thousands to sleep in deep watery graves."

We might extend our extracts to a much greater length, and adduce abundant evidence,—did we not conceive it superfluous,—to prove that Miss Hawkins's chief forte lies in the ridiculous—in her power to raise a smile under the guise of drawing a tear—and in this light, perhaps, her poems may justly be considered a valuable addition to the comic literature of our country. But we fear that this, our first budget, lacks that variety which its successors will exhibit, and by way of compensation, we trust our readers will forgive the following tribute to a relative, which we lately received from the North of England, and which, with others from the same quarter, we purposed including in our second Handful of Trash.

WITH THEE, DEAR UNCLE.

With thee, dear uncle, still with thee—
My watch and me thou didst divide ;
And I to it no more can flee,
And find it dangling by my side.
I hear no tick !—no more we meet—
No more its welcome face I see !—
Oh, life hath not an hour that's sweet,
Since I did pledge my watch with thee.

With thee, my uncle,—as I roam
The streets, my loss I still deplore ;
I know not when to seek my home
As once I did in days of yore !—
And wheresoe'er I turn my feet—
Whatever watches I may see,
None like my own I ever greet—
Dear uncle,—won't you !—give it me.

THE FEEJEE ISLANDS, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

The subjoined account of the introduction of Christianity into the Feejee Islands is abridged from a narrative furnished by the Rev. D. Cargill, A. M., one of the earliest Wesleyan Missionaries stationed in the group:—

The Feejee Islands are situated between the degrees of 17 and 20 south latitude, and about the meridian of 178° 30' east longitude. The number of inhabited islands in the cluster is nearly two hundred. The circumference of the largest island is about three hundred miles; that of the one next to it in size is nearly two hundred. Some of the inferior islands are from sixty to a hundred miles in extent; whilst the boundaries of the smallest of those which are inhabited, vary from four to thirty. Besides these, there are many uninhabited islands in the group. Some of these are rocky and barren, and are incapable of affording sustenance to man; others of them are beautiful and fertile, and have either been depopulated

by the ravages of war or disease, or their former inhabitants, apprehensive of being enslaved or slain by the invasions of more powerful tribes, have migrated to islands more thickly peopled, and more capable of repelling aggressors.

The whole of the group is supposed to contain a population of about two hundred thousand persons; but it is impossible to ascertain the exact number, because the interior of some of the largest islands has not been explored by Europeans. The inhabitants, however, of most of the places which have been visited, are numerous; and the natives mention the names of many islands, districts, and settlements, to which the Missionaries have not yet been able to extend their labours, and which they describe as populous and influential.

These people, in their untutored, heathen state, are the victims of a superstition awfully degrading and brutalizing. Although they recognise one Supreme Being, yet they worship him under the form of a huge serpent; and, notwithstanding their conviction, that he is the Father of gods and men, yet they imagine he is utterly regardless of the beings whom he has created.

They believe in the existence of many inferior deities, whose favour they strive to propitiate. Their creed teaches them, that certain birds and fishes are the residences of these lying vanities, or the vehicles by which they are conveyed from one place to another. The spirits of departed Chieftains, who have been brave and successful in war, are often raised by these deluded people to the rank and importance of gods; so that their deities frequently receive fresh accessions to their number.

Their Chiefs and people approach the gods through the medium of an hereditary priesthood, and seldom engage in an act of religious worship without a sacrifice.

Their religion breathes into the minds of its votaries a spirit of fierce, diabolical cruelty. When uninfluenced by its dictates, they are capable of cherishing kind and generous feelings; but when the demon of their religion is poisoning their sentiments, and inflaming their passions, they are instigated to perpetrate crimes which disgrace human nature, and indicate an affinity to fiends rather than men. They are taught to believe that murder is no crime, and that war and cannibalism are pleasing to their gods. Human life is often treated with contempt, and sacrificed not only without remorse, but even with a sense of pleasure, and a hope of divine approbation. The aged or diseased, the infirm or the maimed, are sometimes abandoned by their relatives and friends to pain and death, or are buried alive.

Some of the victims are thrown into a river to be devoured by sharks.

After the death of a Chief of high rank, several of his principal wives are strangled. The life of female slaves or secondary wives is esteemed of little value, and is at the disposal of their despotic lords. They are sometimes put to death for a trivial, or even imaginary, crime, and are bartered for a small chest or old musket. In some places the ponderous club of an ambitious son cleaves the skull of an aged father. The parricide's apology for his crime is, the infirmity of the parent! His reason for striking the blow without previous warning is, the affection of the son!

When Tanoa, the most influential Chief in Feejee, was a young man, he, on one occasion, became incensed against his cousin Mothelutu, who had been guilty of an offence more imaginary than real, and threatened to punish the delinquent with death. Mothelutu, knowing the implacability of Tanoa's resentment, sought safety in flight. The enraged Chief assembled a few of his followers, and pursued the fugitive. He at length overtook him in a distant island. Mothelutu endeavoured to prolong his life for a time, and sheltered himself amidst the branches of a tree. Tanoa caused his adherents to surround the tree, that his escape might be impossible. The cousin, seeing death inevitable, descended; and sitting down upon the ground, endeavoured, by his tears and entreaties, to obtain pardon from his relative. But Tanoa was determined that the life of Mothelutu should atone for his error. He took in his hand a portion of a bamboo cane, formerly used as a substitute for a knife, and having impressed on the face of his weeping, trembling cousin a farewell kiss, deliberately cut off his arm by the elbow, and, stooping down, drank the blood from the flowing veins. He threw the amputated limb, still quivering with life, into a fire prepared for the occasion, and, having roasted it, devoured its flesh in the presence of its owner. He then mangled the body of his cousin by cutting it limb from limb, until his victim expired in awful agony.

Lakemba is the island where the Mission was commenced in October, 1835; and as the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring islands have had the Missionaries residing among them for a longer period than those in any other part of Feejee, the beneficial results of religious instruction are more evident and extensive there than in any other place in the group. The Mission premises at Lakemba consist of a chapel, erected by the co-operation of the Feejeeans and Tonguese, and surrounded by a neat cane fence. This edifice is as strong as

any of those which the natives, in their present circumstances, are capable of erecting. It accommodates about five hundred persons. The workmanship is neatly executed. The tops of the posts, and many other parts of the timber, are covered with black, red, and straw-coloured cord, formed from the fibres of the outer husk of the cocoa-nut. The patterns into which the cord is wrapped round the beams and posts, represent triangles, squares, diamonds, and vandykes.

The principal Mission-house is about fifty-eight feet long, and twenty feet broad. Another building contains the printing-office.—This is the first place in Feejee in which that mighty and beneficial engine, the press, commenced its operations. The first work accomplished by its agency was the printing of the first part of the Conference Catechism.

On a rising ground above the chapel, is part of the roof of a splendid new heathen temple in ruins. This beautiful house was erected in 1838. The Lakembaans seemed to exhaust their ingenuity in strengthening and decorating it. At its dedication, many large turtles and immense quantities of food were presented to the deity. The scene was imposing; but the presence of a Missionary divested the officiating Priest of his courage, and caused him to curtail his pretended revelations. A few weeks after its consecration, a man professed to be inspired by the deity for whom the house was erected, and assured the people that the god of that temple was afraid of the God of the Missionaries, and had fled from the island. In February, 1839, Lakemba was visited by a dreadful storm. Trees and houses fell before the fury of the blast, and the strongest edifices on the island shook on their pillars. The votaries of Heathenism trembled for the safety of their temple. The king's brother presented an offering of whales' teeth, and requested the priest to consult the gods. The response was desultory and unsatisfactory. The king on that occasion refused to co-operate with his brother; and stated, that he believed the gods of Feejee to be fools or liars, and that he did not intend to waste his property in presenting sacrifices to them. The wind roared more loudly, and raged with more destructive vehemence. One of the two principal posts of the temple was broken. The rain fell in torrents, and swept away the stones and earth which had been piled up, that this temple might be the loftiest fabric of that or any other kind in Feejee. In the interim, the wind entering where the falling foundation had left the fence dangling in the air, tore the thatch in several places, and seemed to make sport of the truly elegant workmanship. The building being thus well-

nigh demolished, was now abandoned by the Chiefs and Priests.

Besides the premises which are occupied by the Mission families, native teachers have been stationed in four different settlements on the island of Lakemba. At each of these places schools have been established, and societies formed. At Wathiwathi the prospects are very cheering. The first Christian who resided at that settlement had been converted in one of the Haabai islands. During a period of nearly two years he stood alone, exposed to the ridicule of his relatives, and the resentment of the Chiefs. Once he was stripped of all his property, as a punishment for continuing to worship God. A few days after that event, he said to one of the Missionaries, "Their efforts to turn me are vain; for when I converse with my mind, I know that God is truth, and I will worship him." Through his instrumentality, and that of the local preacher, who was stationed in that village, all his friends abandoned Heathenism, and a visible change has been effected in the entire population of the place.

At Waitambu, where persecution had occasioned the apostasy of many of the professing Christians, and the banishment of those who continued faithful, the work is in an encouraging state of prosperity. By the king's permission, the exiled converts, after having endured many privations during eight months with resignation and humility, returned to their homes, and were allowed to worship God without molestation.

At Ono, the remotest island in the windward group, the cause of truth and righteousness is espoused by a majority of the inhabitants. Those valuable auxiliaries, the native teachers, were the first messengers of peace and salvation to Ono, as well as to many other parts of Feejee. The converts have erected several chapels, which are commodious and tolerably neat. The pulpits are made of one tree each, and do credit to the ingenuity of the native workmen. The people are regular in their attendance on the means of grace. Many of them have made considerable progress in reading. Religion has made them more industrious than they were whilst Heathens, and has directed their industry to useful pursuits; they have better clothes, good houses, and abundance of food. Many of them are specimens of genuine religion in experience and practice.

The literary department of the work has not been neglected. A vocabulary of the Lakemba dialect has been compiled; a grammar has been formed; the four Gospels, and other portions of Scripture, have been translated; the Gospel of Mark, and several other elementary

books, have been printed, and are circulated amongst the natives. A spirit of inquiry has been excited; and there is a cheering prospect that, at no very remote period, Feejee will be illumined with the light of truth.

"What hath God wrought," even in Feejee! The prevention or lessening of war and cannibalism, the removal or mitigation of the moral wretchedness of the people, the renunciation of Heathenism by nearly a thousand of the natives, and the conversion from sin to holiness of many of those who profess to worship God, are gratifying proofs of the blessings which Christianity has conferred on the Feejeeans; and loud calls to Christians to offer a sacrifice of gratitude and praise to the Head of the church, as well as urgent reasons to induce them to continue their exertions in behalf of these degraded, but really interesting, members of the human family.

NEW BOOKS.

The Vow of the Gileadite. A Lyric Narrative.

By William Brown Galloway, M.A., Curate at Barnard Castle. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1842.

To enable the inhabitants of these cold northern regions fully to appreciate the force and beauty of oriental literature, it is necessary to transport men, in imagination at least, to the sun-lit groves, the cloudless skies, the burning sands, and the gorgeous palaces of the East, and to familiarize their minds with the habits of thought and action peculiar to the Asiatics. Attention to this important desideratum is especially incumbent on the public expounders of the Scriptures, and will always contribute greatly to the interest of their discourses; but the poet can take a wider range, and by the introduction of appropriate machinery and the magic touch of poesy, he commands the changing scene to pass before us—its living actors make us the confidants of their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and, as in the poem before us, we burn with the devoted patriotism of Jephtha, exult with the triumphant Israelites, and join with the maidens of Judah in their yearly wailings for the hapless virgin daughter of the Saviour of his people.

Mr. Galloway has judiciously avoided the much controverted point of the real fate of the daughter of Jephtha, and has drawn a veil over the unnatural sacrifice to which, in the opinion of some writers, her father had rashly doomed her—a view which we regret has had the current sanction of a celebrated painter, but which,

in our judgment, the Jewish laws could not tolerate, although it is possible that the purer morality of the Israelites might have been so far corrupted, by their intermixture with neighbouring nations, as to permit human sacrifices. The action of the poem commences with the embassy to Jephtha, and it is divided into four parts, embracing his consecration to the office of judge or leader, the march to Gilead, the battle, and the return.

We have not space for any portion of the narrative, but leave our readers to judge of the whole from the following

APOSTROPHE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star, that o'er the sunset darking,
First of all the train of heaven,
In the light of love and sparkling!
Diamond on the brow of Even!
Soft thy ray, and mildly cheering.
As on Clyde's reflecting stream,
Deep 'mid shadowed trees appearing,
Tremulously plays thy beam.
Thee I hail, sweet star of beauty,
Thee, like England's dove-eyed queen,
Young, and fair, and high in duty,—
Majesty with loveliest mien!
Thus, while England's day declining
Fainter grows with lessening ray,
She, in peerless beauty shining,
Leads the court's fair galaxy;
Softly sweet, and mildly shedding
Balmy dews of lustre rare,
Loyalty and love dispreading,
Peace, and honor to the fair.

But who can tell how soon o'erclouded,—
What storms may break night's soft repose,—
What terrors, by the darkness shrouded,
May burst ere gentle evening close!
Yet say not England's sun is setting,
And say not she the evening star;
Say rather night's brief shades are fitting,
And she bright morning's harbinger.
And happy be her reign below!
And glory to her crown be given!
No setting may her splendour know,
"But melt into the light of heaven!"
Yet do I love mild evening's ray,
And thee, sweet star of loveliest light,
And thee, fair Clyde, all tremulously
Reflecting many-hued delight,
And thee, cool Zephyr, and the sound
Of evening carols soft and bland,
And the rich landscape, and around,
The wild hills of my native land.

The general character of the poem greatly resembles Sir Walter Scott's delightful lyrics, and, although prepossessed in favour of the volume by its really modest preface, from which we learn that the profits of its sale are to be distributed among the poor of the writer's parish; we feel assured that few who take up the poem will feel inclined to put it down until they arrive at its finale, and we heartily wish that it may contribute as richly to Mr. Galloway's honourable fame and to his benevolent objects, as its pages are calculated to interest and instruct.

Original Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

Oh ! dream not here one worldly thought,—
 Speak not a heedless word,
 But let thy soul in this calm night
 Wing onwards, in its heaven-ward flight,
 E'en as a bird.

Tell not a tale of earthborn woe,—
 Breathe not an anxious sigh ;
 And if thy heart has troubled been,
 Come forth into this glorious scene,—
 Gaze at this sky.

There is the soft pale canopy
 Of night—a risen moon,
 White sailing clouds, a single star—
 'Tis all the picture, but afar
 'Twill call thee soon.

For should a darker cloud o'ershade
 The gliding planet's place,
 A line, first pale, then brighter, tells
 That breaking are the gloomy spells
 That hide her face.

Oh ! look upon it, with an eye
 Of Faith's sublimest ken ;
 See in that light which hangs above,
 An image of the enduring love
 Of God to men.

Then pray, that when He sends a cloud
 Upon thy path awhile,
 Through the dark shade thy soul may see
 The bright ray of Eternity
 Shine, as His smile.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

BY E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

"Mother, this is not our home ; our home is in Heaven !"

Such were thy words, my fair and gentle boy ;
 And, as my listening ear the accents heard,
 Within my heart there gush'd a sudden joy,
 As if an angel's wing, indeed, had stirr'd
 Its troubled waters ; grief and worldly care
 Had darken'd the bright fountain of my trust,
 And my worn spirit, chafed with ills that are,
 Look'd not beyond this dwelling of the dust.—
 When, like a sun-ray, came my child's sweet words,
 And the cloud past away—before me shone,
 As in a mirror, all the blessings pour'd
 Around my path for years, ere I had known
 A blight upon the harvest. Once again
 (Like incense through the sanctuary) there stole
 Within my chaste'n'd heart the breath of prayer,
 And the blest promise shone upon my soul !

Oh, happy infant ! with such little ones
 Dwelleth the Lamb ! A dream of angels' songs,
 And a bright dwelling in the fair blue skies
 And silvery clouds above thee—happy throngs
 Of white wing'd seraphims,—such is the home
 Thy spirit yearns for now. Oh, may'st thou feel
 The same bright aspirations, hopes as warm,
 And trusting faith as fond, when Time shall steal
 The sunny lustre from thy radiant curls,

And grief shall dim thine alabaster brow !
 Oh, that a mother's love could keep thee pure
 And stainless as thine innocence is now ;
 But such is not man's doom—thine heritage
 On earth is toil and sorrow. Oh, mine own !
 When thou goest forth into the world alone,
 To tread the thorn-path of thy pilgrimage,
 Keep but the *trusting faith* so early given,
 And thou shalt find, indeed, thy home in Heaven !

A friend was complaining to Colman that he should be obliged to change his tailor, as he found that a suit of clothes would not last him above one half the time that it ought to do ; and inquired if he could recommend him any place where he could meet with apparel more durable. "Yes," said Colman, "I could recommend you to Chancery, and there you may have a *suit* that will last you for life."

CONSCIENCE.—The voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it ; but it is also so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Madame de Staël.*

POPE.—The father of George the Third, when Prince of Wales, once addressed Mr. Pope—"Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown."

READING.—History makes men wise, poetry witty, mathematics subtle, philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend : nay, there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit study, where every defect of the mind has its proper remedy. Those that have the excellent faculty of using all they know, can never know too much.—*Lady Gethin.*

Lord Chesterfield on being told that Mrs. W——, a termagant and scold, was married to a gamester, remarked, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

VALUE OF HISTORY.—Not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge.—*Cicero.*

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.
 [Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 22.]

SATURDAY, 2ND APRIL, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

CALICO PRINTING BY ELECTRICITY.

We have already adverted to two very curious applications of electricity to the ordinary purposes of life; one, as a motive power for clocks, the other as a controlling agent upon railroads. We have now to announce another extraordinary discovery of its powers, which promises to become of great value and importance to the loom and paper manufactures of the country. We allude to the improvements in printing in colours, lately patented by Mr. Isham Baggs, of Cheltenham, the said improvements being a result of the galvanic battery instead of the dying vat.

A word or two on the common method of printing calicoes and similar fabrics will facilitate the understanding of the new plan. A length of cloth is first prepared by being dipped in a chemical solution, called a *mordant* (of which there are various kinds), and it is then in a fit state to receive colours upon one surface in any given pattern. These colours are impressed upon the cloth by cylindrical rollers charged with dye, and on which the required pattern has been engraved, and the number of rollers will depend on the number of colours introduced into the pattern, each colour requiring a separate roller. Thus, if a pattern required a combination of six colours, there would be a necessity for employing six rollers to produce it, each roller separately impressing the cloth with so much of the entire pattern as is to be

formed of the colour with which it is charged. The exactitude required in the form and working of these cylinders, so that the united impressions of the six shall constitute a perfectly finished pattern, is one of the happiest results of English mechanical skill. There is another method of printing goods by blocks, but as these are only now employed upon particular and generally expensive patterns, we forbear any description of their use, especially as it would in no way tend to explain the plan adopted by Mr. Baggs.

This gentleman's improvements are two-fold, and they consist, firstly, in applying the chemical powers of electricity to printing in colours; and secondly in a mode of employing tests in printing. For the present we confine ourselves to the first.

If a plate, compounded of different metals, and connected with the positive pole of a galvanic battery be laid upon a length of cloth or paper moistened with an appropriate mordant, and the latter be super-imposed upon the negative pole, a great variety of colours will instantaneously be produced, and a repetition of the same electrical action may be made to take place, until the whole of the fabric is covered with the colours. To render this familiar, let it be supposed that a pattern of a flower is to be printed, the colour of which should be yellow, and that it should be accompanied moreover by green leaves and a brown stalk. In order to produce this pattern, it will be necessary to

compound three metals, namely: iron, copper, and silver. The iron would give out the yellow flower; the copper would produce the green leaves, and the silver the brown stalk.

As this result may be easily demonstrated at a trifling cost, we recommend those of our readers, who are scientifically inclined, to undertake the experiment for themselves, and we will promise them beforehand an abundant harvest of pleasure and satisfaction. Let, for instance, two initial letters be cut, one in iron and one in copper; and then let them be soldered upon a common wafer stamp, in such a way that the surfaces only of the letters shall press upon the cloth. Then moisten the piece of cloth in a mordant of prussiate of potash and nitrate of soda, and lay it upon a zinc plate, or any other convenient metallic conductor. Connect one of the wires from the battery with the zinc plate, and the other with the metallic part of the stamp, which latter is to be held in the hand. The stamp may be now pressed upon various parts of the cloth as often as the operator can move it from one place to another. At each remove the two letters, one blue, the other brown, will be durably left upon the cloth. In fact, they would be "fast colours."

It is to be observed that the colours thus produced by electricity, are only limited in number and combination by the number of known metals, and their connexion with different kinds of mordants; in other words, they are nearly illimitable, and greatly exceed in amount those actually used in dyeing. It is further to be particularly noted that their brilliancy is unique, and that they are permanently fixed upon cloth and paper when the process has been properly carried out.

The advantages presented by this discovery of Mr. Baggs, in a commercial point of view, appear to be great. Effects which at present are only produced by numerous and very intricate mechanical arrangements, are created at once by his invention. Instead of eight cylinders, which are now required to produce eight different colours in one pattern, a single roller is sufficient, and were the combinations of colours to be eight hundred instead of eight, no more than one would be necessary, because the metals required for any number of combinations, are all properly arranged upon the same cylinder, by which means the entire pattern is printed at once, and with unerring certainty.

Practical dyers might be inclined to doubt the possibility of applying the invention to cylindrical printing, even if it could be used in block printing. The fact, however, is placed beyond dispute. There is at this moment before us a small piece of cotton cloth, which

we, with our own eyes, saw printed by a roller in the London Polytechnic Institution, where the apparatus is worked by the inventor, who is ready to enter into every necessary explanatory detail with individuals engaged in the trade. The pattern on this piece of cloth, (composed of three colours) is clear, well defined, and fast. All the colours were given out at once by one cylinder, and the printing was also conducted with rapidity.

Of the superior economy of this process we have no means of judging; but from personal inquiries we made of the inventor, we are led to believe that it is considerable. Mr. Baggs also states that when practical dyers come to adopt his discovery, their extensive experience will suggest many useful adaptations, the whole tending still further to lessen the cost of production.

The actual mode of printing by electricity is thus described. Pieces of metal, of one sixteenth of an inch thick, are cut out in the form to be delineated from plates of different metals; these pieces are soldered upon a copper plate, and their surface ground to a true plane. The lines are then formed in the leaves and flowers (if such are required) with a graver, in the usual way. It is then ready for printing. Paper, in order to be printed from this plate, is wetted with a solution of carbonate of soda, and placed in connexion with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, with the metal plate upon it. On bringing the positive wire in contact with the plate, the alkali of the carbonate passes to the negative pole, and the acid to the positive pole, where, acting upon the different metals, it produces a copy of the design in its proper colours.

To print by means of frictional electricity, the design is formed by cementing a number of very small platinum wires on to a glass plate, which is laid on paper moistened with any suitable solution. If iodide of potassium and starch are used, on passing a charge of electricity through them, a purple impression of the design will be produced, but other metals and solutions may be used.

This very extraordinary application of the galvanic fluid to the manufactures of the country, merits the attentive examination of all who are engaged in a business which it appears destined to advance and improve.

It cannot be too generally made known that discoverers, inventors, and improvers, are *gratuitously* furnished, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, with every assistance that may be required in the prosecution of scientific investigation, including the use of an extensive laboratory, philosophical apparatus, and appropriate apartments.

LORD BACON.

Bacon was one of the most remarkable men of whom any age can boast—a reformer of philosophy, by founding it on the observation of nature, after it had consisted, for so many centuries, of scholastic subtilities and barren dialectics. He was born at London, in 1561, and displayed, from his earliest childhood, proofs of a superior mind. In his 13th year, he entered the university of Cambridge, where he made astonishing progress in all the sciences there taught. He had not completed his 16th year, when he wrote against the Aristotelian philosophy, which seemed to him more calculated to perpetuate disputes than to enlighten the mind. It was then the custom, in England, to send abroad, particularly to France, those young men who were destined for public life. Young Bacon went to Paris in the suite of Sir Amias Paulet, who soon after sent him to England with an important message. He discharged it to the satisfaction of the queen, (Elizabeth), returned to France, and travelled through several provinces of that country, to study its manners and laws. When 19 years old, he wrote a work, entitled *Of the State of Europe*, in which he gave the most astonishing proofs of the early maturity of his judgment. The death of his father called him back to England, where, in order to be enabled to live suitably to his rank, he devoted himself to jurisprudence, and pursued the study of the law with so much success, that he was made counsel extraordinary to the queen before he was 28 years old. His professional labours did not, however, make him lose sight of the idea, which he had early conceived, of reforming the plan of scholastic studies agreeably to sound philosophy. His place was more honourable than lucrative. Bacon's talents, and his connexion with the lord treasurer, Burleigh, and his son Sir Robert Cecil, first secretary of state, seemed to promise him the highest promotion; but the enmity between the latter and the earl of Essex, likewise a friend and protector of Bacon, prevented his advancement. Essex endeavoured to indemnify by the donation of an estate in land. Bacon, however, soon forgot his obligations to his generous benefactor, and not only abandoned him as soon as he had fallen into disgrace, but, without being obliged, took part against him on his trial. Against this ingratitude the public voice was raised, and, whatever Bacon might say in his justification, he remained at court the object of hatred to one party, and of jealousy to the other, and the queen did not appear inclined to do anything in his favour. In parliament, he conducted himself, for some time, with

dignity and independence. He had been chosen member for the county of Middlesex, in 1593, and voted with the popular party against the measures of the ministers, though he continued in the service of the crown. But, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, his parliamentary conduct became more servile. If any thing can excuse him, it is his poverty, which was so great that he was twice arrested for debt.

The reign of James I. was more favourable to him. The prince, who was ambitious of being considered a patron of letters, conferred upon him, in 1603, the order of knighthood. Having been commissioned to make a representation of the oppressions committed by the royal purveyors in the king's name, he executed the task with so much address as to satisfy both the king and the parliament. The house of commons voted him the public thanks, and James made him one of the king's counsel, with a pension of forty pounds, which was soon followed by another of sixty pounds. His situation now continually improved: he contracted an advantageous marriage; in 1617 was made lord keeper of the seals; in 1619, lord high chancellor of England and baron of Verulam, and, in the following year, Viscount St. Alban's. He might now have lived with splendour, without degrading his character by those acts which have stained his reputation. Nevertheless, great complaints were made against him. He was accused, before the house of lords, of having received money for grants of offices and privileges under the seal of state. He was unable to justify himself, and, desiring to avoid the mortification of a trial, confessed his crimes, and threw himself on the mercy of the peers, beseeching them to limit his punishment to the loss of the high office which he had dishonoured.

After he had acknowledged, by an explicit confession, the truth of almost all the charges, notwithstanding the intercession of the king, and the interest which they themselves took in one of their most distinguished members, the lords sentenced him to pay a fine of £40,000, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the pleasure of the king. He was also declared for ever incapable of place or employment, and forbidden to sit in Parliament, or to appear within the verge of the court. This severe sentence was doubtless just; yet it must be allowed, that he was actuated neither by avarice nor corruption of heart, but that his errors are rather to be attributed to a weakness of character, which was abused by others. Traits of generosity and independence, which his life also displays, show clearly that he knew and valued virtue. He was unfaithful to it because he had not sufficient firmness to

refuse the unjust demands of others. His sentence was not rigorously executed; he was soon released from the Tower, and the rest of his punishment was, by degrees, remitted entirely. He survived his fall only a few years, and died in 1626.

All the studies and efforts of this great man aimed at a reform in the system of human knowledge. He examined the whole circle of the sciences, investigated their relations, and attempted to arrange them according to the different faculties of the human mind, to which each belongs. In this, however, he could not succeed, for want of a well-founded and natural division of the powers of the mind; for he divided the sciences into those of the memory, of the understanding, and of the imagination. This he explains in his *Instauratio Magna*, under the head *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*. He further perceived that, in all the branches of natural science, the only way to truth is by the observation of nature. How this observation is to be directed, and how nature is to be examined, is illustrated in several places. He explained his ideas on this subject in the above mentioned treatise (*De Dignitate, &c.*), and in the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*. His universal genius had attended to all the sciences; he perceived to what point each of them had advanced, what false directions they had taken, and how they were to be brought back to truth. As a metaphysician, he displays no less penetration than profoundness in his views of the operations of the mind, of the association of ideas, and of the prejudices which surround us from our cradle, and prevent the free exercise of reason. As a natural philosopher, he brought forward very ingenious views, and was on the route to several important discoveries. He invented a kind of pneumatic machine, by his experiments, with which he was led to suspect the elasticity and gravity of the air, which Galileo and Torricelli afterwards discovered. He clearly indicated the attraction of gravitation, which Newton afterwards proved. He wanted only experiments in order to demonstrate the principles of this power. He treated also of natural history, but only in an abridged manner, in his work *Sylva Sylvarum, &c.* He wrote several treatises on medicine; among others, one on life and death. But physiology and chemistry were then so imperfectly understood, that he could not avoid falling into great errors. The science of law he treated not merely as a lawyer but as a legislator and philosopher. His aphorisms are not less remarkable for profound views than for vigour and precision of expression. Morals are the subject of one of his finest works, entitled *Essays, or Sermones*

Fideles—a treasure of the most profound knowledge of man and of human relations, delivered in an eloquent and vigorous style. As a historian he is less distinguished; he wrote a history of Henry VII. Of his knowledge of antiquity, his work "On the Wisdom of the Ancients" bears witness, in which he explains the ancient fables by ingenious allegories. He possessed a less profound knowledge of mathematics, and to this it is to be ascribed, that he who so generally discovered the errors of the human mind, and pointed out the truth, opposed the Copernican system. In this point alone he remained behind some enlightened men of his time. In other departments of human investigation, he soared to such a height, that his contemporaries could not fully estimate the extent of his genius, the justness of his views, and the importance of his labours. He himself was his only judge, and, with a just pride, he says, in his will, "My name and memory I bequeath to foreign nations and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over."

THE DESERTER.

A TALE.—BY G. E. S.

[Continued from our last.]

"Completely exhausted by my exertions, I sat down by the road-side to rest my wearied limbs, and consider in what manner to effect an interview with Edward and Mary. But I had not long seated myself before—in spite of my anxiety—I sank into a deep sleep, and must have slept more than three hours, when I was suddenly aroused by footsteps at a distance. I started up and listened; they were too regular and monotonous for common pedestrians; I was convinced that soldiers were on the road. I had barely time to conceal myself behind a hedge, before the party were brought into full view by a sudden turn of the road leading to this house. The party consisted of four—three were soldiers—the fourth was in the every-day dress of a farmer; he had handcuffs on his wrists, and walked between two of the red-coats, while the third marched in the rear. The first glance was enough to shew me that the handcuffed individual was a captured deserter, and relieved my mind from the apprehension that I was the object of pursuit; the second, threw me into a paroxysm of despair, for in the soldiers I recognized a corporal and two privates of my own regiment, and the prisoner was my brother Edward.

"I remained for a long time stupified and bewildered by what I had seen: I was conscious that, in some way or other, I had been the cause of Edward's mischance; but how he

could be implicated in my desertion I could not possibly imagine. All at once I remembered our remarkable likeness to each other—a likeness so great that, when children, frequent mistakes had been made as to our identity. The moment this thought passed across my mind, I started up, and shouted after the soldiers—calling them by their names—and listened anxiously for an answer; but I listened in vain, they were, by this time, far out of hearing and of sight. I had nothing for it, therefore, but to follow as fast as I could, and when I had overtaken them, to give myself up, and obtain my brother's release. It was a hard struggle to do this, for poor Mary's cottage was not a mile off, but I did not hesitate, and thank God I did not, for she was then beyond all reach of earthly affection, though I did not know it at the time.

"Well, I tried to run, in hopes of coming up with my brother and his capturers, but I was so knocked up with my previous exertions, that I got on but slowly. In fact, I did not reach Chatham until twelve hours after my brother had been lodged in the black hole of the barracks. I soon took his place there, and he was released.

"It had been just as I supposed. The soldiers had obtained information of the route I had taken, and followed sharply after me. They must have passed the wood while I was in hiding, and preceded me to B—. There they accidentally met with Edward, and without hesitation took him prisoner. He—as soon as the first surprise was over—guessed how matters were with me, and suffered himself to be marched to Chatham without remonstrance or explanation, in order to facilitate my escape. I returned just in time to save him from the halberds.

"I remained two days in confinement, and then was led out, as I supposed, to undergo the punishment that Edward had so narrowly escaped. But, to my astonishment, I received only a reprimand from the commanding officer, and a caution against such another offence. I could not understand this, for the punishment for desertion was, at that time, rigorously enforced, in all its terrors. I was, however, soon informed of the reason of this lenity. My brother had actually enlisted in the regiment on condition of my being pardoned. He entered as Edward Larkin.

"The following day we commenced our march to the north; and now comes the worst part of our history."

I again expressed a fear that he had imposed too heavy a task on himself, in recounting it; and suggested that it might be more agreeable to himself to finish his narrative another time.

"No, I have not much more to tell you," he replied, "and if it is not taxing your kindness too much, I would rather go on with it now. Indeed, I can rarely get an opportunity of talking about the matter, for my brother cannot bear a reference to it in his presence; and we are, as you must have observed, pretty close companions."

I answered, that far from being tired of his story, I found myself deeply interested in it; and wished only, for his own sake, that it had been of a less mournful character.

"On arriving at our destination," resumed the old man, "Edward wrote to our father, and explained the reason for the step he had taken, urging him at the same time to a reconciliation to myself. We soon received an answer. The shock occasioned by my brother's disappearance, together with the death of my beloved Mary, had been too much for his health; but it had induced a far different tone of feeling towards his first-born sons. He was deeply humbled, he wrote, to think that his own unhappy temper had brought such distress upon those around him—that he looked upon himself as a wretch, for having driven us both to desperation and ruin, but that he would not rest till he had procured our discharge, and wished us to make enquiries as to the amount that would be necessary for such a purpose.

"This we lost no time in doing; but alas; the sum demanded was, we well knew, far too large for our father's limited resources—and we wrote to him to this effect, and saying all that we could in favour of our present situation—but this was not much.

"When our regiment reached — we found that the old colonel, who was a good sort of man, had exchanged into one that was under orders to go abroad; and that, in his room, we were to be at the mercy of an arbitrary and imperious young man, who had never seen actual service, and who seemed to fancy that the great mystery of commanding lay, in treating the men under him like so many slaves. This soon led to disaffection, and two or three desertions took place. One of the deserters was taken, and condemned by a court-martial to be flogged. I well remember, even to this day, the malignant satisfaction that appeared on the countenance of the colonel, while the horrible punishment was being inflicted; and the shrieks of the poor wretch rang in my ears for weeks after. As soon as the punishment was over, he harangued the regiment, and swore he would not overlook a single offence of any kind, and would flog the first man that looked sulky.

"Thus things went on for three months, at the end of which time, the discontent of the

regiment had risen, almost to mutiny. One day, while exercising, I happened to make some blunder in manœuvring, when the colonel stepped forward, and struck me a severe blow with his cane across my face, and called me a lazy skulking rascal. This was more than I could bear; I did, however, restrain my passion at the time, but in less than twelve hours, I was again a deserter. In another twelve hours I was taking my trial before a court martial. The trial did not last long—it was the second time I had deserted; and I was condemned to be shot.

"I remember very little of what occurred between the passing of my sentence and the hour of execution. I have some slight recollection of being incarcerated for a day or two, in the strong room of the barracks; and then being pinioned and marched into the barrack square—and starting at the sight of a coffin, with the name Stephen Larkin on the lid, and being ordered to kneel down beside it. I just remember, too, looking up at the sun, as I thought for the last time, and then feeling that a bandage was tied over my eyes. But, beside these few particulars, I have no further idea of what occurred, except as it was afterwards told me by one of the junior officers who was present.

"According to his account, the regiment was drawn out to witness my execution—the officers a little apart from the ranks. When all the preparations were gone through, and I was reported as being ready, the colonel came forward and walked steadily down the front of the regiment, and then returned to his previous station. There he paused for about half a minute, and then called out in a firm, loud voice, 'Edward Larkin!' My brother came forward from the ranks. The colonel gave the word of command to load. My poor brother remained motionless, except that he seemed to grasp his musket with convulsive strength, 'Do you hear me,' shouted the colonel, 'or do you want to take your place yonder?' pointing to the spot on which I was kneeling. 'For mercy's sake, Sir,' gasped my brother—throwing himself at the colonel's feet,—'don't order me to shoot him—he is my brother—my twin brother, Sir.' There was a general but suppressed murmur heard through the ranks, which even the severe discipline of the army failed to subdue; and the junior officers came forward in a body to implore the tyrant to alter his resolution. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it is useless—soldiers, another whisper and I'll make an example of the regiment—Edward Larkin, once more, obey your officer.'

"My brother rose to his feet—cast a look of despair around him, and commenced loading

his musket. The young officer who gave me the account afterwards, said that all outward signs of agitation instantaneously vanished from the moment that he grounded his musket, except that a deadly paleness covered his lips, and an unnatural sparkling lighted up his eye.

"The musket was loaded—up to this time, so I was told, I had been motionless, but when at length the word was given 'present'—a thrilling shriek burst from my lips, 'Ned, Ned, you will not shoot your brother!' I say I was told this, for I knew nothing of it.

"My brother dropped the point of his musket, at the cry; and even the colonel appeared, for a moment, disconcerted—it was but for a moment. Again he repeated the word 'present'—the musket was again raised to my brother's shoulder—'Fire!' Almost before the fatal word had escaped the colonel's lips, the musket had poured forth its contents and he fell lifeless to the ground."

"He? Who?" I asked in uncontrollable impatience.

"The colonel," answered the old man, sadly and solemnly—"swifter than the eye could follow the movement, my brother had, at the last moment, turned the point of the musket to the unhappy wretch, and the bullet pierced his brain."

"Hurrah," I shouted, as I sprang from my seat, and grasped the old man's hand—it was involuntary—the word had escaped my mouth before I knew the thought was in my heart.

"Yes," said he, as soon as my sensation had a little subsided, "that was the word that awakened me from my deathlike trance. One universal shout of hurrah rose from the barrack-square—there were, I think, but two that did not join in it."

"And they were your brother and yourself! but you have not told me all. How did your brother escape?"

"By a most extraordinary providence. As soon as the excitement of the moment was over, my brother threw down his musket, and surrendered himself prisoner, expecting to be immediately placed by my side; but the officer next in command—who had witnessed the colonel's outrage on human nature with disgust, although he could not prevent it—now that the command devolved upon himself, contented himself with ordering us both into custody until further proceedings should be instituted against Edward. This forbearance saved our lives; for it proved, upon investigation, that the real murderer was the colonel himself—he had rushed on his own fate."

"How could this be?" I enquired.

"A few words will explain it. Unknown to us, our father had prosecuted his intention

of obtaining our discharge. To obtain the means, he was compelled to mortgage his small freehold; but he had succeeded; and the necessary papers had been forwarded to the colonel, and were actually in his pocket when he was shot. They were dated the day previous to my desertion, consequently I had committed no crime in the eye of the law—but oh! a life of remorse would have been saved me if I had not given way to my impetuous spirit, but borne with that miserable man's temper a little longer."

"Doubtless," I replied, "it would have been a satisfaction to you, but it seems that he richly deserved his punishment."

"*There is another world,*" answered Lancaster, in a suppressed tone.

We both remained silent for a space—I was the first to break it, by turning the conversation to his brother. "Was he not tried?"

"He was, and acquitted. We shortly after left the town together."

"I can well account now," I said, "for his horror at hearing the sound of a gun. Has he always retained a melancholy impression of the event?"

"He has—soon after we came home, he was seized with a violent fever, in which his life was despaired of—he, however, got the better of that, but a low nervous disease followed, from which he has never recovered—he sometimes suffers awfully in his mind—far more than I have done, and that has not been a little."

"And your father?"

"He lived many years after this, and was a completely altered man; he seemed to have come to his right mind—he *had* come to his right mind, sir—for his troubles led him to the only source of consolation—he became a humble christian. He died about forty years ago."

"And your younger brothers and sisters?"

"Have all followed him—our last surviving sister, as I have I think told you, died twenty years since."

"May I venture to ask one more question?" I continued; "I have noticed—indeed who could help noticing?—the extraordinary likeness between yourself and your brother, except in one particular—"

"The colour of our hair—yes—poor Edward's turned white within a week of that horrible day, and when he had the fever, it all fell off; when it grew again it was of its natural colour, and has ever since remained so. I believe such cases, though uncommon, do sometimes occur. As to my own—it gradually whitened as age grew upon me."

I again thanked my old neighbour for his narrative, and asked if I could do anything in return.

"Yes," he said, "first as to your shooting."

"Do not, my dear sir, let that trouble you—your brother shall not hear the sound of my gun again."

"Well then, secondly, if you would occasionally indulge us with your society, I believe my brother would be all the better for it. Some years ago, we had a very dear friend, the curate of this village, who did more, by his intercourse, to restore my brother to happiness than anything before or since—but he left the place, and since then we have had no one with whom to hold communion. Am I asking too much of you?"

"Indeed you are not," I replied, "on the contrary, the favour will be on your part."

And so it has been, for among the many precious remembrances of the past, will ever remain, the pleasant hours I have spent with Stephen and Edward Lancaster.

ABSURDITIES.

CHAPTER II.

"Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."—HUDIBRAS.

No question has occasioned greater discussion among the learned, than the origin of "pointed," or what is sometimes termed "Gothic" architecture. The origin of the pointed arch has been ascribed to almost every nation civilized and uncivilized. Bishop Warburton found it in a grove of trees, which, according to his opinion, was a primitive church. Some ascribe its invention to the Goths, a people in Spain, who were driven out of that country seven hundred years before the arch or its uses were known. Some have found pointed arches in the Great Pyramid,—others, in the cavern temples of Elephanta, Ellora, and Salsette. Theories the most wild and extravagant have been advanced to account for its origin, and after the vast amount of learning which has been expended, the question remains *statu quo*. Iago Jones, the architect, believed Stonehenge to have been a Roman temple of the Tuscan order, and some learned author, whose name we do not exactly remember, wrote a work to prove that Solomon's temple was of the Doric order of architecture.

The learned Dr. Campbell, in his "*Hermippus Redivivus*," a work written to try the credulity of the age, points out the art of prolonging life and preserving health, by *inhaling the breath of young women*. He was universally believed, and one of the most eminent physicians of the time, thinking the advice real, took lodgings at a fashionable

boarding school, that he might have a good supply of young ladies' breath. The late Mr. Thicknesse, in his "Valetudinarian's Bath Guide," which was dedicated to the Earl of Shelborne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, says—"I am myself turned upwards of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely in body and mind, yet having always partaken of the breath of young ladies, wherever they fell in my way, I feel none of those infirmities which often strike my eyes and ears in this great city, in men much younger than myself." To this opinion Mr. Thicknesse gravely put his name.

Instances of credulity are every day met with in the lower ranks of life, more especially in the rural districts, where many old customs and superstitious notions still prevail, and it is sometimes amusing to witness the strange fantastic tricks played by men of education and talent. Edward Wortley Montague turned Turk. Lord George Gordon, who headed the riots in 1780, turned Jew, and it is an incredible fact that the learned Mr. Taylor, translator of the works of Plato and Aristotle, acknowledged himself a convert to the heathen mythology. He says the divinities of Plato are those only which are to be adored, and we are thus to call the deity Jupiter; the virgin, Venus; Christ, Cupid. A short time since, the Indian newspapers contained an account of an English gentleman, residing at Calcutta, who had become a convert to the doctrines of the Hindoo Polytheists, and St. Foix, in his "Observations on Paris," relates an instance of a learned man becoming a believer in the heathen deities. He says, "In the reign of Louis XII. a scholar, named Herman De la Fosse, a native of Abbeville, by reading and admiring the Greek and Latin authors, caught such a frenzy as to persuade himself that it was impossible the religion of such great geniuses as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil should not be true." He was sentenced to die, but his execution was deferred in hopes that he would abjure his errors, but he still persisted in maintaining that Jupiter was the Supreme God of the universe, and that Paradise was the Elysian Fields. An instance of eccentricity in the learned world, occurred in the case of Mr. Hulkhead, the orientalist and translator of the Gentoo code of laws. He became the champion of Richard Brothers, the prophet, and professed his belief in that enthusiast, who declared himself the nephew of the Almighty, the Prince of the Hebrews, and the restorer of the Jews to the Land of Canaan. He predicted an earthquake in London, and published several prophetic pamphlets, among which was a letter to a Miss Cott, whom he styled a recorded

daughter of King David, and future Queen of the Hebrews. But religious imposters have been so numerous in all ages, that even a bare enumeration of them would be here impossible.

A few instances of the absurdities of the early fathers, and the Christians of the middle ages, may afford a slight share of amusement to the reader. St. Thomas Aquinas, who wrote 17 vols. in folio upon metaphysics, and was styled the "Angelical Doctor," gravely debates whether there are excrements in heaven, whether the pious, at their resurrection, will rise with their bowels, and similar other frivolities. St. Macaire was so shocked with the sin of killing a louse, that he resolutely endured seven years of penitence and scratching among the briars of the forest, in order to expiate his guilt. It is related of St. Francis, that he once preached a sermon in a desert to the birds, who warbled and collected round him, stretching out their beaks at every sentence, and when he had finished, they dispersed with rapture to repeat his sermon to other birds. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to Bernard, a monk of the monastery of St. Werburgh, discusses the important question, "Whether it be more meritorious to whip oneself or to be whipped by another." Cornelius De la Pierre, in his "Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures," relates that a monk maintained and preached that good game was especially created for ecclesiastics—and that if partridges, pheasants, and ortolans could speak, they would cry out *Substantia nostra, caro nostra incorporetur sanctis ut in iis resurget ad gloriam non in peccatoribus ad geheniam*.^{*} An old writer, during the middle ages, maintained that the purest souls inhabited the filthiest bodies. St. Mary, the Egyptian, was piously determined to go to Jerusalem, but not being able to pay the expenses of the journey, she is related to have prostituted herself for money in order to effect her devotion. St. Maria Ayreda wrote the life of the Virgin Mary, wherein she gives the circumstantial details of the general conversation which the Deity held with her for eighteen months after her birth, until she had cut her teeth.

The titles of books during the 16th and 17th century, are curious and amusing; but we hardly expect to find such titles as the following. Mr. Tavernier, in 1555, begins a sermon thus:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of

^{*} Servants of God, let us be eaten by you, that our substance, being incorporated with yours, may one day rise into glory, and not go down into hell with that of the wicked.

charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet waters of salvation." Master Thomas, in the 17th century, tells us, "that the Trinity is proved by the three concords, one, three, and five; and that this contemplation will prevent man from sinking into the bestial sin, Atheism." Whiston, the learned monogamist, foretold the actual approach of two millenniums, and fixed the precise period of their advent, but, unfortunately, lived to see the fallacy of both of his prophecies. Among the list of curious sermons published during the 16th and 17th centuries, will be found the following:—"Spiritual Suet,"—"The Spiritual Nursery Decyphered,"—"The White Wolf,"—"The Nail hit in the Head,"—"The Wheel turned,"—"Love and Fear, a Marriage Sermon,"—"Two Sticks made one,"—and a religious book by one Homer, called "Cuckoldism's Glory, or the Horns of the Righteous exalted," with an engraved emblematical frontispiece.

In more modern times we have had many remarkable oddities in sermons; one parson preached from the words "Bah! Bah! Bah!" Another took for his text the word "*Nothing*," and another "*Nevertheless*;" and a few years since, a minister preached a series of sermons on the whole alphabet, which were afterwards printed in a work entitled "The Believers' Alphabet;" thus—A, admirable friend; B, beautiful friend; C, constant friend—and so on to the end of the alphabet. Among the French devotional pieces are the following:—"The Snuffers of Divine Love,"—"The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion,"—"The Capuchin booted and spurred for Paradise."

These effusions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be indeed only amusing, were it not that with the fanaticism of that period, is connected one of the blackest pages in the history of the human race; we allude to the rage that prevailed throughout Europe for the persecution of witches. Every portion of the page of history is fraught with instruction to mankind; but there is none which conveys a greater lesson of the danger of fanaticism and superstition, than this horrible crusade. Even the most enlightened minds of the period were swayed by the popular prejudice, and bowed to the vulgar clamour. It would be impossible here to narrate half of the enormities committed over Europe for nearly three centuries, but we shall conclude this rambling paper with a very brief outline of this wonderful delusion. At the close of the 15th century, persecutions for witchcraft began to prevail, and several of the Popes issued bulls to persecute with fire and

sword all those who were convicted of it, or of dealings with Satan. These persecutions, however, instead of being attended with beneficial consequences, if we are to believe the testimony of contemporary historians, seemed only to increase the number of witches, and one half the population of Europe, during the 16th century, were either witches or were bewitched. In 1515, five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in three months, a thousand were executed in one year in the diocese of Como, and they went on burning at the rate one hundred per annum for some time after. In Lorraine, from 1580 to 1595, about nine hundred were burned. In France the multitude executed, about 1520, is almost incredible. One historian of the period calls it "an almost infinite number of sorcerers." In Germany, during the rage for burning, about one hundred thousand suffered, and so familiarized was the public with these exhibitions, that it relished and gloried in them, singing the events of witches to popular airs, representing them in hideous pictures, with devils dragging away their own, while the clergy preached solemn discourses called witch sermons, upon every occasion of sacrifice, the effect of which was to inspire their auditors with fresh zeal against unhappy old women and suspected persons. In this country the madness also raged; three thousand victims were executed during the reign of the Long Parliament alone; and a melancholy spectacle is presented at finding a man like Sir Matthew Hale condemning witches, on evidence at which a child would now only laugh. Barrington, in his observations on the statute of the 26th of Henry VI., states that about thirty thousand individuals were put to death in this country for witchcraft. It is a matter of history that, in these bloody and abominable doings, the clergy displayed the most intemperate zeal. It was before them that the miserable wretches were brought for examination. In most cases the clergy performed the office of prickers, inserting long pins into their victims to try their sensibility, and in all cases they laboured with perseverance to obtain from the accused a confession. The catalogue of these murders in this country closes about 1736, when the penal statutes against witchcraft were repealed, the exercise of such acts being punished in future by imprisonment and pillory.

Persecution.—It is the essence of injustice to persecute any person for omitting to conform to the established religion. No man should be deprived of any part of his liberty with respect to his opinions, unless his actions, derived from such opinions, were clearly prejudicial to the state. It is not in the power of man to surrender his opinions, and therefore the society which demands him to make this sacrifice, demands an impossibility.

JOHN KYRLE, THE MAN OF ROSS.

"Rise, honest muse ! and sing the Man of Ross,—
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's saltry brow ;
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow !
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows !
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose !
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise !
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."—POPE.

"The town of Ross itself," says Leitch Ritchie, "is neat and prim-looking, sitting quietly upon an eminence above the river Wye. It is full of memories of the Man of Ross, which sanctify it from the boisterous vulgarities of a town. The "heaven-directed spire," which he taught to rise, is its prominent feature ; and this object keeps the lines of Pope ringing in our ears like the church bell, and with a little of its monotony."

This bell, by the way, is something more than an ordinary bell. It bears the name of John Kyrle, and was cast at Gloucester, in 1695, at his own expense. Nay, it possesses a relic more valuable than his name, for there is incorporated with its substance his favorite silver tankard. He attended himself at the casting, and, drinking solemnly the orthodox toast of "Church and King," he threw the cup into the molten mass.

John Kyrle's fame was acquired by the judicious employment of a small fortune in works of public utility, and those works are fairly set down, and without exaggeration, in our motto, although, as Dr. Johnson observed, it is probable that his "five hundred pounds a-year" did not pay for all those improvements and charities, and that through his example, his known integrity and active benevolence, his wealthier neighbours were in some instances induced to join their purses with his for the public good and the ornament of their town.

In his time the country round Ross, which in the twelfth century was a forest interspersed with marshes, and swarming with wild-boars and wolves, was greatly wanting in trees, and Kyrle directed his energies to the supplying of this deficiency. He planted a vast number of elms in the churchyard and glebe, and in the rear of the church he laid out a beautiful avenue which is called the "Prospect," or "The Man of Ross' Walk." It is on the ridge of a hill, and commands a fine view of the valley, and the river, and the hills beyond. It is said of him in King's Anecdotes, that "he had a singular taste for prospects ; and by a vast plantation of elms, which he disposed of in a fine

manner, he has made one of the most *enter-taining* scenes the county of Hereford affords.

Through the midst of the valley below runs the Wye, which seems in no hurry to leave the county ; but like a hare that is unwilling to leave her habitation, makes a hundred turns and doubles." In a local guide-book, we find several little particulars of this fine old fellow, which are interesting from their naïveté.

It appears he was entered a gentleman commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1654, and that he was intended for the bar, but soon relinquished all thoughts of that profession, and returning to Ross gave himself up to agriculture and building, and the improvement of his native town.

An old maiden cousin of the euphonious name of Bubb, kept house for him many years. In his person, John was tall, thin, and well-shaped ; his health was remarkably good, and he scarcely knew any of the frailties of old age until within a very short time of his death. His usual dress was a suit of brown *dittos*, and a king William's wig, all the costume of his day. He disliked crowds and routs, but was exceedingly fond of snug, social parties, and "of dinnering his friends upon the market and fair days." He was also exceedingly pleased with his neighbours dropping in without ceremony, loved to make a good long evening of it, enjoyed a merry story, and always seemed sorry when it was time to break up. His dishes were generally plain and according to the season, but he dearly loved a goose, and was vain of his dexterity in carving it. During the operation, which he invariably took upon himself, he always repeated one of those old sayings and standing witticisms that seem to attach themselves with peculiar preference to the cooked goose. He never had roast beef on his table save and except on Christmas day ; and malt liquor and good Herefordshire cider were the only beverages ever introduced. At his kitchen fire there was a large block of wood, in lieu of a bench, for poor people to sit upon ; and a piece of boiled beef, and three pecks of flour, made into loaves, were given to the poor every Sunday. The number he chose at his "invitation dinners," were nine, eleven, or *thirteen*, including himself and his kinswoman, Miss Bubb ; and he never cared to sit down to table until he had as many as made one of these numbers. He not only superintended the labours of the road makers, planters, and gardeners, but commonly took an active part in them himself, delighting above all things to carry a huge watering-pot to water the trees he had newly set in the earth. "With a spade on his shoulder and a glass bottle of liquor in

his hand, he used to walk from his house to the fields and back again several times during the day." But this is not all—

"Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest ;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ! The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance ! Enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What numbers wish, but want the power to do."

Without the trees planted by John Kyrle, Ross would be nothing, so far as the picturesque is concerned; and a delightful tradition, the truth of which is vouched by undeniable evidence, proves that the trees were not ungrateful to their founder. A rector, as the story goes, had the impiety to cut down some of these living monuments of the taste of John Kyrle, which shaded the wall of the church beside his own pew; but the roots threw out fresh shoots, and these, penetrating into the interior, grew into two graceful elms, that occupied his seat with their foliage. If any one doubt the fact, let him go and see. The trees are still there; their branches curtain the tall window that opens upon the pew; and their beautiful leaves cluster above the seat,

"And still keep his memory green in our souls."

HOBBARDEHOYS.

This singular title designates that numerous and well-known class of the human family, who have passed through the pleasant gradations of childhood and boyishness, and occupy some step in the teens below the longed-for elevation of men. Neither Linnæus, Buffon, nor Dr. Johnson have honoured the term with a definition. Mr. Knowles simply makes it signify "a stripling; neither a man nor boy," and, in the absence of a better etymology, we were inclined to think that the latter phrase had led to the coinage of its uncouth synonyme, for the sake of the quaint rhythm which the two form in the descriptive couplet, so mortifying to an aspiring youth—

A hobbardehoy—
Neither man nor boy.

More diligent research, however, warrants the conclusion that this word is compounded of two roots, from which have sprung some of the most inelegant yet expressive epithets which adorn our homely mother-tongue. The first of these, *Hob*, from the anglo-Saxon *Hoppa*, to hop, is indicative of any irregular, uneven, clumsy, awkward gait or motion, and by con-

sequence, of a clownish fellow. Of this term, *Hobble* is a diminutive; and *Hobbies*, a small or young horse, may be traced to the same origin. The second, *Hoid*, or *Hoiden*, once applied to males, but now restricted to females, described a rude unfashioned home-bred fellow, and is also used by some old writers as a name for a leveret, or some other young animal remarkable for the vivacity of its motions.

It might be deemed more curious than wise to trace the connexion between these and another class of contemptuous terms, perpetuated chiefly in our dictionaries, where they most uneuphoniously stand, in rank and file, thus, *Hoddy dod*, *Hoddy doddy*, *Hoddy poke*, *Hoddy poule*, and *Hod man dod*; we will, therefore, only remark, in passing, that the whole of them convey the idea of an untrained, unmanageable, awkward, vivacious, and conceited class—features common to the great body of Hobbardehoys, who now exercise the patience of the adult community, just as its members plagued their predecessors.

The developments of Hobbardehoyism are as diversified as the features and circumstances of the "young masters" who exhibit them. We can only notice a few of the most prominent, first premising, as to their place in the scale of being, that throughout Nature, a kind of connecting link appears to exist between the various tribes of animals, in which the characteristics of two species are often united, and it becomes doubtful to which order the connecting link belongs—thus the eel joins reptiles to fish—the bat connects birds with quadrupeds—the monkey links quadrupeds to human beings—and, by the same law, the hobbardehoy may be said to give one hand to the boy and another to man, although he can be classed neither with the one nor the other.

Amongst the younger and humbler specimens, a sort of shamefacedness is frequently displayed, induced by a secret misgiving as to the behaviour suitable to any new and untried position; of these, an appropriate type may be found in the plough-boy, who, on a sudden emergency, was metamorphosed into a footman by his mistress, an elderly maiden lady. Standing behind her chair, and trembling to palpitation, he is commanded to snuff the candles—the necessary instrument is handed to him, and to the horror of the hostess, and the unrestrained amusement of her city friends, he wets the extremities of his elegant fingers, and carefully deposits the carbonised wick in the box of the snuffers. Nor shall we easily forget another attempt to spoil a Yorkshire lad, by a lady of the same class, with whom we sojourned for a day or two at York, a few years ago. His gait was a kind of twaddle, peculiar to per-

sons who spread out their toes beyond an angle of forty-five degrees, aggravated by his feet having to bring along with them a pair of wide misfitting shoes. His mistress had obtained a livery for him, too, which, from the room left in the various parts of the garb for his anticipated growth, combined with his genuine unadulterated Hobbardehoyism, gave him such an inexpressibly ludicrous appearance, as well nigh spoiled our enjoyment of an excellent dinner, at which he was the sole attendant. This peculiarity is less observable in town than in the country, and in the more educated is seldom displayed, except in the company of ladies, who find Hobbies the most unsocial and unmanageable of the other sex.

The hobbardehoy of the middle ranks has his own distinctive lineaments. He is generally a gaunt, slim, "unfinished" figure, habited in a jacket and hat,—the assumption of the latter article of dress removing him from boyhood, and the abandonment of the former being his first step into man's estate. His features are of that undefined character which proclaims his chrysalis state—his cheeks are devoid of those ornamental accompaniments which he envies so much in others, and his chin is innocent of that which Christopher North once affirmed was inherited as an item in the Curse, but to obtain which, the would-be-man gladly applies any specific, not excepting, as in a recent instance, blister ointment. His voice is as unsettled as his features, for it involuntarily ascends from the natural to the falsetto, and combines the shrillness of a Grisi, with the deepness of a Lablache.

Young *gentlemen* are distinguished from the vulgar herd by the cultivation of a high degree of exclusiveness in their demeanour to all but their favoured circle of good fellows, and may be readily known when in public by their favourite amusements of walking in pairs, elbowing respectable females into the street kennel, quizzing elderly gentlemen, or puffing the smoke of their cigars into the face of every passenger they meet, breaking off and stealing door knockers, smashing street lamps, or tripping up the guardians of the night.

But however varied by rank, there are several characteristics common to the whole tribe—one of the most obvious is a strong tendency prematurely to ape the dress, habits, and behaviour of their seniors, without regard to propriety or expense; this prevailed so extensively among the London apprentices as to lead to an enactment of a summary regulation by the common council in 1582, to prohibit the indulgence of expensive dress—the chronicler of the order remarking, that they being bond servants at a

dangerous time of life, are of all other parts of the community the most proper objects of legal attention, and at a later period, we find these views led to regulations for cutting the hair of the city apprentices short round their heads, according to the strictest anti-curl notions of the worthy puritans, and it was in consequence of some of these cropped youths bawling out against "the bishops and rotten hearted lords" in the vicinity of St. Stephens, that the epithet of "*roundhead*" was contemptuously applied to the republican party of that day.

Excessive vanity still clings to the Hobbardehoys, and displays itself in a thousand forms, from the embroidered vest, with its accompanying chains and brilliants, of the scion of aristocracy, down to the red plush waistcoat, with its fustian sleeves and blue glass buttons, of the cowkeeper's son, who, in the simplicity of his heart, and in the absence of more intelligent admirers when first adorned with one of these captivating garments, sallied out to a pet calf exclaiming, "Looke thee! how foine aw am!"—the calf looked up and gave a significant bah, when the gratified youth replied, "Aye, aye, thou knaws, thou knaws, I see!"

London apprentices remind us of another and almost universal peculiarity of Hobbardehoys—their dislike of control and resistance of authority. Apprentices generally, appear to think that the great business of their term is neither to learn their trade nor obey their masters, but by fair means or foul, to try how far they can with security from personal chastisement cross their purposes and neutralise the objects of their friends in the arrangement, nor can you listen to their conversation with each other, or to their lame attempts at justification when brought before magistrates for breaches of their indentures, without observing that they glory in their opposition to the powers that be, and when at the period we have referred to, the city apprentices had banded together and petitioned against popery and prelacy, it is not surprising that my Lord Mayor should have represented to Charles I. that their turbulent dispositions was a sufficient reason why his Majesty should revoke the appointment of Colonel Lundford to the Lieutenantcy of the Tower.

The emuetes of Parisian students, and the occasional insurrections at our public schools, afford ample evidence of this ruling passion, and to the same cause may be attributed the strong partiality of youngers to rambling free and unconfined, by which the peace of families is so frequently disturbed—so far does their natural dislike to close application and the exercise of wholesome control prevail, that in one case,

which we recently met with in the autobiography of an Anglo-spanish Legion commander—the embryo soldier threw himself into a pond, with the determination that if he sank he should deem himself doomed to latin and law, and would at once escape both—the alternative, however, was too tempting, and to use his own words, “he swam out a soldier.”

As the loudest clamourers for freedom are its greatest foes—witness the slavery common to all great republics—so Hobbardehoys, however impatient of restraint, control, rebuke, or severity, delight to tyrannize over all below them in age or rank, and it would not be difficult to prove that a greater amount of mental and physical suffering is endured by mothers, sisters, younger brothers, schoolfellows, and dependants, from the thoughtless cruelty of this, than any other class of the species. With some noble and generous exceptions, they are in fact semi-barbarians, and in their untutored half savage condition, utterly unfit to be intrusted with any authority over others. We might enumerate the cruelties perpetrated in public schools, as disclosed by Cowper and Sir Walter Scott, and remembered by thousands who have passed through similar ordeals—but we prefer giving an instance calculated to enforce the favourable co-operation of all, to the great experiment about to be tried for dispensing with climbing boys in sweeping chimnies.—

The process of torture necessary to overcome the natural repugnance of a child to ascend a dark flue filled with soot, has been a thousand fold aggravated by its administration being left in the hands of young ruffians like Luke Clarkson, aged nineteen, who was convicted at the Derby Assizes, March 1841, of feloniously killing and slaying George Clarkson, a little climbing boy only nine years old. From the evidence, it appears that this martyr to a heartless and murderous system, was sent out to seek employment on a journey of several days, with another boy thirteen years old and the prisoner, and that the latter commenced his day's drilling by stripping the child and whipping him with nettles, and then beating him with his brush—when they came to the river Wye, the prisoner took his victim by the legs and dipped his head in the water several times, he then stripped him and taking him into the middle of the river ducked him repeatedly,—when their terrified companion interfered and got the deceased out of the water he could not stand, and began to cry,—notwithstanding this appeal, the wretch beat him for half a mile over the head and shoulders. The next two days witnessed a repetition of these atrocities, including beating on the head with sticks and the brush, whipping with nettles

until the blood came, frequent throwing into water, knocking him down on heaps of stones, until the poor boy became unable to walk, and his eyes sunk in his head; and even then his tormentor beat him again on the head. In a few hours the child expired at the house of a Mr. Blore, near Youlgreave, who took him under his protection, and rendered him all the aid which humanity could dictate.

The wretched prisoner was sentenced to fifteen years transportation.

From the acknowledged inferiority of Hobbardehoys to the weaker sex, and their implied admiration of what is manly and superior in their own, great modesty and habitual deference to the opinions of their seniors might be expected to result, but by a strange confusion of cause and effect the directly opposite qualities distinguish the subjects of our observation. Conceited ignorance of the mutual dependence of the classes of society, and of the false glare with which licentious liberty misleads its votaries, is not confined to the young “roundheads” of the seventeenth century; the hobbardehoys of our own day are equally wise in their generation, for now, as then, are

*The hobbes as wise as gravest men,
Rid from their travail sore,
The most untoward and untought,
Most contemptible clowne,
As perts as pye, doth presse amongst
The wysest of the throng*

Of all the manifestations of this feature, that of political dogmatism is the most disgusting, and we willingly pass over the private exhibitions of this foible to hold up to merited ridicule the farcical proceedings of a “Young Men's Anti-monopoly Society,” recently formed in the provinces, under the auspices of some “grave and reverend signiors,” for the avowed object of promoting “purely economical reforms” and totally excluding “politics and religion.” In a few months these beardless patriots became too wise for their teachers, and at a meeting specially convened for the purpose of considering whether the restriction of the suffrage came within the rules—literally resolved:

“That in the opinion of this meeting, the monopoly of the suffrage *is* in the rules of the association, and *therefore* included in its objects,”—thus declaring, in their overweening conceit, that universal suffrage is not a political question and that “monopoly of the suffrage” is really “a question of trade,” a species of transubstantiation so novel as to cause the whole absurdity to explode.

We cannot dismiss this awkward topic without expressing the hope that among the various institutions and societies for diffusing knowledge, some more distinct and efficient means will be devised for the improvement of this

unfortunate class of Hobbardehoys, in which their superiority to mere boys will be acknowledged in the character of the information imparted, and their special duties, obligations, and relations, to those above, and below them suitably enforced.

The following hints for improving the societies and institutions connected with education and science in the town of Wolverhampton, by the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. are admirably adapted to supply the deficiency which exists in large towns, for the culture of the minds of youths at the most critical and important period of their probationary existence.

"When boys are of age to be placed out apprentice, I would then recommend an intermediate institution to be established in the room of the Mechanics' Library, for the sole and exclusive use of boys from the age of fourteen to twenty-one; at which period, with the preparation which I am about to advise, they might be admitted into the Mechanics' Institution. This institution for apprentices should contain a library of elementary books of all kinds, to induce the youths to devote their evenings to reading; and I would have a simple and cheap philosophical apparatus, consisting of an electrical machine, an air pump, a concave mirror, a magic lantern, a pair of twelve-inch globes, a telescope, a small orrery, a camera obscura, a few stuffed specimens of natural history, and fossils, collected in the neighbourhood, with a few retorts, &c., as a chemical laboratory, all of which may be procured at a trifling expense; and weekly lectures should be delivered to the young men by intelligent members of the higher institution, taking some sound author as a text book, who by such means would advance their own scientific knowledge, for it is an old axiom 'that by teaching we learn.' A thousand amusing experiments might be introduced, which would prove highly attractive to persons of that age; and after a few nights there cannot be a doubt but the lecture room would be crowded. The prevailing subjects would of course be practical mechanics connected with the trade of the town, in illustration of which would be explained the principles of the steam-engine, rail-roads, canals, machinery of every description, chemistry, as employed in the smelting of iron, the production of japan varnishes, &c. and these would branch out in every department of experimental philosophy. Nor should a competent knowledge of natural history be overlooked, to impress upon the mind a constant sense of the power and goodness of God, as exemplified in the wonders of the Creation. Dr. Knox observes, with his usual acuteness,— 'There is no necessity to ask, *qui bene?* what

good will learning do me? The gaining of learning is to be compared to the gaining of money, as Gesner says. A man does not say or know to what purpose every shilling he gains shall be applied. No; he joyfully takes the gain, and adds it to the common stock, and thus at last he becomes rich; so in acquiring learning, he gains all he can, and becomes learned. I remember a young man at the University, who refused to attend lectures in Euclid's Elements, because he was a man of fortune and never likely to become a carpenter! His understanding was too narrow to conceive the utility of geometry, &c., in strengthening the reasoning powers, and advancing science. It would not be amiss if there were hung on the walls of the lecture room a good set of Hogarth's 'Industry and Idleness,' on which periodical lectures might be given to the apprentices, to enliven their other pursuits; and I cannot but think the most beneficial effects would result; for the practical morality which this great allegorical painter has embodied in the series, equals anything which has been accomplished by man within the same compass."

SLOW POISONS.

We extract from the last number of the *Medical Gazette* the following curious paper on this subject, by Mr. Belinayne, whose writings on medical topics are already well known to the profession. The general reader, however, has so deep an interest in the question now discussed, that we feel no apology necessary for presenting it here:—

Lately a Hindoo philosopher, raised far above his countrymen by his natural acumen, as well as by his acquired lore, lost altogether his peace of mind when made to behold, through a microscope, the myriads of parasitic monsters that floated in the water, and revelled in the very bloom of the fruit which constituted his food. It is not astonishing that, in the same manner, many persons of a morbidly nervous temperament should live in fear of slow poison, and accuse innocent persons, when they come to know the immense variety of subtle and deadly substances which can minister to the designs of the murderer—some stealing upon the body like a vampire fanning its victim to sleep, whilst the energies of life are absorbed. With such ideas uppermost, I have been consulted in cases of groundless suspicion; I have often been asked by strong-minded persons themselves, how far slow poison is to be apprehended; and how far, also, it can be employed undiscovered. If such injurious, and

so frequently unfounded, misgivings prevail in domestic life, in history, on the other hand, the error is wholesale. The great historical poet only reported the general belief of mankind (allowing no Prince to die without violent means,) when he makes Richard II. rehearse

"The sad stories of the death of Kings,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered."

Under these circumstances, I only attempt to contribute such general notions and views as may stimulate inquiry, and such very limited personal experience as one not exclusively devoted to medical jurisprudence can possess.

I think that, on duly sifting the present subject, it will be found that, with a certain important exception, there is, in the way of slow poisoning, comparatively little indeed to apprehend. A remarkable dispensation of Providence, in this respect, appears to watch over mankind, whilst science daily discovers new deadly elements. As far as certainty of detection can prevent this species of crime, the prevention is found in our art. For legal medicine may almost be said to possess now that power which the old romances ascribed to supernatural beings: it can wake the dead from the tomb; show where poison found its entrance, held its deadly course, and make the victim, as it were, point at the assassin, and say, Thou art the murderer!

I say there is a use of slow poison in this country, of which there are many instances. It is in cases where its employment leads to a crime from which our laws have but lately withdrawn the capital punishment, and to which our feelings would still assign the direst retribution the executioner could employ. Of this an instance occurred to me many years since, in the earlier days of my professional career, which left an indelible impression on my remembrance. I had been detained until past one in the morning, engaged over my parlour fire, in obedience to a crotchet which then possessed my mind, in bootless experiments upon the solution of human calculi. I was awakened from this absorption of my mind by the rumbling of a carriage, whose attendant, after applying in vain at the two adjacent doors, ultimately violently roused my own knocker. When I inquired the cause of this summons, I was told that I was wanted by a lady dangerously ill. When I asked her name, the man told me he did not know, but that the carriage was sent for me. Nearly without practice at that time, I "stood not on the going," and in a few seconds I was on my way to see that godsend to a young practitioner, "a patient who keeps a carriage." The vehicle stopped in — street. The door of the house

opened; I was ushered through a long dark corridor into a large room, which has since been used as a gallery for pictures. Here the door was shut upon me. I found myself apparently alone, with an old crone holding with one hand a candle (the only one in the room) and with the other a frying-pan, in which she was preparing a mess which absorbed all her attention. On asking her where my patient was, she gruffly referred me to a bed, dimly visible, at the end of the room, with the curtains surrounding it closely. There I adjourned, and put the habitual questions of our professions; and receiving no answer, I listened to hear the breathing of the patient: there was nothing audible. I then extended my hand to feel if there was any tenant within. I felt a form beneath the clothes, and passing my hand up, it came upon a forehead so cold and clammy as to excite at once in my mind the greatest fear of imminent danger. I sought the hand: there was no pulse: I introduced, with difficulty, my finger, through a mass of slime and closed teeth, into the mouth, and an icy cold tongue told at once the tragic tale. I then ran and snatched the light from the old crone; and turning back the bed clothes, I beheld a young and handsome woman, of some twenty years of age, with limbs retracted, with nothing on her but a tiara bent out of shape, on her head, and an armet on one of her arms. To my questions and denunciations I could get no answer from the hag but that, since I said the patient was dead, it was clear I could be of no use; and that she advised me "to be off," otherwise I might be made to repent my threats. Much embarrassed how to act, I thought it better to retire and seek assistance. Immediately I left the room the door was locked upon me; the same was done at the street door, after being hustled to it through the passage. I walked up and down the street, in the dark, foggy, rainy morning, in vain hope of finding the watchman, and at last returned home, having forgot, in my confusion, even to look at the number of the house. Medical friends, whom I summoned for their advice to my inexperience, withdrew me from the pursuit of the author of this crime. Many years elapsed before I obtained a clue to the name and abode of the victim. I have related this occurrence as one as worthy the attention of the magistracy as well as of the medical practitioners, whose acumen and character, and even safety, it may deeply involve. For of this I am certain, that this is no solitary and no uncommon instance. It was, no doubt, a case of "hocussing," practised not to produce death, but for a temporary infamous object, whose accomplishment sealed the fate of the victim.

[To be continued.]

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring, the magician, hath swept o'er the trees,
 With the charm of a soft and balmy breeze,
 And the boughs before so naked and bare,
 Are now budding forth to reward his care;
 The plants that so late lay dead on the plain,
 Have leapt at his touch into life again;
 His charm has dissolved the clustering gems,
 With which old King Frost had attired the stems,
 And the spicy gale of his perfumed breath,
 Is weaving for Summer a flowery wreath;
 First, he calls the pure Snowdrop into birth,
 Next, bids the Violet break from the earth,
 And the odour that fills the air around,
 Tells that the Primrose has peeped from the ground,
 And the Crocus has rear'd its dappled head
 In the stately garden's high cultured bed,
 And the Convallaria in the shade,
 Which its large green leaves for its bells have made,
 Modestly hideth its beautiful bloom,
 Like a nun immured in a convent's gloom.
 He has waved his wand o'er the dreary plains,
 And verdure has burst from Winter's cold chains;
 The vallies and meadows are strewn with flowers
 He has crompt by stealth from Elysium's bowers,
 And Daisies, Pansies, and Ficaries gay,
 Embroider the fields in dazzling array;
 He has called for a song, and the air resounds
 With a thousand soft, harmonious sounds,
 For the feathered choiristers of the grove
 Are hymning aloud, in wild notes of love,
 A sweet strain of praise to th' enchanter, Spring,
 For waving o'er earth his sunlighted wing.

ISABELLA VARLEY.

MEMORY.—Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the power of memory, is one related of William Lion, a strolling player, who wagered a crown bowl of punch that he would repeat a "Daily Advertiser," a paper then crammed with advertisements, from beginning to end. The next morning, notwithstanding the want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which goes to the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without the least hesitation or mistake.

COMPLIMENTS.—Though all compliments are lies, yet because they are known to be such, nobody depends on them, so there is no hurt in them; you return them in the same manner you receive them; yet it is best to make as few as one can.—*Lady Gethin.*

Dr. South, once preaching before Charles II.

(who was not very often in a church), observing that the monarch and all his attendants began to nod, and, as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon, and called out—"Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will wake the king."

HAPPINESS.—Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having *equal* happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.—*Johnson.*

INGENIOUS PETTIFOGGING.—Sir Samuel Romilly, in his "Observations on the Criminal Law," relates, that, not many years since, "an attorney made it a practice, which for some time he carried on successfully, to steal men's estates by bringing ejectments, and getting some of his confederates to personate the proprietors, and let judgment go by default, or make an ineffectual defence. The consequence was, that he was put into possession by legal process; and, before another ejectment could be brought, or the judgment could be set aside, he had swept away the crops, and every thing that was valuable on the ground."

SILENCE.—Is one of the great arts of conversation, as allowed by Cicero himself, who says, "there is not only an art, but an eloquence in it;" and this opinion is confirmed by a great modern, Lord Bacon.—For a well bred woman may easily and effectually promote the most useful and elegant conversation, without speaking a word. The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.—*Dr. Blair.*

SENDING A MAN TO COVENTRY.—Sending an officer to Coventry, on the recruiting service, was formerly considered a great punishment, because the inhabitants of that city rarely associated with gentlemen of the army; so that a person to whom nobody speaks, is in the situation of an officer in Coventry.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw, Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; STOCCOMBE and SIMMS and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CAMBRIDGE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



Engraved for Bradshaw's Journal.

CONWAY CASTLE.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 23.]

SATURDAY, 9TH APRIL, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

CONWAY CASTLE, NORTH WALES. (With an Engraving.)

The town and castle of Conway derive their name from the noble river, on the western bank of which they stand, where its waters join the Irish sea, a position admirably adapted as a stronghold, and as a key to those parts of Carnarvon and Denbigh which lie remote from the sea.

The approach to Conway from the Denbighshire side is along a new made terrace or breakwater, advancing across the greater part of the river's breadth, and of course confining the rapid stream to very narrow limits on the Carnarvonshire side. From this terrace the chain bridge appears to be the grand entrance, under triumphal arches, to the castle itself; although, on coming close to the venerable structure, there is a sudden turn from it leading directly to the town.

Older tourists have correctly remarked, that like a painted sepulchre Conway is all beauty without and all ugliness within—but the site of the town, on a steep declivity descending to the margin of the river, here nearly a mile in breadth; is in itself extremely fine, and its majestic castle presents, from a distance, an aspect of singular grandeur. Formerly a curtain, terminating in a round tower, ran out from either end of the town walls into the river to impede the approach of an enemy by water; but of these one curtain only remains,

the other, with both towers, having long since yielded to time. From the quay is seen a noble view up and down the river, and over the contrajacent country, broken up into swelling hills, and beautified with woods and villas.

The castle was built in 1284, under the immediate superintendence of Edward I., by the architect employed in the erection of Carnarvon, and is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful fortresses in a country distinguished for the splendour and magnificence of its military remains. Though more extensive and better preserved, Mr. Roscoe thinks it somewhat resembles the Castle of Falaise in Normandy. Its base, however, is less wooded, and there is no brawling stream leaping from rock to rock at its foot; but instead, a broad majestic river and a creek,—full at high water,—sweep round two of its sides. The other two face the town, and the external range of the fortifications contains eight lofty circular towers, each with a slender machiolated turret, singularly graceful and elegant in form, springing from its summit.

The ground plan is nearly a parallelogram in form; the principal entrance, which is tolerably perfect, was by a drawbridge thrown across a deep fosse, concealed within a barbican. The interior is divided into two distinct parts, an outer and an inner court, the entrance to the latter being impassable by more than one person at a time, and that by permission

of those within. Around the outer court yard were the apartments of the garrison, the chapel, the great hall: the inner area was encompassed by those of the royal founder and his household. The walls of a small chamber still entire, within an open ornamented casement, bears the name of the Queen's oriel, and appears, from a poem of the age in which it was erected, to have been the ladies dressing room. At the south western extremity, beyond these apartments, a broad terrace is raised above the river upon a ledge of solid rock, commanding one of the most delightful views, while the Conway rolls his flood below, and passes beneath the beautiful suspension bridge, which, from the appropriateness of its style, may easily be regarded as the drawbridge of the ancient pile. This bridge, constructed by Mr. Telford, on the same principle as that of the Menai, is three hundred and twenty feet in length between the supporting towers, and eighteen feet above high water mark. The chains on the western side pass upwards of fifty feet under the castle, and are fastened in the rock on which it is built, but firm as this may appear, it is equalled by some of the ancient masonry of the castle, which solidly adheres on one side, where the rock on which it was built has crumbled and fallen away.

Soon after the erection of the castle, its founder was besieged and nearly reduced by famine, and was only rescued from his critical situation by the providential arrival of a fleet with supplies.

In 1399, when the faults and follies of Richard II. had roused the retributive vengeance of the nation, under the direction of the ambitious Bolingbroke, the ill-fated monarch, then at Dublin, appointed Conway Castle as the rendezvous of his troops, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, and here the Welsh joined his standard; but unfavourable winds and faithless messengers combined to retard the arrival of Richard, and when, in a few days afterwards, he reached Milford Haven, he was met by the disastrous intelligence that the Earl had been deserted by his whole army, and on the second day after Richard's arrival, the few troops which he had brought with him from Ireland left him almost to a man. At midnight, disguised as a priest, and accompanied only by his two half brothers, Sir Stephen Scroop, the Bishop of Carlisle, and nine other persons, he fled to seek refuge in his strong castle of Conway. Here he found the Earl of Salisbury with about one hundred men, who, it appears, had already consumed the slender stock of provisions laid up in the fortress. Richard then despatched his half brothers to Chester, the head quarters of Henry,

to ascertain his intentions, who, at once, put them under arrest. Soon after sending them, Richard rode to the castles of Beaumaris and Carnarvon; they were both bare of provisions, and he returned in despair and probably in hunger to Conway Castle. In a few days subsequently, Percy, Earl of Northumberland, with a small train, met him at Conway, with the solemn assurances, that Bolingbroke only wished to have his alienated property restored, and the ancient privileges of Parliament confirmed.

The King appearing to distrust the Earl's professed good intentions, Percy, to remove all suspicion, attended at high mass, vowed fidelity, and swore allegiance at the altar. Caught in this wily and deeply-iniquitous snare, the King accompanied Northumberland out of the gate; but about Penmaen Rhos the King perceived a band of soldiers, bearing the banners of Percy. Surmising he was betrayed, he would have returned; but Percy, snatching the King's bridle, forcibly conducted his course. The poor King had but just time to reproach the Earl with his perjury—telling him, "that the God he swore by that morning would do him justice at the day of judgment"—before he found himself a prisoner, and at Flint was delivered into the hands of Bolingbroke.

In the civil wars, Conway Castle was held for the King by Dr. Williams, Archbishop of York, who was entrusted by the country gentlemen with their title deeds, plate, and valuable moveables, for which he gave a personal receipt. In the May of 1645, Prince Rupert was appointed governor of the castle, and by his order, Sir John Owen was substituted for the Archbishop, in the guardianship of the valuables lodged within. Sir John constantly evaded Dr. Williams' applications on the subject of the deposit, until the prelate, to avoid his own ruin, joined the Parliamentary forces—assisted General Mytton in the reduction of the castle in 1646, and having again obtained possession of the treasures for which he was responsible, restored them uninjured to the respective owners. For these services, Parliament granted him a free pardon, and a release from all his sequestrations. The Parliamentarian general, with an inhuman severity against the Irish, seized on all that were in the fortress; and, having caused them to be tied back to back, ordered them to be flung into the sea. What provocation led to such a sanguinary measure is not told. Be it what it might, the character of Mytton cannot be cleared from the aspersion of savage barbarity, whether the business arose from himself, or superior orders left to him to execute.

The singular beauty of Conway Castle appears to have commanded the respect of the

ruin-making conquerors of the seventeenth century; but being subsequently granted by Charles II. to Lord Conway, while it was still roofed and perfect, that worse than Gothic nobleman ruthlessly dismantled the entire structure for the value of the lead, iron, and other disposable materials.

In the arrangement and decorations of the interior, the town of Conway has little to attract the tourist—the streets being few, narrow, and irregular—the old Plas Mawr, in the Market Place, erected in the year 1585 by Robert Wynne, Esq., of Gwddyr, and the old College in Castle-street, used as an almshouse, deserve the notice of the antiquary; of the Cistercian Abbey, founded by Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, no traces now remain.

The church is a low unarchitectural structure, built and repaired from time to time from the mouldering walls of the ancient abbey, without having borrowed one happy thought from the symmetry of its proportions. It contains a fine baptismal font, supported by a clustered pillar of Gothic design, and a tablet recording the extraordinary fact that Nicholas Hookes of Conway, gentleman, there interred was the forty-first child of his father, and himself the father of twenty-seven children.

The pearl fishery of the Conway was celebrated even in the time of the Romans, and according to the elder Pliny, Julius Cæsar, on his return from his marauding expedition into Britain, dedicated, in one of the temples at Rome, a breastplate set with British pearls, probably from this fishery.

However unattractive the town of Conway, it forms a centre for the most delightful excursions; the vale of the Conway, with the Denbighshire hills on the left, covered with heath and gorse, throwing their broad shadows over the stream and valley, and on the right, the mountains of Snowdonia towering in the distance, furnish a succession of the most magnificent landscapes, hardly surpassed by the rival vallies of the Clywd or of Llangollen.

A morning's stroll will conduct to the Great Ormes Head promontory, which projects into the Irish sea at the eastern entrance to Beaumaris Bay, and commands a number of splendid marine views; and by the noble terraced Holyhead road, sweeping round the side of the lofty Penmaen Mawr, ready access is obtained to Aber, Bangor, the Menai Bridge, Beaumaris, and Carnarvon—whilst at every turn of the road

"Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!—
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And seas and skies that harmonize the whole;
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll— [soul.]
Between those hanging rocks, that aboak yet please the

MEMOIR OF CRABBE.

Crabbe was one of the most original and distinguished poets of his time. He was born at Aldborough, Suffolk, on the 24th of December, 1754. His father, after having been parish-clerk and schoolmaster at Norton in Norfolk, was now settled at Aldborough, as collector of the salt duties, or salt master, but was still very poor, and had six children to provide for, besides the subject of our memoir. An old dame in the village taught Crabbe to read, and a periodical work which his father took in, gave him his first taste for poetry. At an early age he was accounted by his own family, and the rude inhabitants of the neighbourhood, something of a scholar; and, on one occasion, a boy whom he had offended being about to beat him, another boy interfered to save him, saying, "You must not meddle with *him*, for he has got l'arning." Being sent to school successively, at Bungay and Stowmarket, he studied with zeal and diligence, and made great progress in mathematics, but his scholastic career was cut short in his fourteenth year, when he was taken home, and after an interval of some months (which he passed in wandering along the sea-shore, and "piling up butter and cheese" on the quay for his father), apprenticed to an apothecary at Wickham Brook, a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. At this period he wore a very ill-made scratch wig in place of his hair, which had been shaved off during a severe illness, and altogether his appearance was such as to excite a smile from less vulgar spectators than his master's daughters, who, on beholding him, burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "La! here's our new 'prentice." He never, says his son and biographer, forgot the deep mortification of that moment.

In 1770 he left Wickham Brook, where he had been employed in the farm as well as the shop of his master, and removed to Trowbridge, where, under a more respectable apothecary, he completed his apprenticeship, in 1775, having, in the meantime, fallen in love with Miss Sarah Elmy, an amiable and beautiful girl, who afterwards became his wife. He had also published a short poem called "Inebriety," but it was scarcely known beyond the precincts of Ipswich, where it was printed. Returning to Aldborough, he again assisted his father as a common warehouseman till sufficient means could be found to send him to London, for the purpose of completing there his medical education. His resources were exhausted in about eight months, and he left the Metropolis, "little better," says his son, "for the desultory sort of instruction that had alone been within his reach."

He now made an attempt to establish himself in business at Aldborough, but, after a year's trial, he came to the determination that an apothecary's was a profession in which he should never succeed. Meantime, his taste for literature and poetry increased; an anti-professional devotion which received no profitable counterbalance from the more open display of his fondness for botany, for his ignorant patients, his biographer remarks, seeing him return from his walks with handfuls of weeds, decided that, as Dr. Crabbe got his medicines in the ditches, he could have little claim for payment. More dogged perseverance, however, and less genius than Crabbe at this period possessed, might have prevented the step he now determined to take. Abandoning his profession all at once, he borrowed five pounds from Mr. Dudley North, a member of Parliament, to whom his father had been useful in several elections, paid his debts at Aldborough, embarked on board one of the little sloops of the place, and at the commencement of the year 1780, found himself landed on the Tower wharf, master only of a small box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money. This was an act that persons less interested than a father might term equally criminal and foolish, but Crabbe did not think it such; a recent illness had led him to receive religious impressions deeply, and he had already begun to act upon those principles, by which he was ever after guided throughout the whole course of his life. Indeed he never more needed religious consolation and support than now; and the patience and equanimity, the pious fortitude and cheerful hope with which he endured the various distresses he had to undergo, prove the sincerity of his sentiments, and how firmly his faith was established.

A writer in the Quarterly Review attributes, partially, the early formation of his religious principles to his "pure and manly passion for the gentle and pious young woman who was in the sequel to be his wife;" and adds, "*one* example such as his ought to be more than sufficient to impress upon the mind of every individual possessing authority or influence in the literary world, the propriety, the duty, of not turning a deaf ear to the application of any poor young man so situated." The principal part of his money went in a fashionable tiewig, for, as he himself says, "he soon found that, if he expected to get on, he *must* have dress, though he should accompany fashion with fasting."

He now published his poem of the "Candidate," and it procured him both profit and fame; but as his bookseller failed, he received nothing of the former: in his distress he wrote to Lord North, with a copy of his verses, but

received no answer; to Lord Shelburne, but with no better success. Starvation now stared him in the face; he had parted with all his money, pawned his clothes and his watch, and was in debt with his landlord, when he determined to make a last effort in a letter to the celebrated Mr. Burke. To him he was totally unknown, but thought, perhaps, that an appeal to one whom he conceived to be both a good and a great man, might not be made in vain. This letter, which has been justly characterized as one of the most striking pieces in our language, concludes thus:—"The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum, which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told I must pay the money or prepare for a prison. You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and let me add, a great man; I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstration of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is therefore with a distant hope I have ventured to solicit such favour, but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve."

With a trembling heart and hand Crabbe knocked at the great statesman's door in Charles-street, St. James's-square, and was so agitated after having left his letter, that he actually passed the whole night in walking backwards and forwards on Westminster bridge. When the morning came, anxious, yet dreading, to learn his fate, he returned to Mr. Burke's, was admitted, and, to the eternal honour of that gifted man, be it said, befriended and relieved. He established the young poet under his roof at Beaconsfield, introduced him to Reynolds, Johnson, and Fox, brought out his poems of "The Library," and "The Village," and enabled him to take orders, and to return in 1781, as curate to his native place, Aldborough.

In the following year, he removed to Belvoir castle, as domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, but on the appointment of his

grace to the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland, in 1784, he preferred accepting a small living in Dorsetshire to accompanying the Duke to Dublin. He soon after married Miss Elmy, and in 1789, by which time he had three or four children, obtained the rectory of Muston, through the interference of the Duchess of Rutland. He had previously published his poem of the "Newspaper;" "A Sermon on the Death of the Duke of Rutland," and contributed a chapter on the natural history of the Vale of Belvoir to Nichol's account of Leicestershire; but from this time, he withdrew himself wholly for twenty-two years from the public view. His time, however, was not altogether filled up by his ministerial duties, and medical benevolences; he wrote, though he did not publish, and he completed his imperfect education, by teaching himself French and Italian, and making himself a very fair classical scholar. A complete Treatise on Botany, which he had perfected in 1796, he withheld at the suggestion of a friend, because it was not written in Latin, and destroyed three novels of his own composition, and a series of poems which had been offered for Dodsley's publication in 1799.

On the death of Mrs. Crabbe's father, our author removed, at the request of his wife's mother, to Patham, having obtained two curacies in Suffolk, and left his duties at Muston to be performed by deputy. After twelve years' absence, he returned to Leicestershire in 1804, but the Huntingdonians and Wesleyans had made such converts among his parishioners, that he never regained their favour, and he was induced to confess that "he had done wrong in so long absenting himself from his former cure." His successive publications, however, of "The Register," "The Borough," and "Tales in Verse," were received in a manner sufficient to compensate him for all coldness he met with in the pulpit; and coming to London, to superintend the printing of them, he found himself the object of attention and interest with some of the most distinguished men of letters, and patrons of literature of the day. In 1813, he lost his wife, and soon after, was presented to the valuable rectory of Trowbridge. In 1819 appeared his "Tales of the Hall," the last production which he gave to the public. In 1822 he paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh—what the great novelist thought of the poet may be inferred from the fact, that during his last illness at Abbotsford, the only books he ever called for, were his Bible and his Crabbe.

We must now come to the closing scene of Crabbe's life, omitting many interesting anecdotes, and extracts from his letters and diaries,

which will be found in his son's biography. He died in the middle of January, 1831, after having suffered from the *tic dolereux* for nearly eleven years previously. In every relation of life a better man never existed than Crabbe. "Always," says his son, "visibly happy in the happiness of others, especially of children, our father entered into all our pleasures, and soothed and cheered us in all our little griefs, with such overwhelming tenderness, that it was no wonder we almost worshipped him."

In place of a lengthened criticism upon his poems, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*. "Placed," says the critic, "by Byron, Scott, Fox, and Canning, and we believe by every one of his eminent contemporaries in the very highest rank of excellence, Crabbe has never yet become familiar to hundreds of thousands of English readers well qualified to appreciate and enjoy his merits.—The poet of the poor," as his son justly styles him, "has yet hitherto found little favour except with the rich; and yet, of all English authors, he is one who has sympathized the most profoundly and tenderly with the virtues and the sorrows of humble life—who has best understood the fervours of lowly love and affection—and painted the anxieties and vicissitudes of toil and penury with the closest fidelity, and the most touching pathos. In his works the peasant and the mechanic will yet find every thing to elevate their aspirations, and yet nothing to quicken envy and uncharitableness. He is a Christian poet—his satire is strong, but never rancorous—his lessons of virtue are earnest but modest—his reprehensions of vice severe but brotherly. He only needs an introduction into the cottage to supplant there for ever the affected sentimentality and gross sensualism of authors immeasurably below him in vigour and capacity of mind, as well as in dignity of heart and character, who have, from accidental circumstances, outrun him for a season in the race of popularity."

LONDON REMINISCENCES.

REMINISCENCE THE THIRD—MY FATHER AND THE BEGGARS.

My respected father had just finished his breakfast, and was breaking up an empty egg-shell, when a knock—a faint-hearted knock—was heard at the street door, and worthy old Sukey was on her way to open it. Among the whole race of house keepers there surely was no one whose ready ear, and knowledge of the physiognomy of knocks, could bear comparisor

with that possessed by my father's antiquated Suke. She at once could distinguish between the knock of a friend, a stranger, a tradesman, and a beggar, and would regulate her speed accordingly. On this occasion it was evident from her dilatoriness—for her trusty limbs had been struggling up the kitchen stairs for the last five minutes—that some poor soul had come to test my sire's benevolence. "But I will be proof against the attack,—I will no longer be wheedled into charity by snivelling impostors," quoth my father, resolutely buttoning up his breeches pockets, and putting on his spectacles. This seemingly harsh resolution of my father, never more to bestow alms on an itinerant mendicant, requires me to rescue his character from any suspicion that may arise in the mind of the humane and unsophisticated reader.

It was on a Sunday morning, only three days before the event already premised, that he was first aware of a long course of imposition, of which he had been the victim. For some years, as he afterwards learned, he had had the reputation of being a *baby* gentleman. But the meaning of this term must be explained, lest my father's character be exposed to vile insinuations. It seems, then, that he had acquired this appellation from his liberality to those young women who, with a child in their arms, and sometimes with both arms full, go from door to door soliciting alms. He had his regular customers, who always came systematically at one hour in the day. Indeed there seemed to be a tacit understanding between the baby gentleman and the baby beggars, who every day attended as punctually as if their names were entered on the pension list. Slander, with her thousand tongues, was not long silent; and this circumstance was soon talked of in a manner no way flattering to my father's moral character. This so preyed upon his mind, that he would certainly have discontinued the practice, if he had not feared that by way of retaliation, he might some morning find one of these sprigs of the mobility basketed, and tied up to the knocker.

With this explanation of *baby* gentlemen, I resume :—

It was only three days before the main event, to be hereafter described, that my father began to reflect upon the cause of his having so many female dependants, and to ask *why*, out of the whole street, *he* alone should be honoured with so many retainers. Now my father was one of those men who never fail in any undertaking they commence—when once he began to think seriously he was sure to discover either what he was in search of, or something else; and so it happened on this occasion—taking his specta-

cles out of his waistcoat pocket, and placing them on his nose very deliberately—And here I must observe, as a rather singular fact, and one which throws some light upon the mechanism of the human mind, or at all events points out the locality of its habitation,—that my father could never enter into deep thought without his spectacles—a circumstance trifling in itself, but great in its consequences, for it overthrows the theory of Des Cartes, that the pineal gland is the seat of the soul; for if so—if the soul were encircled by three inches of solid brain, this would have been sufficient to have excluded it from the benefit of spectacles. It is much more likely that it is located somewhere on the frontal surface of the cerebrum, and is cautiously ensconced behind the frontal sinus, where it is protected from external violence.

My father, I say, having put his spectacles on his nose, and his hands in his breeches pockets, walked up and down the room some three or four times,—buttoned his coat and then unbuttoned it,—took off his spectacles, wiped them with his handkerchief, and put them on again. Sometimes, raising them, he would look up at the ceiling, then down at the floor, and then peep over the blinds. It is impossible to divine what might have been the issue of these distressing cogitations, had not Sukey opened the door to announce that a poor woman had come to beg a crust of bread; for be it known that my father was so jealous of dispensing his charity, that his housekeeper never dared to infringe upon this prerogative.—"What's her name?" inquired my father—"Oh dear," replied Suke, "she is a new one, never been here before; and please you, she's a poor honest body as hopes you'll pity her babby."—"Poor souls, poor souls, I'll see them," said he, hurrying out at the door. I cannot now call to mind the conversation that passed between them; but I remember that my father, having adjusted his spectacles, took the child from its mother's arms, eyed it from head to foot, noted its every feature and lineament, than gave a shilling to the mother, and bid her take care of her infant.

A superficial reader might perhaps overlook a very important circumstance which I have just mentioned, and which I repeat, viz :—that my father had his spectacles on at the time—important—for had it been otherwise he would never have discovered the duplicity now being practised upon him.

Returning to the window, he observed at the lower end of the street this female beggar give her child to another woman. A few moments, and the metamorphosis was completed,—the child was disguised in a different cap and cloak. With this second edition of juvenile

humanity, revised and corrected, this female plagiarist knocked at the door.

My father was a liberal man, but he scorned deceit,—nor was it easy to cheat him with his eyes open,—impossible with his spectacles on. I would not aspire to depict the conflicting passion of pride and indignation which now burned in his soul; indignant with the deceit, proud in detecting it.

No sooner had the knocker given the summons, than my father bounced out of the parlour, and had opened the street door almost before the sound had reached the ears of tardy Suke. Had my father been a lawyer, instead of doing this, he would have seated himself in his arm chair, called the impostor before him, and calmly awaited the development of this crafty plot. He would have smiled at her, affected great concern, asked her age, name, and occupation, where she lived, whether it was her *own* child, and then having, like a sly old fox, entangled her in the meshes of her own falsehoods, would have sent her off in the custody of the parish beadle. But my father was not a lawyer—he was only a man, and had not acquired the mastery over his passions. So, as I said before, bouncing out of the parlour, without asking or answering questions, he poured out the full fury of his wrath upon this luckless hussy. He did not speak in measured cadence, or search for hard long words, but in little plain words, and rough, detached, broken-backed sentences. But, say my expectant readers, why not tell us what he did say? I reply, it was not *what* he said, but the *way* in which he said it. Besides, we are still on a digression from the high road, and if we wander too far away, I fear we may not be able to retrace our steps.

And now, returning to my father's breakfast table, I think this incident was enough to chill the warmest heart. While in the defensive attitude in which I have already depicted my incensed sire—well buttoned and spectacled—Sukey opened the door, and falteringly announced that another supplicant, with a dying little baby, sought my father's charity. "Out with you; can you dare—" exclaimed my father, stamping on the ground with such violence as to burst the middle button-hole of his coat. "Do you think I am such a butter-hearted fool as to be cheated with my eyes open!"—"Oh, my dear master," cried Susan, lifting up the corner of her blue checkered gown, to wipe away a straggling tear. 'Twas full fifty years since Susan wept—but now she did weep. 'Tis true 'twas but *one* tear, *one little* tear, but, like the widow's mite, 'twas all she had. My father saw this—saw Susan in tears;—his soul was moved, for,

thought he, there must be something in this. Now let us draw the curtain; let my father's heart have time to soften, and Susan to dry her eyes.

[To be continued.]

VENICE.

Venice—city of romance—unparalleled in thy majesty as in thy fall! If thy once powerful name alone awaken a throng of wild and absorbing associations—how resistless comes the appeal from amidst thy ruins!

A marvel in the day of her glory and more than imperial sway, Venice still appears no less wonderful arrayed in her pall and weeds, mourning like the daughters of Zion, by the side of the desert shores, seated in the wreck of beauty and grandeur, and a fame that once dazzled the proudest monarchs of the earth. "The Rome of the ocean," she stood, like her, alone in the pride of her greatness, as in the depth of her humiliation and fall; and throughout her daring career she may well challenge comparison even with the mistress of the world. Where are now those vanished fortunes, with the wisdom and energy—the skill and daring, which achieved them—defying the Ottoman, and holding the magnificent East in vassalage to deck with fresh charms her hundred tributary powers.

No government, indeed, presents so remarkable an anomaly in the history of nations. We first behold her cradled in some poor fishers' huts—a scattered tribe flying in the fourth century from the rage of Gothic conquerors, to seek an asylum on the small isles and shores of the Venetian Gulf. Thus humble was the birth of a republic of nobles; who, in their pride of fortune, claimed the supremacy of the ocean; a republic that vied with the most puissant princes of the earth,—whose gallant navies swept the seas—whose rich colonies and thronged cities were adorned with all the lavish beauties which nature or art could confer—whose fame in arms was made to administer to that of letters and the arts, and whose discoveries long secured to her that teeming affluence, and those luxuries and elegances, which first made Europe the mart of the East. Doomed to behold every thing she deemed most sacred and revered, like some gorgeous vision, pass from her sight, she was left with her deserted palaces and temples, only a magnificent monument of what she had once been. It is thus her history appears to us like a fiction, and her very aspect and existence a mystery and a spell; for, once seen, she continues to haunt the imagination like a dream.

Most other cities exhibit some general features of resemblance; but the aspect of Venice first rises before the eye of a traveller like one of those aerial spectacles seen in the great desert, rather than a thing of truth and life. Strange and mysterious, her exterior expression assorts well with her secret councils and those fearful annals, calculated to inspire the mind at once with admiration and awe. The impression it conveys, and which no picture and no description can approach, has something peculiarly singular and surprising. You behold Venice! it cannot be mistaken for a moment; the splendid yet diversified character of the edifices—a forest of spires, and towers, and cupolas, springing as if from the bosom of the ocean, but now no longer looking down upon stirring and heroic scenes—the proud galas—the rapid gondolas glancing by, to the songs long mute, or the whispered vows of youth and beauty seen no more. But while the glory and dominion of Venice have passed away, her edifices look yet majestic amidst desolation and decay, and are associated with recollections which appeal powerfully to our English feelings—time-hallowed recollections which fascinated many of our noblest writers—the Shaksperes, the Otways, the Byrons of their times. These yet remain to remind us of Venice, as she once was in her palmier days, when her poets, painters, orators, and historians, vied in patriotism and greatness with her statesmen and warriors themselves.

With the capital of the Eastern empire, the Venetians gained the highest point of their military fame. From that source alone, they arose into the most affluent and influential people of the middle ages, and their wealth and strength for some centuries, single handed as they were, bade defiance to the Ottoman power. But from the hour of Lepanto's splendid victory, the star of the Republic visibly declined. That of the Turks took the ascendant; and Selim the II. first compelled the proud Republicans to pay tribute for their favourite Cyprus; while their "divine Titian" was even then immortalizing with his colours its beauteous Queen. They covered themselves with glory in their meridian, as if only to render the darkness of their closing day more dread and palpable. As if the Moslems were not enough formidable, they entered, in 1606, into a war with the Pope, who issued a bull of excommunication, and concerted a formidable league against them. Other states offered to become arbiters; the causes of hostility were removed, and Venice maintained her ancient laws and independence. There are some lines full of beauty, from the pen of the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and of "Italy,"

which admirably portray the Venetian character, and the peculiarities of the government:—

"Thro' many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the earth—herself unchanged.
Before her passed, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these
Clothed in their purple! O'er the globe they fling
Their monstrous shadows; and while yet we speak
Phantom-like vanish with a dreadful scream!
What but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars!"

The intervening period after the new discoveries of the Spaniards and Portuguese, was one of incessant but ineffectual struggles to maintain her position; her colonies one by one dropped from her grasp; the war approached nearer and nearer her ocean home, till the tide of adversity setting in with a yet stronger flood, carried away the last bulwarks of her political existence, and soon falling an easy prey to French and Austrian aggression, she became a "city of the past."

And it is no poetical fiction, that Venice, while surpassing even the merchant princes of Florence in lavish wealth, supplied the pontifical seat with the viceregents of heaven, and princes to the conquered thrones of many a distant land. Hence that profusion of "barbaric gold and gems," with which she shone resplendent, not merely in public display, and in the pomp of Oriental spoil decorating her streets and temples, but in the persons of her citizens of every rank. Even Bruges, with her industry and wits, so prosperous and affluent, was far outshone by the splendour and magnificence of Venice; and when the Consort of Philip le Bel, on entering the city, observed the rich dresses and decorations of the merchants' wives, she exclaimed with evident chagrin, that she believed she had been the only queen there, but found on the contrary there were many hundreds.

The advantages acquired by their great wealth and daring policy were maintained by the Venetians through many centuries; and the principle of aristocratic patriotism, enforced with a keen foreseeing wisdom, preserved them unimpaired to the fatal period of those overwhelming leagues which at length hurled them from their senatorial seats. More than once did they deposit their fortunes in the public treasury; and it is a remarkable fact, that while monarchs were compelled to raise loans at an exorbitant interest, the Venetians could command millions at four per cent. Genoa, Ferrara, and other states felt the effects of her subtle policy; and while Venice awed her enemies, her dreaded council inspired all ranks of citizens with mingled fear and respect.

The Place of St. Mark, the Rialto, and the Bridge of Sighs—so full of interesting

associations—were often the scene of startling events, and sudden arrests and secret executions, served to rivet those chains which Venice had so sternly imposed upon her own children.

A strange example of the power she so mysteriously exercised, was witnessed in May, 1618, when numbers of people, consisting almost wholly of the "strangers within her gates," were put to death by the public executioner at the Place of St. Mark. Day after day the same revolting spectacle was exhibited, while not a murmur escaped the astonished people. A frightful conspiracy to destroy the government was the plea set forth, but no one was able to unravel the secret causes of the council's sudden and fatal resolves.

At length came the French Revolution, which bore down the last feeble barriers of her freedom; for she was already only the majestic shadow of what she had been. On the 30th of April, 1797, the destiny of a great republic—the fall of Venice and her cherished institutions—became inevitable. The last of the Doges summoned the different departments of the government only to dissolve them. Grief and despair were depicted on every countenance, as the final words of their aged chief fell on the startled ear. "I see the fate of my country, but I cannot succour it; yet the brave may every where find a home—and mine I must seek in Switzerland."

As the French troops disembarked on the Place of St. Mark, the wild shouts of the people were mingled with tears and lamentations. The prisons of the Inquisition were immediately demolished; the registry book of the nobility was burned, and the Lion of St. Mark, having lost its sacred designation, was inscribed with the "Rights of Man."

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?"

THOUGHTS ON VENTILATION.

What is ventilation? asks an inquirer.—
Rise at five o'clock some joyous day in Spring,
when

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom!"—
be a trifle behind time in starting to meet the
mail train from London—walk two miles to
the station, at a sufficiently rapid rate to ac-
quire a trifling degree of perspirative uneasiness
—be just in time to occupy the last seat in a
six-inside—find the windows both closed, as
they have been since they left town—ascertain,

in whatever manner is most agreeable to your-
self, that porter, port wine, peppermint, and
punch, are all inside passengers—and if, from
the day of the date of the execution hereof to
the spring of the year 1852 thence next ensuing,
your mind's eye retain not a vivid picture of
what the absence of ventilation is, you must
either be favoured with a happy absence of
olfactory refinement, or troubled with the
presence of a very oblivious memory.

The fact that in half an hour your senses
may become reconciled to their situation, is no
proof that the atmosphere is not a deleterious
one. The extreme unpleasantness on entering
is the right test. Miners not only exist, but
carry on their labour, surrounded by air in
which a candle will not burn; but is it there-
fore wholesome?

Should this first experiment fail to convince
you of the value of ventilation, pay a morning
visit to some destitute family, in the cellar of
a crowded metropolitan river district: or should
you want still further proof, throw off your
coat, put on a Macintosh, and dig and delve
for an hour or two.

In *theory*, the importance and necessity of
ventilation are universally admitted; and one
might suppose its benefits were duly appreci-
ated if we judged of great things by small, and
concluded, because we hear of patent ventilating
perukes, patent ventilating hats, and patent
waterproof ventilating coats, that therefore the
ventilation of our houses, shops, offices, schools,
public rooms, factories, churches, and chapels,
must, of course, have been first attended to. The
reverse is certainly the fact. We could name pub-
lic rooms and offices heated by means of Perkins's
hot water apparatus, or Arnott's stoves, or gas
stoves, in which there is actually no provision
whatever for a change of air. That a number
of persons can remain in such rooms for any
considerable length of time, without detriment
to their health, is simply impossible.

In speaking of a want of attention to this
important subject, and characterising the effects
of the unwholesome products of respiration
and combustion, a medical man, of great
scientific eminence, says, they "produce an
endless variety of discomfort and disease, from
the most trifling sense of languor and debility,
to the more violent apoplectic head-ache, for
the time suppressing all attempts at exertion,
either of mind or body; while, on other occa-
sions, a slow and insidious action gradually
undermines the constitution, and induces a
permanent loss of health."

A remarkable instance of the continued in-
jurious effects of vitiated air, was that of the
two hundred persons employed in the long
room of the Custom House in London, whose

health was so seriously affected as to draw public attention to the subject.

It may be that an Irish cabin boy, with his rude mud hut, is philosophic or scientific unwittingly; but his unelaborate specimen of domestic architecture, with an opening to let himself and the air in, and an aperture to let the smoke out, is quite as philosophical as are some of our modern habitations, where "doors and windows are fitted with scrupulous accuracy;" and the astonished builder, in wonderment quite lost, cannot divine or devise how it should be that the chimney will smoke, when the door is shut. An ordinary fire, when burning briskly, requires, for its support, and to supply the current up the chimney, a large quantity of air; and a constant supply it must have: there can be no draught up the chimney unless there is a correspondent admission of air into the room. It was said by the old philosophers, that nature abhorred a vacuum; and we opine that in this day the laws of atmospheric equilibrium are not likely to be changed, just to meet the views of unscientific builders.

The attempt to exclude the air from our apartments by accurately-fitting doors and windows, without making some other provision for its ingress, is utterly unphilosophical. Happily, the inevitable concomitant, a smoky chimney, prevents the mischief that might ensue from this absence of ventilation. Compared with such apartments, our old baronial halls, with their large open fire places, and loose doors and windows, are with respect to ventilation, patterns of philosophic building.

An architect who designs, or a builder who constructs, a room in which lights are to be burned, and a number of people to be congregated, without making adequate provision for its ventilation, we hold to be guilty of no slight misdemeanour against the Queen's lieges.

The atmosphere, or the air which we breathe, is compounded chiefly of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of two parts by weight of oxygen, and seven by weight of nitrogen; or by measure, one of oxygen and four of nitrogen; or, in the language of the atomic theory, one atom of oxygen and two atoms of nitrogen.

Now, it is the oxygen of the atmosphere that supports life; and the act of breathing takes away this oxygen to unite with the blood, leaving the nitrogen, which will not support life; and not only so, but forming another gas, which is equally deleterious, and must not be re-admitted to the lungs. It is a well-ascertained chemical fact, that one* of the invariable

products of respiration, of combustion, fermentation, &c., is carbonic acid gas; formed, in the case of respiration, by the union of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon of the blood, changing the purple hue of the venous blood into the bright red of the arterial; and in the case of combustion, by the union of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon of the oil, charcoal, coal gas, [carburetted hydrogen,] tallow, wax, &c., or whatever the burning body may be. This carbonic acid gas is much heavier than atmospheric air, as $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and is readily poured from one vessel to another: it does not burn, and will not support life nor combustion; and, though so detrimental on the lungs, is the same gas that gives the pleasant briskness to soda water, ginger beer, &c., and in this form (thanks to Father Mathew and his coadjutors, and long life and success to him!) is now so familiar to the disciples of abstinence. It is frequently met with at the bottom of old wells and caverns, and, less frequently, in sinking new wells, where it is known by the significant epithet of choke damp.* Its presence in such situations may be easily ascertained by the use of a lighted candle, which will be immediately extinguished if there is any choke damp; and it may be readily absorbed by quick lime.

Many persons have fallen victims to a want of such precaution. It is not many months since three persons were thus sacrificed at Manchester. A well-sinker went down to his work in the morning, and appeared to become suddenly insensible; his fellow-workman de-

product (there is nothing lost or destroyed) is water, or aqueous vapour, or steam. In the burning of oil in an Argand lamp, for instance, a formation of water or steam takes place, equal in weight to the oil consumed. The delicate steel goods of cutlers and others have been too often damaged by the vapour arising from the burning of gas for them not to be well acquainted with this fact of the formation of water by combustion. Its deposition may be easily seen by holding a cold surface, as a piece of tin plate, &c. over the flame of a gas burner. It will be immediately covered with condensed vapour, which will be again dissipated when the tin becomes warm. An apparatus is sometimes attached to the burner for condensing this vapour.

Nor must the reader imagine that a small quantity of carbonic acid gas in the air renders it unfit for breathing; it always contains a small portion, one part in one or two thousand, and a considerably larger portion may be mixed in the atmosphere, without rendering it absolutely noxious. But when constituting a very large portion of the air, carbonic acid acts as a stimulant on the glottis, or entrance to the windpipe, causes its contraction, and the consequent suffocation of the victim. This paper, however, is not designed as a scientific treatise on these subjects, and they are introduced only as being relevant to a few thoughts on ventilation.

* Not the fire damp, the explosions of which in coal mines, have sent so many hundreds to an untimely grave. This is carburetted hydrogen gas, the same as the gas we burn; which becomes explosive when mixed with atmospheric air.

* The reader is not to suppose that carbonic acid gas is the only product of combustion, respiration, &c. Another

scended to his assistance, and shared the same fate. Without knowing the cause of their seizure, a third went down; and all three lost their lives before assistance could be rendered.

The Grotto dell' Cane, in Italy, is a cave, or hole, in the side of a mountain, in which this gas is evolved spontaneously. The mouth of the cave is not much elevated above the floor, and up to this height it is filled with the gas, which flows out at the entrance as water would. By way of experiment, (hence its name) dogs are sometimes thrown in; they inhale the gas, and instantly cease to breathe: but a man may enter with impunity, his head being out of reach of the deleterious air.

Charcoal stoves are more used on the Continent than in England, and their destructive effects are consequently more frequent than in this country; but a short time since, two youths in London fell victims to the use of one of Joyce's patent stoves, in which the patent prepared fuel was used that is warranted to give out "neither smell nor noxious vapour;" but which, in fact, is fine charcoal, and cannot be burned in open vessels and close rooms without the most imminent danger. In rooms where there is a frequent or constant ventilation, by the opening of doors or windows, the danger is abundantly less. If our memory serve us rightly, this stove was first introduced at the Jerusalem Coffee House, and was used without any injurious results, the carbonic acid gas having opportunity to escape; but it is an invariable product of these stoves, and if it accumulates, must destroy the lives of those who inhale it. In the case alluded to, the two boys had taken the "portable patent stove" into their bed-room, contrary to orders, and closed the door. In the morning it was found that one of them had closed his eyes in death, and the other did not long survive.

Lime-stone, which is a carbonate of lime, gives out, while burning, a large quantity of this gas; in fact, the use of burning is to deprive it of the carbonic acid, the absence of which constitutes the difference between lime and lime-stone; and the sacrifice of several lives has been the result of sleeping within the warmth of lime-kilns.

For experimental purposes it is easily obtained from chalk or marble, (both of which are carbonates of lime,) by the action of diluted sulphuric acid. Marble contains nearly one half its weight of this gas, and one cubic inch will yield several gallons. It may be readily kept in close vessels, and is sometimes used by entomologists for destroying insects, &c., when it is wished to preserve them without mutilation.

We have perhaps been tedious in describing

the properties and effects of this poisonous air: but, when the reader reflects that the end and aim of ventilation is to rid the atmosphere of it, he may think we have exercised a wise discretion in thus endeavouring, though at such length, to bring indisputable proof that, when admitted to the organs of respiration, it is indeed the blast of death.

The quantity of oxygen consumed in respiration has been very variously estimated. Dr. Arnott, in his Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, says, "a human being destroys, or poisons, the oxygen of nearly a gallon of air per minute, which quantity, by mixing with more, contaminates, and unfits for use, at least three times as much; and in any case, unless ventilation to that extent, and in proportion to the number of persons present, be provided for, the air is soon in a state which will seriously affect the health of those living in it." Dr. Reid and some other writers estimate the quantity much higher than the above. All recommend a supply of fresh air, to the extent of several cubic feet per minute, to each individual. It appears that in the Houses of Parliament, forty or fifty thousand cubic feet have sometimes been given to one apartment—sixty feet per minute to each individual in a crowded house.

When we reflect, in addition to this, on the large quantity of air that is vitiated* by insensible perspiration, and that a large amount of vapour, (say half an ounce weight per hour) passes from a man's lungs into the atmosphere, the subject of ventilation assumes an important aspect.

It was formerly considered, that in the act of exhaling or breathing out, the nitrogen, which is lighter than atmospheric air, passed upwards, and the carbonic acid gas towards the earth. It is now admitted that the warmth 90° to 95° renders the whole mixture lighter than the air, and it ascends; "the remarkable interval that always occurs in breathing," allowing time for a "fresh current of uncontaminated atmospheric air." In the words of the poetic Dr. Armstrong, applicable, of course, only to out of door breathing, or in situations where the ventilation is perfect:—

"The air inhaled is not the gas
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
Which, drunk, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage;
But air that trembling floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element."

We may here just mention the oft-cited story

* Of course, when there are a number of lights burning in a room, the quantity of air vitiated is very much increased.

of the poor canary bird, which was suspended over a bed all night, and was suffocated before morning, and the sadly memorable tragedy, in 1756, in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

In reference to fermentation, a few words may suffice. During the process, carbonic acid is evolved in large quantities, and several persons have lost their lives by incautiously entering large brewers' vats, without previously ascertaining its presence. The reader who wishes to have a taste of it, may hold his mouth over a glass of soda water, or a small tub of wort, which he can do without danger.

Without referring more particularly to the immense loss of life that has occurred in our coal mines even since the introduction of the "davy," the technical name given, amongst miners, to Sir Humphrey Davy's Safety Lamp, that admirable creation of chemical science, (for it was a creation, not a mere fortuitous discovery,) and without further illustrating our position by a reference to the pestilential holds of slave ships, we have perhaps prepared the mind of the reader for the admission of the fact, that ventilation really is a matter of vital importance.

[To be continued.]

HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS.

The history of playing cards is involved in such darkness, that the period of their origin, and even the people by whom they were first used, or invented, are matters of mere conjecture. This uncertainty may, however, be considered as a proof of their antiquity—there is evidence of their having been known in Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. The precise period of their introduction into Spain cannot be ascertained; but in 1387 we find them prohibited by John I., King of Castile—a circumstance which served only to render the passion for gaming still more violent; and in the following century Ferdinand V. promulgated more severe laws and penalties against card-players. Cards appear to have been known in France in 1341. Although in use in that country at so early a period, yet from the circumstance of fifty-six sous having been paid to a painter for three packs of cards, for the amusement of Charles VI. during his derangement, has arisen the vulgar belief that they were invented expressly for the diversion of that unfortunate monarch.

It appears that in the earliest period in which cards were known in France, the knave (valet) was called *Tuchim*—the appellation of a formidable band of marauders, who at that time committed great excesses in the *Comtat Venaissin*. This circumstance, as well as

that of the fleur-de-lis being found on every court-card, has been considered a proof that they were invented in France. But this cannot be taken as evidence of their French origin, when it is remembered that the fleur-de-lis has been found among the ornaments of the Romans at an early period, as well as in the crowns and sceptres of the emperors of the West, and in those of the kings of Castile and England prior to the Norman conquest.

It is most probable that cards were invented and first used in the East. In Spain they were known by the name of *Naipes*—a word which seems to point them out as of eastern origin; for the old Italian name, *Naibi*, closely resembles the Hebrew term *Naibes*, and in both languages this word denotes sorcery, fortune-telling, or prediction.

The word *Tuchim* seems also to partake more of Arabic than of French origin. *Tuchân*, in Arabic, signifies darkness, or obscurity, and might have been bestowed upon those depredators on account of their concealment in forests and obscure places.

The eastern origin of cards is still more probable, when we consider that to the Persians we owe the introduction of chess. The invasion of the Saracens, and their long continuance in the vicinity of the Italians, Spanish, and French, afforded those nations an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their customs and amusements. But although to the Arabians we may owe the introduction of cards, it by no means follows that they were the inventors; for as they derived the game of chess from the Persians, the Arabians may have derived cards either from them or from some other nation.

The Indian game of cards closely approaches that of chess. The Indian chess, or the game of the *four kings*, represents four princes with their troops, forming two allied armies on each side. The arrangement of this game so strongly resembles that of cards, as to admit of the surmise that they are merely a variation of it, and take their rise from the same source. It is therefore probable that the game of cards, like that of chess, travelled from India to Arabia; and as the gypsies, who employed cards as the basis of fortune-telling, were originally Indians driven from their country, it is likely that, in traversing the north of Asia and Africa, they introduced the game into those countries, and that from thence they passed into Europe.

It cannot now be ascertained what were the objects represented upon the oriental cards; but it is likely that they were similar to the old Spanish cards, and that the four suits, spade (swords), coppe (cups), denari (money), and bastone (clubs), adopted both by the Italians

and Spaniards, are the suits of the eastern games.

The game first known to the Italians was extremely simple. It consisted of four suits—spade, coppe, denari, bastoni; each of these suits had three figured cards—re (king), cavallo (knight or horseman), farite (servant or knave), which, with the numerical cards, made thirty-six in the pack. Some of the Chinese cards consist of this number.

The mode of playing the European game of tarocci is unknown to us. That of minchiato had the number of tarocci increased to forty-one; the five highest cards were the sun, moon, star, world, and fame, ornamented with symbolical figures.

Although, as before observed, we cannot trace the invention of cards to the French nation, yet it would appear that about the time of Charles VI. the figures and suits of the original cards underwent a change, and that those which are now in general use were then adopted. The queen of spades was intended to represent the Maid of Orleans; the king of spades, David,—of clubs, Alexander,—of hearts, Charlemagne,—of diamonds, Cæsar;—the knave of spades, Ogier,—of clubs, Lancelot,—of diamonds, Hector;—the queen of spades, Pallas,—of clubs, Argine,—of hearts, Judith,—and of diamonds, Rachel.

Daniel has conjectured that Pallas was intended to designate the Maid of Orleans, in whom were united the attributes of that goddess,—martial glory, wisdom, and chastity; that Argine represented Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles VII.; that Judith represented Isabel of Bavaria, wife of Charles II., and that Rachel, who was celebrated in Scripture for her wisdom, was intended to personify Charles's mistress, Agnes Sorrell, who was called the Lady of Beauty.

It is supposed that the original eastern cards allegorically represented the orders or ranks of society, and that in the Italian and Spanish cards, the swords signified the nobility—cups and chalices, the clergy—money, the citizens—clubs and sticks, the peasantry.

In Germany the devices on cards have been entirely altered; and instead of the usual suits, other objects, such as the human figure, various animals, birds, plants, flowers, fruits, and sometimes hares, parrots, pinks, roses, and columbines, are substituted.

The Chinese are strongly addicted to gaming of every description, and several useless attempts have been made to repress this passion, or to prevent its gratification. One of their emperors, before making it penal on the higher classes to play at games of chance, endeavoured to bring it into disrepute by permitting the

lowest and most degraded class—the chairmen, who are every where despised,—to indulge in gaming and card-playing; but this vice was too widely diffused, and too deeply rooted, to admit of so easy a cure, and the experiment failed.

The cotton paper which the Chinese and Hindoos used for making cards was very strong and smooth; they have, however, now adopted the European invention of paste-board. But paper is not their only material, as we know that they likewise employ thin leaves of ivory. Some of their packs are about an inch and quarter broad, and three inches long.

In our own country the process of printing books differs materially from that of cards: in China, however, both are printed in the same manner,—one as primitive and rude as can be conceived. The card is engraved upon wood; the workman first inks the block by means of a brush, and then having placed the paper on the surface, he presses upon the block by rubbing it over with a somewhat stiffer brush than that which he employed in distributing the ink. In this simple manner they carry on both their book and picture printing.

But to return to our subject:—A beautiful pack of cards was engraved by one Jost Ammon, evidently intended to represent the advantages of learning over idleness and drunkenness. The subject is treated in a humorous manner. The four suits are, books, printers' balls, wine pots, and drinking-cups. The *dence* contains a representation of an ancient book-binder; the *trey*, of books, and a whimsical sketch of the wolf turned schoolmaster; and the *fours*, a bibliomania at his desk: the subject has been made more commonly known to the public by Mr. Dibdin's *Bibliomania*. Among other things depicted on their pack may be mentioned, an old printing press, with the mode of working—a man and his wife at dinner, the husband asleep, and the wife enjoying a deep draught of ale, and in the front a dog seizing a capon off the table, and bearing it away in his mouth:—in the sketch is a drunken couple, the husband beating his wife, who, while in the act of falling, seizes him by the hair of the head, in order to support herself.

The precise period of the introduction of cards into this country is unknown; but it appears probable that we were possessed of them as early as any of the continental nations. They must have been in common use long prior to the time of Edward IV.; for in 1463 the demand for them had become so general, that, evidently for the purpose of encouraging our own trade and manufactures, the legislation prohibited their importation into this country.

In the reign of Henry VII., 1503, cards were expressly named among the prohibited

games; and it was enacted, that apprentices, servants, and others, should be put in the stocks for one day, if they were found playing at cards at any other time than during the Christmas holidays, and then only in the house and presence of their masters and mistresses. This indulgence to the lower classes, during Christmas, was further confirmed by Henry VIII., who likewise bestowed upon noblemen and persons of property the privilege of licensing the playing at cards in their houses.

During the licentious times of Charles II. the vices of gaming became so aggravated, as to require the interposition of the legislature. By an act passed in the sixteenth year of this monarch's reign, any person who should win by deceit in gaming, was to forfeit treble the value so gained; and any person winning more than £100, was to forfeit treble the surplus. The statute of the ninth of Anne enacted, that when money lost at one sitting amounted to £10, the loser had the right of recovering it by action of debt, and the offender was to forfeit five times the amount, as well as to suffer the punishment prescribed for perjury. And at different intervals up to the present time, the legislature has attempted to moderate the practice of excessive gaming, or to regulate the circumstances to which it has given rise, and with which it is associated.

In 1615 Darcy took out a patent for the manufacture of cards; and it is considered that they were brought to the greatest perfection in this country. For some time the Spanish government had monopolized this branch of trade; but they have long since ceased to be imported into this country, and we now export great quantities to the foreign markets.

In England, the old method of making playing cards was by means of stencil plates, in a manner very similar to Poonah painting. The glaze was obtained by leecing or burnishing—by rubbing the card with a flint fixed at the end of a long pole—something like the old method of calico glazing. The important improvements which have since been made in this branch of trade will be noticed in our next Number, in which we shall give a description of the manufacture and printing of playing and other cards, as carried on by the Messrs. De La Rue, of London.

SLOW POISONS.

[Concluded from our last.]

So far as regards the use of slow poisons employed under such circumstances as those detailed in a former part of this article, and others doubly murderous administered so frequently to young women in the gravid state, there can

be no doubt, although from their secrecy and obscurity requiring the utmost vigilance and research. I repeat, that the administration of poison under such circumstances is daily recurring—employed by many without knowledge of its deep criminality.

As to slow poisons, under other circumstances, the case is far different. Involved in some difficulty from its very nature, historians have seconded the vulgar in surrounding the subject with every species of delusion and exaggeration. Far from the most deadly poisons being due to recent chemical philosophers, the researches of science have not added more powerful poisons to the list than the voyages of travellers amongst savage nations. Independent that such is the perversity of mankind, that in the history of the world the first steps made in chemistry have always been seen to arise from a search after poisons, as Sismondi has justly observed; nature abounds in poisons. What can exceed the power of the poison with which the Indian of Guiana tips his arrow, and then brings down a bird on the wing, which, if it did not die on the spot, would be lost in thick jungles which overspread that primitive soil? We have in our anti-Pagan days our *aruspices*, who, like Cicero, think certain animals "*rerum augurandarum causa natas esse*." These high priests of science, like Brodie or Magendie, examining the viscera of creatures still living, employ the poison of the Indians, such as the woorarooro, not the venenose salts discovered by science, to control the resistance and to abolish pain in the animals they operate upon. The only striking instance where a newly-discovered element was employed of late years as a secret poison, was by Dr. Castaing, who with cold blooded villainy, poisoned two brothers, his benefactors as well as his patients. The acetate of morphine, although thus administered by a physician of high medical education, who had his patients entirely at his mercy, produced at least in the last of the murders he perpetrated, as sudden a death as the oil of laurel given, in a celebrated instance, to Sir Theodosius Broughton by his comparatively ignorant brother-in-law. In the case of Laffarge no savage and awkward butcher could slay an untethered ox with more ruthless violence than Marie Capelle in operating by repeated doses of arsenic upon her husband. In the ever-memorable and true tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, although he likewise was at the mercy of his murderers, for six months they could not kill him by slow poison; and the satellites of King James's favourite were obliged to resort to suffocation for his *coup de grace*. Arsenic, in the first of these cases, was the poison exclusively employed; in the second

instance, it was also the principal ingredient, although combined with lunar caustic, cantharides, and spiders. Slow and *secret* poisoning by arsenic it is difficult to believe in, as producing the infamous object in the manner at least reported in the majority of cases. We employ it as a tonic, and, if this and other tonics, be gradually increased by small increments, it would make a patient another Mithridates. It appears probable one would get accustomed to it, in the majority of instances, as we do a species of domestic poisoning we are daily exposed to, that from the verdigris of ill-tinned copper saucepans, the source of the dyspepsia, but seldom of the death of the victims of incautious cooks. La Spara, to whom so many deaths in Italy are attributed in the sixteenth century—Tophana, who sold the oil passed off as exuding from the tomb of St. Nicholas of Bari, and who was still more murderous than his predecessor—cannot have produced slow deaths by these salts, as Dr. Hahnemann, the father of homœopathy, asserts. Arsenic, if the stomach gets not accustomed to it, particularly if increased in quantity, must produce fresh and sudden suffering every time it is taken, however disguised.

It is hard to believe, that the great personages of history were poisoned by medicated gloves, bouquets, saddles, slippers, handkerchiefs, &c., like Henry the Sixth of Germany, the wife of Henry the Fourth of France, a Prince of Savoy, a King of Naples, and others without number. It is as difficult of credit as that perfect harmony was restored to a married couple, who were previously at daggers drawn, by removing a bundle of hyoscyamus seeds concealed in the room where they habitually sat, as stated in the "Grand Dictionnaire de Médecine." Still less conceivable is it that the secret poisons employed by Catherine de Medicis, and those that La Spara, La Trophana, in Italy, La Vigoreux, and La Voisin, in France, made a regular commerce of, could produce death by being used as prescribed, at the distance of one or six months, according to the pleasure of the murderess. Amongst the great number of young married women of rank, whom the Pope had executed at Rome in the seventeenth century, for poisoning, most of the slow poisoners were probably guiltless. Madame de Sévigné's inimitable letters convey the exaggerated terror which, no doubt, possessed Louis XIV., when he established the "Chambre Ardente," and amongst the ladies of noble, and even of Royal blood, whom the monarch so unreservedly and impartially punished in his reign, La Brinvilliers is the only one unequivocally proved to be culpable; and even here Voltaire has justly pointed out the exag-

gerations of the *avocat sans cause*, who has reported her crimes and her fate. During the ages up to a recent date, when that witch mania prevailed, of which fancy so many thousand innocent persons were victims, not only did ladies pride themselves as much on being bewitched as they do in our days in being bewitching; but there exists irrefragable proof of women, with the rack before their eyes, insisting upon their power of incantation, and, to the last agony of torture and of death, preserving this ruling passion—the monomania of insane vanity. Cannot the past *furor* of historians for slow poisoning, in many instances, receive the same explanation?

These cases of poisoning, requiring the most vigilance, and which are of most habitual occurrence, I have pointed out. The sale of arsenic, and, above all, of ergot of rye, are far from being sufficiently restricted. The salts of lead, whether we judge of them by the palsy and other symptoms produced so insidiously in painters, and in persons who partake of them in wine, in whose adulteration it is so freely used; these salts, I repeat, are most dangerous, slow, and secret poisons.

As to my own opinion, after having wasted much time that might have been better employed in perusing the voluminous and dusty records of history, I utterly disbelieve in the ability of the utmost perversity to produce slow poisoning once in a thousand attempts. If I may be allowed a digression, and to speak rather figuratively, I should point out where, in my opinion, the only well-known slow poisoners exist. I should show them to abide in St. Stephen's, at the Home office, and in other places of power, where legislators repose over their laurels, as soon as indispensable business and their habitual efforts of ambition are achieved, and leave the poor population to die of effluvia (easily dispersed) in all parts of the Metropolis, and in the great manufacturing towns. Could they see, as we have, all the mental agonies of fathers of families, deprived, by loathsome emanations, of the power to work for their starving families, they would feel that they had, perhaps, neglected their first duty? At least it is to be hoped that the clergy of England, who, by their mental acquirements, and by their virtues in other respects, beggar all power of eulogy, will not continue abettors of slow poisoning, by burial of corrupt bodies in churches, but return at last "earth to earth." Our Saviour, when he drove the money changers from the temple, punished a traffic far less nefarious than bartering for gold portions of the holy precincts, to enable dead pride to poison living imprudence.

Original Poetry.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

(Author of "Hours with the Muses.")

"Take the Earth," uttered God from the height of his throne,

As he looked on the children he made from above—
"Take the Earth, with its blessings, and call it your own,
But divide it with justice and brotherly love."

By myriads men came when they heard the decree ;
Youth, manhood, and age hurried on in the race,
The husbandman ruled o'er the corn-covered lea,
And the forest was given to the sons of the chase.

The merchant took all that his stores could contain,
But the priest, holy man ! took the choicest of wine ;
The king took the highways and byways for gain,
By a right which the people believed was divine.

At length, when each mortal rejoiced in his lot,
Came the poet, who loved not the boisterous throng ;
But, alas ! when he came he beheld not a spot,—
Not a green strip of earth for the pilgrim of song.

Then he threw himself down at the throne of his sire,
And cried to the Being who gave him his birth—
"Oh, grant a poor outcast his only desire,
Let the child of thy wrath be forgotten on Earth !"

God said, "If thou liv'st in the empire of thought,
The cause of thy sorrow pertains not to me ;
Where, where hast thou strayed since my bidding was wrought !"

Said the poet, "Oh God ! I was near unto thee !

"If my eyes were entranced by thy glory and might,
And my ears by the music that breathes in thy skies ;
If my soul was absorbed in thy love and thy light,
Forgive if the earth disappeared from mine eyes !"

"Content thee," God said, "for Earth's riches are given,—

As such was my pleasure, and hence my decree,
Thou shalt live with thy Lord in his own blessed Heaven,
For whenever thou comest, 'tis open to thee."

ON HEARING A LADY SINGING.

Hark ! what is that music, which floats on the air
As if Zephyr in sport were carolling there !—
'Tis Emily singing—the song-birds are mute,
As the echoes respond to the tones of her lute.

The nightingale, hid in his leafy retreat,
Confesses a rival in melody sweet ;
And fails not to mimic those strains of delight,
As a new serenade for the goddess of night.

The exquisite music a night vision brings
That yields in its sweetness when Emily sings—
The songs of the seraphs, with melody fraught,
A deeper devotion from hers may be taught.

When listening her music, away glide the hours,
As tho' time in his passage were treading on flowers ;
Her voice, breathing gladness, puts trouble to flight,
As the day-god disperses the shadows of night. B.

A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which, it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby, landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing of a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.—*Anon.*

While reviewing his troops, Bonaparte was one day suddenly accosted by an officer, who, stepping from the ranks, complained that he had been five years a lieutenant without having received any promotion. The Emperor coolly replied, "I was a lieutenant myself for seven years, yet you see to what a man may rise by perseverance."

ANIMAL EXISTENCE WITHOUT CONSENT.—Would animals, who endure such sufferings of various kinds for the service and entertainment of man, *accept* existence on the terms on which they have it? Madame Sevigné, who, though she had many enjoyments, felt with delicate sensibility the prevalence of misery, complains of the task of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson, it was remarked by one of them, that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age: when Johnson replied, "I have known a great many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who knew English."

FAULTS.—We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.—*Rochefoucault.*

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street ; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street ; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street ; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street ; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place ; LEEDS, Slocumbe and Simms and Mrs. Mann ; DERBY, T. Roberts ; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle ; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 24.]

SATURDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.

VISIT TO MESSRS. DE LA RUE'S CARD MANUFACTORY.

The vast extent of the trade and manufactures of our country—the perfection which they have now attained—a consideration of the great amount of the industry of our population expended on them, and the conviction that we derive from them the bulk of our national wealth,—might alone warrant the belief that occasional notices of the numerous branches of trade carried on in various parts of the kingdom, would not be uninteresting to the general reader. Viewed apart from all other considerations, there is a gratification in learning how the numberless articles which minister either to our pleasures or necessities are produced; nor is it less pleasing to understand the exquisite adaptation of means to ends—the complexity of skill and mechanism,—and the elaborate and intricate contrivances, which are necessarily brought to bear, not merely on the staple manufactures of England, but even on many of the most trifling productions of art and labour. Ignorant of these circumstances, as well as of the amount of time, and the exertions of intellect, which have been expended in raising our manufactures to their present state of perfection, we are unable properly to estimate our advances as a nation in the career of civilization. Nor should we forget that it is from her superior productive skill, that England, with a comparatively small territory,

and a soil less fertile than many of her neighbours, has become the mart of the world, and that to this in part she owes as well her political supremacy among the empires of Europe, as her influence over the demi-barbarous populace of the remotest parts of the habitable world.

In the manufacture of cloths, wools, silks, and other articles indispensable in civilized life, we might anticipate that great intricacy of mechanism and ingenuity of workmanship were required; at all events, we might feel that their importance merited, if they did not demand, such an expenditure of science and labour. And that such is the case, we all know. But it is not less true that some of the most trivial articles in daily use—as a pin or a needle—require in their production a degree of mechanical skill and manual labour far beyond what might seem necessary. In like manner the manufacture of playing cards, which we are about to explain, would appear to require the co-operation of the simplest means; and certainly the ancient method of producing them, briefly described in our last Number, was simple enough. Within the last few years, however, an entire change has been effected in this branch of trade; and, aided by the skill and ingenuity of the Messrs. De La Rue, it has now attained the highest perfection. Having been kindly permitted by these gentlemen to inspect their extensive establishment, and the various stages of manufacture having been carefully explained to us, we will now proceed

to our description, taking care to introduce the several processes in their progressive order.

The first object that engages our attention is the preparation of the paper intended to be formed into the cards. It is found that ordinary paper, when submitted to pressure, acquires a certain degree of polish, but not sufficient for playing-cards of the finest quality. In order therefore that it may admit of the high finish which is afterwards imparted, the paper is prepared by a white enamel colour, consisting of animal size and other compounds. This substance, which renders the paper impermeable to the atmosphere, is laid on by a large brush, and left to dry by exposure to the atmosphere.

The paper being ready for use, we proceed to explain the printing of the fronts of the cards, which are technically distinguished as *pips* and *têtes*.

To commence with the simpler, the *pips* (*i. e.* the hearts, diamonds, spades, and clubs:)—sets of blocks are produced, each containing forty engravings of one card; and as the ordinary method of letter-press printing is employed, forty impressions of one card are obtained at the same moment. As the pips bear but one colour, black or red, they are worked together at the hand press, or at one of Cowper's steam printing machines.

For the *têtes*, however, (*i. e.* the court cards) which, with the outline, contain fine colours—dark blue, light blue, black, red, and yellow,—a somewhat different contrivance is employed. The colours are printed separately, and are made to fit into each other with great nicety, in the same manner as in printing silks or paper-hangings. For this purpose a series of blocks are provided, which, if united, would form the figure intended to be produced. By printing successively from these blocks, the different colours fall into their proper places, until the whole process is completed. Great care is of course necessary in causing each coloured impression to fit in its proper place, so that it may neither overlap another, nor leave any part unprinted upon; but as the hand-press is employed, the workman is enabled to keep each colour in *register* by means of points in the tympan of the press or on the engraving.

The whole operation of printing at the press being completed, the sheets are next carried to drying-rooms, heated to about 80° Fahrenheit, and are allowed to remain there three or four days, in order to fix the colours.

The successful printing of playing cards greatly depends upon the quality of the inks which are employed. The common printing-ink, even after the lapse of years, is liable to slur or smutch. In the manufacture of playing-cards,

such inks only must be used as will bear the friction to which the cards are subjected in the process of polishing, as well as in passing between the fingers of the players. The colours employed by the Messrs. De La Rue are prepared from the best French lamp-black, or Chinese vermillion, ground in oil;—this is effected by a machine, consisting of cylinders revolving at regulated speeds, by which any defects from the inattention of the workman, in grinding by hand, are avoided. These colours are now brought to such perfection, that the card itself is not more durable than the impression on its surface.

The paper intended for the *backs*, being previously prepared with the colour desired, in the same manner as the *fronts*, is printed in various devices at the hand-press or steam-machine. The *plaid* or *tartan* backs are produced from a block engraved with straight lines, and printed in one colour, which is afterwards crossed with the same or any other colour, by again laying the sheet on the block, so that the first lines cross the second printing at any required angle. A variety of other devices are obtained from appropriate blocks; and some, like the court cards, and by the same process, are printed in a number of colours.

In printing *gold backs*, size is substituted for ink; the face of the card is then powdered over with bronze dust, and rubbed over with a soft cotton or woollen dabber, by which the bronze is made to adhere to those parts only which have received the size. The printing of gold backs is usually executed after the card is pasted, but we have described the process here for the sake of convenience.

As connected with the printing of backs, we may mention that the Messrs. De La Rue have lately taken out a patent for printing from woven wire, from which some highly beautiful patterns are obtained, bearing, of course, a perfect resemblance to the woven fabric. The wire when prepared for printing is merely fastened at the ends by two pieces of wood, and stretched over a cast-iron block, on which it is fixed by means of screws passing through the wood into the iron. The variety of these patterns is very great; the printing is effected in the ordinary manner.

Hitherto we have been referring to printed *sheets of paper*, which are either the size of double or single foolscap; the next object, therefore, is the conversion of these sheets into card-boards of the usual thickness. In France the card generally consists of two sheets of paper; but in England a more substantial article is demanded; it is generally four sheets thick, that is, the foreside and the back, and two inside leaves of an inferior description.

In order to make a firm and smooth card, it is first necessary to obtain a paste of an equable well-mixed substance. A paste of this quality is produced from flour and water, mixed together, and heated to the boiling point, in a forty-gallon copper, by steam; which is made to pass into the interstices between the copper and an external casing of cast-iron, of the same shape as the boiler. By employing steam, instead of fire, the paste is not liable to burn, or adhere to the sides of the copper, and thus become deteriorated in its colour and quality.

Previous to the commencement of pasting, it is necessary that the sheets be arranged in the order in which they are to be pasted. This operation is termed *mingling*. The *insides*, which are merely two sheets of paper pasted together, are placed between the foresides and backs, so that the paste may take them up without the possibility of error. A heap of paper so pasted will therefore uniformly consist of the foreside and back, between which, the inside, pasted on each side, is placed.

The paste is laid on by means of a large brush, resembling the head of a hair-broom, with which the workman, by a series of systematic circular movements, distributes a thin coat. And by way of illustration of the long practice and manual dexterity which is necessary for perfection in even the simplest departments of art or labour, it may be worthy of notice that card-pasting is in itself a branch of labour, and that three or four years' practice is necessary to render the operator complete master of his business.

These newly-pasted cards are then, in quantities of four or five reams at a time, subjected to the gradual but powerful pressure of a hydraulic press of one hundred tons, worked by a steam-engine. By this means the water in the paste exudes, and the air between the leaves is expelled, which would otherwise remain, and give the card a blistered appearance.

After remaining a short time in the press, they are hung up on lines to dry; and to prevent, as much as possible, their warping while in this limpid state, small pins or wires are passed through the corners, and are then dexterously bent over the lines in the drying room.

The card-boards, after thus drying, are subjected to the pressure and friction of a brush-cylinder,—the face of which is covered with short thick set bristles, which not merely polish the surface, but even penetrate into the interstices. At this stage of the manufacture, cards of a superior description are waterproofed on the back with a varnish prepared for the purpose, so that they may not be marked by the fingers in dealing. When so

prepared, they will keep perfectly clean, and may even be washed, without injuring the impression or softening the card.

In continuation of the process of polishing, the card-boards are passed between revolving rollers of moderate warmth, one being of iron, the other of paper cut edgewise; they are next subjected to two bright iron-faced rollers; and finally, to the number of ten or fifteen at a time, they are interleaved with thin sheets of copper, and effectually milled by being passed about a dozen times between two large and powerful cylinders. After being thus thoroughly polished, for the purpose of being flattened, they are subjected to the pressure of a hydrostatic press of eight hundred tons, worked by steam.

It may appear surprising that so much labour and machinery, and such circuitous means—requiring the operation of four distinct cylindrical machines, as well as a hydraulic press, all worked by steam,—should be required for effecting an object apparently so simple as that of polishing and flattening a card-board. It is however, found that this end cannot be attained in a more expeditious manner, but that the means adopted must be, gradual, though increasingly powerful in their different stages.

The boards being printed and pasted, polished and flattened, are next cut up into single cards. The apparatus by which this is effected, and by which perfect exactness in the size of the cards is preserved, may be briefly described as a pair of scissors from two to three feet long, one blade of which is permanently fixed on the table. The card-board, being placed upon the bench, is slipped between the blades of the scissors, and pushed up to a screw-gauge adjusted to the requisite width; the moveable blade, by being then closed, cuts the card-board into eight narrow slips called *traverses*, each containing five cards. These *traverses* then undergo a similar operation at a smaller pair of gauge-scissors, where they are cut up into single cards, to the amount of thirty thousand daily.

All that now remains is the making-up into packs. After assorting the cards, the workman begins by laying out on a long table a given number (say two hundred) at one time; he then covers these with another suit, and so on consecutively until he has laid out all the cards that constitute a pack; so that by this operation two hundred packs are completed almost simultaneously. The best cards are called *Moguls*, the others *Harrys*, and *Highlanders*,—the inferior cards consist of those which have any imperfection in the impression, or any marks or specks on the surface.

It may be necessary to remark that the Aces of Spades are printed at the Stamp Office, whether the cards be for exportation or for the home market,—the paper for printing being sent to the Stamp Office by the maker; and an account of the number of aces furnished by the Stamp Office is kept by the authorities. Before cards are delivered by the manufacturer an officer is sent to seal them, and a duty of a shilling per pack is paid monthly for those that are sold for home consumption. But as they are not liable to duty when intended for exportation, the card-maker enters into a bond that they shall be duly shipped, and an officer is sent to see them put into the case, and to seal it up.

We have been thus minute in our explanation of the Messrs. De La Rue's improved mode of manufacturing cards, on account of the superiority of the articles they produce, as well as from the circumstance that a description of the different stages of card making, as carried on by them, has not before been offered to the public. But we may further observe, that their business also embraces bookbinding, paper-staining, lace-paper making, embossing, electro-typing, printing in colours, and gold and silver printing. The "Golden Sun," which was the first attempt at gold-printing on a large scale, was executed by the Messrs. De La Rue at one of Cowper's ordinary steam printing-machines, but an extensive sale could alone have reimbursed the great expense incurred in this mode of printing. We may briefly notice that it was effected in a manner similar to that adopted in printing the gold backs of cards. In the first instance a kind of gum, called gold-size, is used instead of ink: a fine gold dust is then powdered over the impression, which is afterwards rubbed over with a cotton dabber, causing the metal to adhere only to the gold size.

The manufacture of *Letter Envelopes* is a branch of trade which has recently arisen, but which has progressively increased, from the very extended correspondence among all classes since the reduction of the postage of letters. At first these envelopes were, and generally still are, cut by hand. In this respect Messrs. De La Rue have contrived to economise labour to a great extent. The paper intended to be cut up into envelopes, (generally in quantities of a ream at a time) is placed on a table, upon which it is secured by a press-board, adjusted to the width of the intended envelope. The cutting-machine consists of a knife suspended from the ceiling, and working with elbow-joints, so that, by a parallel motion, it is made to divide the paper in a right line. In this way the entire ream is cut up into slips of the

width of the envelopes, and, by a similar process, these slips are further formed into diamond-shaped pieces. The corners are then punched by a chisel, having one end moulded in the form of a right angle; they are afterwards folded at the corners, and the envelope is completed.

The whole of the Messrs. De La Rue's establishment is carried on in a manner perfectly unique. Steam power, wherever practicable, is applied to the various departments of business; and carpenters' and engineers' shops are attached to the premises, where the implements and machinery are repaired.

One cannot visit the premises without being amazed at the skill, labour, and capital thus employed for the gratification of our artificial wants, and without being impressed, by contrast, with the vastness and importance of those branches of manufacture which contribute to the necessities and comforts of life, and from which the bulk of our national wealth is derived.

TARAKANOFF.

[The author of "The Lollards" has again appeared before the public in a most charming volume entitled "Many-coloured Life," consisting of alternate prose and poetic sketches, many of which were published in the leading periodicals of the day, and met with a most flattering reception. Mr. Gaspey has here avowed the authorship of the well-known lines on the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, which were generally attributed to Canning. The original contributions to the new volume are quite equal in merit to the author's former efforts; and as the work, from its intrinsic excellence and varied character, is likely to become highly popular, we make no apology for extracting the following tale, which will serve as a specimen of the whole.]

The Empress Catharine the Second had supplanted her miserable husband; the sovereignty of all the Russias was hers; and her name was celebrated throughout Europe. It was supposed that none dare oppose her will, when it transpired that she had been crossed in a matter well calculated to vex her proud spirit, as the object of the transgressor, it might fairly be presumed, was at some future day to shake her throne.

Every one knew that the late Empress Elizabeth had left children, the offspring of her clandestine union with the Grand Veneur Alexey Gregoriwitch Razumofski, and these, it was understood, were being brought up in obscurity, unconscious of their high birth. At that period Catharine had commenced her oppression of the Poles. Their wrongs were felt by Prince Radzivil, and, just at this juncture, it was made known to him that one of the daughters of Elizabeth was being privately educated, under the name of Tarakanoff. It immediately occurred to the prince, that, know-

ing the secret of the young princess's birth, in her he had found the means of avenging the wrongs which the Poles had to deplore, and of advancing his own fortunes at the same time. If patriotism prompted him to attempt the former, interest and ambition were nothing backward in urging the latter. He flattered himself, that if he could withdraw Tarakanoff from those who at present had her in their keeping, the name of a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth might raise a party in her behalf, sufficiently numerous to check the Russian hordes, which spread desolation over Poland: nor was it impossible, that in gratitude for the vast services he proposed to render, he might ultimately be rewarded with her hand, and share the crown, which he proposed to place on her brow.

With this view, he applied himself to bribe those who were about the princess. Everything succeeded to the extent of his wishes, and with little difficulty he possessed himself of the prize, and carried the daughter of Elizabeth, then but twelve years of age, to Rome.

Catharine was not slow to visit this proceeding with her resentment. Treating him as the chief of a confederacy formed against her, on that plea alone, for it was not deemed politic to attach much importance to the retreat of the young princess, Radzivil saw his estates seized, and was reduced to the necessity of living by the sale of the diamonds and other valuables which he had taken with him to Italy. He soon found himself near the end of his resources, and left Tarakanoff under the care of a single governess at Rome, to return to Poland, in the hope of raising new means. The emissaries of Catharine tempted him, by offering the restoration of his estates, if he gave the princess up. He would not disgrace himself by consenting to that; but he did the next thing to it, by engaging for the proffered benefit, never again to interest himself in her fortunes. The princess was, consequently, left at Rome in very indifferent circumstances. If, from time to time, remittances were furnished, they were never too liberal, lest, being so, they should betray the quarter whence they came, and expose the sender to imperial vengeance.

Tarakanoff had exulted in the brilliant prospects opened to her by Prince Radzivil. Her youthful heart was not inaccessible to ambition; and her disappointment was proportionably severe, when she found herself deserted by the individual who had first taught her to raise her thoughts to a throne. Time, however, abated her sorrow, reconciled her to a humbler lot, and she was not miserable. She, indeed, tried to persuade herself, that, after all, the greater happiness might be found in a lowly station;

and, as successive summers matured her person, and expanded her mind, passing with her single attendant through the streets of "the eternal city," she gazed on the palaces, the temples,—

"Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn,"

and the aqueducts which had swelled the pride of by-gone ages, and felt inclined to apostrophize those by whom they had been inhabited, attended, and traversed, as Horace does Archytus, and to ask of what importance were all these works, stupendous as they had been?

"Where, O where," she would mentally enquire, "are those by whom they are planned and fashioned?"

"In the grave," was necessarily the reply, if, indeed, they had not been carelessly or wantonly ejected from what was designed to be their final resting-place.

Such thoughts were passing through her mind one day, while, with a curious eye, she was looking at the exterior of the church of St. Giovanni, when a military officer approached her with a smile, and said:—

"Youth and age, it has been told, cannot be agreeable to each other. But this may hardly be true, since you gaze as earnestly on a church a thousand years old, as other young females would do on a new dress, or a new admirer."

His manner, though free, was so respectful, that it was impossible for Tarakanoff to feel offended.

"It interests me," she replied, "to note the labours of piety, and the achievements of industry and skill in remote ages."

"And with reason," said he. "But this sacred edifice is comparatively a modern erection. It stands on the site of a palace built by the Emperor Constantine, in the year 324. Further on is the *baptisterie*, which bears his name, rich in ancient relics; but the obelisk, which stands there, is still more worthy of consideration."

"Why more worthy?" enquired Tarakanoff, who thought a simple column could hardly be preferred by any one to a venerable edifice like that on which she gazed.

"Because," said the officer, "it marks in a more striking manner the mastery which mind can acquire over matter. That obelisk was fashioned at Thebes, carried down the Nile to Alexandria, and subsequently removed, by command of the Emperor Constantius, son to Constantine, from Egypt to Rome. Such an effort would, by millions, have been deemed impossible; but the truly great can compass the most astonishing labours: to will and to accomplish are with them the same."

"In Russia," said the princess, "I believe a greater mass has lately been removed, by order of the Empress."

"Yes, by her order; but not, it may be, through any skill or energy of hers. The French sculptor, who is to execute the statue of Peter the Great, wishes to have for its pedestal, a huge and rugged rock. One suited to his views was found near the Gulf of Finland, and, by means of grooves, supplied with cannon-balls, and windlasses, it has been conveyed to St. Petersburg."

Tarakanoff asked many questions respecting the wonderful effort of industry, and the astonishing work of art, of which it was to form a part. The statue, when completed, he said, would be the most stupendous monument human ingenuity had ever constructed. It was true the rock pedestal had not been carried so great a distance as the Theban obelisk had; but its weight was more than three times as great; the obelisk being only equal to nine hundred and seven thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine pounds: while the rock weighed three millions, two hundred thousand.

But, while celebrating this great peaceful achievement, he repeatedly took occasion to deny that the Empress could claim any merit for the plan, or the execution of it. That her present favourite could feel affection for such a mistress, he affirmed to be impossible, a mistress, who, during the life of her husband, had not scrupled to avow that she had been false to him, while, in the same breath, hypocritically pretending to intercede for her paramour, she, by naming, exposed him to the vengeance of the Emperor.

To various enquiries which she could not help making, he gave answers which she deemed rich in knowledge. He addressed her with easy frankness, but without being in any way presuming, and soon took his leave.

He had interested her, and from the vast information he seemed to possess, she would willingly have questioned him further, but it was now too late. Her attention, however, was soon otherwise occupied.

"I will speak my mind," said a middle-aged man, with a dark swarthy complexion, and round, glistening, black eyes. "I will speak my mind. The objects which occupy your attention, (for I have overheard your conversation,) are worthy of your high birth, which is not unknown to me. I have often marked your dignified air, when entering the villa in which you reside; and as often have I said to myself, 'there is one whom Nature has stamped a queen.' I cannot flatter, but I will speak my mind."

Tarakanoff curtsayed, and was passing on, when he advanced and stood before her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I will speak my mind. To honour youth, beauty, and misfortune, may be a weakness, but it is mine. I offer homage to excellence. The rest of the world may bow to wealth and power; that is not my way. I reverence virtue; but I will speak my mind."

She acknowledged his attentions with a bow, and was walking away: he again approached, and added,—

"Do not mistake what I have said for unmeaning compliment. I deal not in empty words. If I can serve you with my influence, or my purse, command me. At the corner of yonder street," said he, pointing, "you may always hear of me. My name is Ribas. I am a man of small consideration, a Neapolitan by birth, too blunt and unmannerly to make way in the world; but I must speak my mind."

From that day Tarakanoff seldom walked out, but Ribas came in her way. He always accosted her with the same abrupt good-will; always testified the highest admiration for the young princess; treated her with all possible respect; but declared that he would speak his mind.

Radzivil, engaged in new schemes, sometimes forgot for months together the instrument of his ambition, by which he had once hoped to ascend a throne, but which, to regain his lost estates, he had been forced to cast aside. Tarakanoff, now approaching womanhood, being in her eighteenth year, felt acutely the privations consequent on this negligence. Day after day, and week after week passed away, but no remittance came. She had incurred debts, and the creditors became clamorous for pay. To such an extremity was she reduced, that the princess began to dread being left without the common necessities of life.

It was then, it appeared to her, the proper time to bring the proffered kindness of Ribas to the test. The governess was deputed to speak to him on the delicate subject of a loan. She did so; and he bluntly refused: but desired to see the princess on the subject, as to her he was anxious to speak his mind.

She was disappointed at the reception given to her first request, but consented to receive him, that she might intimate to him once for all, her wish to dispense with attentions so rich in words; so barren, when the moment for proving their value arrived, of anything else.

He came, and was received with an air of offended dignity.

"I see, Madam," said he, "that you are displeased; nor can I wonder at it, for I will

“speak my mind. But explanation will, perhaps, set things right. A loan you shall not have from me; but, madam, my purse is at your service, only not as a loan. That is my way. I do not like lending; and I will speak my mind.”

Suiting the action to the word, he placed a well replenished purse on the table.

Tarakanoff was not a little embarrassed. The contempt and displeasure with which she had prepared to meet him, were changed to admiring gratitude. She reproached herself for the injurious thoughts she had entertained.

“I know not how to thank you, Sir,” she said. “Such unlooked-for kindness overpowers me.”

“It is our duty to do good; so I have always thought: and I will speak my mind.”

“Your liberality is almost unearthly. I can only regard you as a special messenger sent from Heaven, to deliver me from a situation the most calamitous.”

Ribas seemed hurt by this excess of gratitude, as he termed it. He withdrew requesting, that when his aid was again wanting, it might be freely claimed; hinting, withal, that in this he was not wholly disinterested, as he looked to be one day repaid with usury; he would speak his mind: when she, the undoubted rightful sovereign of the Russian Empire, should be seated on the throne of her ancestors.

He occasionally called to ask after the health of the princess. His carriage was always most respectful, but his speech was abrupt. There was, however, a sincerity in his manner, when he desired her at all times, and on all occasions, to make use of him if she possibly could, which Tarakanoff felt could not be misunderstood, and which would have atoned for a thousand less amiable peculiarities than his deportment exhibited.

With a friend so trustworthy, reserve was considered unnecessary. She scrupled not to mention what the professed views of Radzivil had been. Those she had now learned to regard as extravagant; but she avowed that she felt it was acting an unworthy part to desert her as he had done.

“It proves,” said Ribas, “that he was a wretch, without feeling. I will speak my mind—Princess, another, a nobler than he, may be found, who will carry through the good work which he only dared to contemplate, not to attempt. I would fain speak my mind. Shall I say more, lady?”

Tarakanoff, utterly at a loss to guess what revelation her kind friend desired to make, regarded him with much amazement. Her looks, however, indicated that she was not unwilling to hear him.

“But your attendant,” said he, looking significantly at the female, who usually remained with the princess.

“You may leave the room,” said Tarakanoff to her companion; and the latter withdrew.

“I thank you for this honour,” said Ribas; “for I will speak my mind. Trust me, I have much to say that will interest you. I could not feel that my part was acted, while I had merely supplied you with a slight pecuniary relief. I desire to see you raised to that situation which the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth ought to occupy. Nor do I merely wish this for your sake, but, for I will speak my mind, because I wish well to the whole family of man. I see the Russians cruelly oppressed by a tyrannical, heartless woman. They groan beneath her yoke. One daring hand might break it.”

“Of whom do you speak?”

“Of Count Orloff.”

“He is the favourite of the Empress?”

“Yes; and, consequently, is desperate. No doubt he is right well provided for. His apartments in the palace, and his twelve thousand rubles per month, are not to be despised. But what then? Can he sleep in peace? Does he not know that a single night, without cause or warning, may suffice to terminate his good fortune and his life.”

“And his life?”

“Ay, his life I said; for I will speak my mind. Lady, the favourite of Catharine sleeps on Mount *Ætna*, and may be consumed by the blazing volcano before morning. The instruments of her tyranny to-day, are often seen the victims of her cruelty to-morrow.”

“Is she so feeble?”

“One hour will suffice to turn her weather-cock-heart from love to hate. Were I in the place of Orloff, I should feel inclined to do what your illustrious parent deemed necessary, that is, for I must speak my mind, I would seek out the most wakeful person in all Russia, as she did, to watch by my chamber-door while I slept, lest I should wake in another world.”

“And did my parent, the Empress Elizabeth, seek for one who could dispense with sleep?”

“She did. Her noble mind disdained to purchase security for herself, by depriving another of life, as Catharine scruples not to do. She, therefore, sought for a man who was at once deformed, frightful to be looked upon, and wakeful, that he might watch in her chamber, without causing suspicion to attach to her character.”

“That Catharine is cruel, I know; but her favourites I deemed safe.”

“There can be no safety, I will speak my

mind, where absolute power is found, and where no touch of humanity exists. All Warsaw execrates her name for the dreadful spectacle it lately witnessed, when nine Polish gentlemen, who had fallen under her displeasure, were sent there with their hands amputated. General Drevitch was, in this instance, personally the executioner. With horrid eagerness he assumed the task; but, brutal as his nature is, he would not have done so, but to gain the favour of the Empress for the alacrity thus evinced to work out her cruel will."

"What appalling infamy!"

"It may, perhaps, be his to drink of the same bitter cup himself before he dies. One executioner who lately gloried much in the proficiency which he had gained in his profession, met with a reward on which he had not calculated. By command of the Empress, his tongue was cut out, and he was sent to Siberia."

Tarakanoff shuddered at the mention of such enormities, and listened attentively while Ribas proceeded to speak of Count Orloff.

That favourite he described to be one of the most extraordinary men the world had ever seen. Victorious in war, by sea and land, the genius of a statesman was also his, and with all he combined the grace of the most refined courtier. "On the deck of a man of war, in the cabinet, on the battle-field, and in the imperial drawing-room, Count Orloff," said Ribas, "is equally at home."

"I have always heard him named as distinguished from the rest of his countrymen, by his fervent attachment to Catharine."

"So he would have the world believe; and on that impression he lives. But her tyranny, caprice, and ingratitude, have long since rendered her hateful in his sight. Lady, I will speak my mind,—might he find favour in your eyes, soon would he spurn her hateful rule, to share with you the throne which she usurps."

The magnificent day dreams which Prince Radzivil had caused her formerly to know, seemed about to return. The spark of ambition, but imperfectly quenched, began to revive in her bosom.

"But how," said she, "can you decide thus confidently on such a subject? Whatever I should think of him, Count Orloff might not be pleased with me."

"Lady, I will speak my mind, for I know not how to conceal it. Not idly would I consume your time by repeating the mere wanderings of a lively imagination. I scruple not to say he loves you."

Tarakanoff looked at him with amazement.

"You are astonished, princess," said Ribas, "as you may well be; but what I say is truth."

"How can Orloff be said to love one whom he has never seen?"

"He has seen you."

"Can that be possible?"

"It is most true. His active mind carries him everywhere, and enquires into everything. He has been at Rome, and he has seen and conversed with you."

"In this you are misinformed; for, excepting with my preceptress, my maid, and Prince Radzivil, I have spoken with no one here, but yourself."

"Pause for a moment. You may, perhaps, remember being one day accosted near the church of St. Giovanni by a stranger."

Tarakanoff instantly recollected the officer who had spoken to her on the subject of the obelisk, which Constantine had removed from Thebes. She was struck with the easy and prepossessing air of the speaker at the time.

"And was that—was that," she asked, "the far-famed Count Orloff?"

"It was; and few as the moments were in which he had the felicity to stand in your presence, your charms made an impression on him, princess, which can never, I will speak my mind, be obliterated while he lives."

Tarakanoff blushed. The warmth of the friendly Ribas she could almost have mistaken for love on his part.

"This known," he went on, "say, may he prefer his suit with a hope of success? Pronounce the word; for, lady, since that day he has roamed about, heedless of all the world, save one beloved object, and is at this hour in Rome, impatient to throw himself at your feet."

More surprised than ever, Tarakanoff knew not how to credit what she heard. But Ribas gave the fullest explanations, and went into such ample details, that to doubt was impossible.

The favourable impression which Orloff had already made, and the vast benefits which Ribas shewed he might be the means of securing for her, disposed her to receive him.

He came, and so far as speech and deportment went, made good, at least in the eyes of the admiring Tarakanoff, all that had been reported of him by Ribas. On his part, the most passionate admiration of the princess was manifested; and she was deeply sensible of his merit.

"I honour you," said he, "for your rank, princess. But, ah! how poor—how weak and unsubstantial is all the homage which greatness can command, compared with that spontaneous adoration which is felt ever springing from the heart that fondly loves! Let me confess the truth; ambition first brought me to your presence, ambition and resentment."

"Resentment!" exclaimed Tarakanoff.

"Yes, of the supercilious pride and mean thanklessness of Catharine: these made me resentful, and not ill-disposed to take from her the throne she unworthily fills, which I originally gained for her, and which my sword has so long upheld. But this motive fails me when I see you, and ardent admiration of your charms is all that I can know."

"In what has Catharine so acted as to move your anger?"

"In countless instances. She wishes no name to be celebrated in her empire but her own; and seems to wither in the blaze of another's renown. Forgetful of my services, when the owl-like Prince Henry of Prussia came lately to visit St. Petersburg, she was anxious to make a conquest of him. Even his indifference could hardly save him from her advances. Wherever he moved, she was constantly before him; and stars, diamonds, gold medals, rich furs, with a portrait of herself in a ring, were lavished on him, and all his suite were, in like manner, overwhelmed with presents."

"You would appear to have been moved by jealousy."

"Jealousy, in the common sense of the word, few men, I think, could feel on account of Catharine. Her baseness has roused me to anger, but her blandishments could never wake affection such as the first moment in which I saw you, my whole soul panted to offer."

"Your abode at court has made you a proficient in the art of flattery."

"Believe it not. Flattery is deceit, and deceit in any shape my nature abhors. Though I sometimes mingle in courtly scenes, it is only because duty or necessity call me there. Not all the magnificence of the Hermitage itself can delight me."

"Of what Hermitage do you speak in such singular terms?"

"Of the grand suite of apartments so called, lately built by Catharine, close to the imperial palace, to be the repository of all that art, luxury, and measureless wealth could bring together. Raphael's gallery presents a *fac simile* of that of the Vatican; gorgeously decorated rooms, for cards, billiards, and music are there; and a superb garden, enclosed above by brass wire, so that the birds, its inmates, may rise on the wing, but not escape, adds to its attractions. Concealed furnaces give it warmth, and fruits and flowers are here raised in perfection at all seasons of the year."

"The effect must be magical."

"Such is her whim. In all her festive arrangements, she aims to astonish as much as to delight. Banquets present themselves,

apparently unaided by human hands; and, in due time, are withdrawn by invisible agency; and the startling arrangements of a stage pantomime, are often witnessed in the palace of the Czars."

"I could wish to behold them. Such splendour, so wonderfully managed, must charm every eye."

"You, I trust, will behold them. You ought to be their mistress. You, princess—Empress I should rather call you—I deem my rightful sovereign. This I have always done: but, from the moment I beheld you, your empire over my warmest affections was established once and for ever."

"Count, you overpower me. To your speech I have listened with pleasure; but you will suspect that I have no better motive than vanity for doing so, if I permit you to proceed unproved."

"Reprove me not; but encourage me by your smile to go on in the good work which, I flatter myself, it will be mine to perform. Make me yours, and give me the authority of a husband, to claim the crowns and kingdoms that belong to his royal consort."

"Nay, tell me not of crowns and kingdoms. These are not wanting to happiness. Peace and love, I trust, may be mine with Orloff; and all the world contains beside, has little value for me."

"That is sweetly urged; but there are rights—sacred inalienable rights,—rights, in connection with which, the well-being of a great people are bound up, which it may be weakness not to assert, and criminal to abandon. If suffering millions groan beneath the hated sway of a usurping tyrant, the true heir to the throne, whose generous heart and enlarged mind, would diffuse general happiness, where hopeless misery is now mourned, declining to venture in such a cause, would forget a solemn duty. To know those, who ought to depend upon you for protection, are the victims of an iron-hearted despot, and to leave them to their fate, were sin against Heaven."

"Chide me not, Orloff. If Catharine have unlawfully borne a title, and taken possession of a throne which ought to be mine, can I be culpable for not redressing wrongs of which I have never heard? But, though cruel to me, she may be kind to her subjects."

"Her subjects! yours, say rather. Oh, princess, I cannot endure that Catharine should longer be recognized as the lawful sovereign of all the Russias. My sword shall put an end to the odious usurpation, and Tarakanoff shall reign."

Ambition had been early kindled in her bosom. Love now strove by the side of am-

bition, and she desired to possess a crown, that she might bestow it on Orloff.

Delightful were those moments, in which, alone with her admirer, or only accompanied by the bluff sturdy Ribas, Tarakanoff could dwell on the glorious prospects opening to her. The confidence he expressed that the subjects of Tarakanoff would not, and the base slaves of Catharine could not, support her tottering throne against his conquering hand, she imbibed, and felt satisfied that the imperial sceptre must pass into her hands. Then did she exult in the noble gifts with which it would be hers to requite the fond devotion of her lover, as well as the generous attachment of the kind and faithful Ribas. At this thought tears of joy came to her eyes, with which the Count and his representative failed not to sympathize.

Her governess had of late lost much of her authority, and at this it appeared to the princess she was unreasonably mortified. Nor was the impression removed, when the former claimed her particular attention to some most important intelligence which she had received. It amounted to this, that Orloff was notorious as a heartless libertine; that he was a stranger to truth; and according to common rumour, the murderer of the late Emperor.

A calumny so horrible, Tarakanoff thought it would be wrong to conceal. Without betraying her author, she acquainted the Count with what she had heard. Great was her delight at witnessing the reception which he gave it. He mourned that any being in human form could derive gratification from so vile an invention, which, however, so far as it affected him, he treated with the most ineffable contempt. Ribas shared his feelings on this subject, and pointed out to Tarakanoff, what the delicacy of the Count had prevented him from doing for himself; that "envy would evermore follow transcendent worth. It might have spared him, had he really wooed fortune in the character of an assassin, but it could not forgive the man who, both on land and at sea, had challenged the admiration of the world as a hero."

She gave herself up to joyous expectation. The governess ventured to hint, that it struck her as not a little strange, honoured and distinguished as Alexis Orloff had been by Catharine, that he should now appear disposed to dispossess her of her empire. But Tarakanoff remembered the triumphant refutation which he had given to the injurious statement which had formerly reached her, and she felt that genuine love would not again for a moment harbour a thought against one so truly noble, and so eminently worthy of all her confidence.

She yielded to earnest entreaties to complete his happiness, by consenting that an early day should be named for their union. The marriage, on account of conscientious scruples on his part, was celebrated according to the Greek ritual; and, deeply affected by touching solemnity, Ribas gave the bride away with real exultation.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS ON VENTILATION.

[Continued from our last.]

We are not of the number of those who imagine that employment in a cotton factory is necessarily a demoralizing or health-destroying occupation. The opinion of Dr. Ure, and many others who have investigated the subject, is more in accordance with our views; he says that employment in a cotton manufactory may be, and generally is, as salubrious as any other which the children of labour can obtain in the present state of the world. Perhaps this healthiness may be now attributed, in no inconsiderable degree, to the attention that has been bestowed on the ventilation of these buildings. Not that it is perfect by any means. And we hold that an increased attention to the education of the minds, the ablution of the bodies, and the ventilation of their apartments, is the bounden duty of those by whom the "children of labour" are employed in these factories.

Dr. Ure, in his *Philosophy of Manufactures*, published in 1835, compares the ventilation of factories with that of our old Houses of Parliament, in his mind much to the disparagement of the latter. He describes the use of excentric fans for the purpose of ventilation, made to revolve with a rapidity of nearly a hundred feet in a second; and speaks of the effect of Fairbairn and Lillie's fan upon a large factory as truly admirable. He tells a curious story of the workpeople "in a weaving mill near Manchester, where the ventilation had been bad," who, instead of thanking their master for introducing one of these fans, and thereby increasing their comfort and health, made "a formal complaint to him that the ventilation had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages." We "guess" the march of intellect has diffused more correct notions as to the connection between health, wealth, appetite, and wages.

Without a diagram it would not be easy to explain the precise action of this instrument, which draws the air from the different rooms. "When such a fan, placed at the end of an

apartment about two hundred feet long, is in full action, it throws the air so powerfully out of it, as to create a draught at the other end of the room, capable of keeping a weighted door six inches ajar." By means of such a machine as this, the change of air in the apartments of a factory may be very effectual; and if due attention is paid to the proper mode of admitting of the fresh and the egress of the vitiated air, the ventilation will be very complete. Of course, in the large factories, there is no difficulty in finding a little spare power for working the fan.

Mr. Heywood, of Manchester, has proposed that, in factories and large workshops, each window should contain two casements, or moveable frames, one at the top, opening outwards, for the escape of the contaminated air; and another at the bottom, opening inwards, for the admission of fresh air. Such an arrangement, especially if the windows extended from near the ceiling to near the floor, would be preferable to the ordinary plan of one small casement in the middle of the window. The method will be readily understood by considering this *V* as representing a side view of the upper part, and this *A* a side view of the lower part of the window.

The ventilation of our infirmaries and hospitals has received more consideration of late years, and in some is very effectual. Where due attention has been paid to this vital subject, the most marked benefit has resulted to the unfortunate inmates. Dr. Reid says, "Public establishments are familiarly known to the medical profession, in which, when the ventilation was imperfect, no case of compound fracture ever recovered; * * * * the prostration of strength became so great, that men who had at first stood the severest operations without a murmur, subsequently cried like children from the slightest pain; and, indeed, cases have actually presented themselves, when the apparently lifeless corpse, subdued and oppressed far more by the atmosphere with which it was surrounded, than by the disease to which it was supposed to have fallen a victim, has actually been known to revive after removal to the dead-room, a separate apartment, where the play of a wholesome atmosphere flowing unrestrictedly upon it, revived the fading flame of life, after it was to all appearance gone, and where health and strength were ultimately restored." The scene is far different now; and not only is there a general ventilation in these buildings, but, under the care of medical officers of scientific attainments, the pure breath of heaven is admitted under circumstances which, in the last century, would have been looked upon, even

by enlightened men, as sure methods, not of prolonging but of destroying life.

Public rooms and offices, places of worship, &c., are frequently ventilated by means of apertures in the ceiling, opening immediately into the roof, or into a pipe terminating in a flue that extends to the top of the building. The openings are concealed by ornamental pateras, or centre flowers, suspended a little below the ceiling. If these apertures were covered with wire gauze it might prevent some of the currents which are occasionally felt, when the cold air flows from the roof, and pours down on the head almost like a stream of cold water. They should all be furnished with a regulator.

But many rooms are sadly deficient. It is strange that so simple a mode of ventilating should be so much neglected; and that banks and other premises, with their large underground vaults and safes, should be entirely unventilated, when the means of removing the vitiated and the damp air are within reach, without involving any current expense. For this purpose Dr. Reid's method might readily be applied to the fire which now affords warmth to their offices.

Perhaps the most chemically scientific apparatus for the supply of air that has ever been attempted, was on the vessels that attended the well-known "Niger Expedition." With a view of supplying a remedy for the want of a free circulation of air between decks in a tropical climate, and for the miasma that usually prevails in alluvial soils on those coasts, a system of ventilating tubes was fitted, under the superintendence of Dr. Reid. With this was connected a chamber containing woollen cloths, lime, &c., through which it was intended, whenever the presence of malaria was suspected, that the air should pass previously to being circulated below by the ventilating apparatus. And it was proposed to admit the air at the top of a pipe, elevated as high above the malaric air as possible.

Alas! notwithstanding all these precautions and preventatives,—

"The angel of death spread his wing on the blast"—and this ill-fated expedition has returned, with the crews of the different vessels lamentably diminished, by their companions having fallen victims to the disease of the country. That an undertaking so benevolently planned, and from which were anticipated the most beneficial results, should have thus entirely failed in its object, and from so discouraging a cause, must be an occasion of grief alike to the statesman, the philanthropist, and the philosopher.

[To be continued.]

THE SOFA AT SEA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

(From Ainsworth's Magazine.)

[This captivating competitor for public favour dashes gallantly along the ocean of literature, and bids fair to outlive many of its older contemporaries in variety, interest, and consequent circulation. The leading tale of "The Miser's Daughter," from the pen of the talented editor, is fraught with graphic delineations of character, and the most dramatic action and effect, only excelled by the admirable etchings by Cruikshanks, which adorn it. T. H. Ainsworth, Esq. has contributed several stirring "Incidents of Travel," of which the best perhaps is the Chase of the Euphrates steamer along the river whose name it bears. The varieties of Strawberry Hill are brought out for general inspection, by means of a series of beautiful wood engravings. The Library Table provides ample store of able criticism. Lord W. Lennox has furnished a pleasant reminiscence of the lamented Theodore Hook, and Miss Pardoe, in catering for "The Ladies Page," has recorded the following "Tale of the Sea," forming one of those little incidents which make up the routine of every day life, and in the absence of weightier events, afford equal illustrations of individual character, and the ever changing phases of society.]

How many plots for comedies might be picked up on board a steam-boat, were it only in studying each particular group scattered over the quivering deck. The careless aristocrat, clad in camlet or caouc-chaouc—the mincing bourgeoisie, clean-gloved and capricious—the restless invalid, querulous and dissatisfied—the tyro-tourist, wandering and important—the accustomed traveller, quiet and observant—the timid, the inquisitive, and above all, the *managing*, whose trunks, portmanteaux, carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas, (naturally of more value than all the other luggage collected in the vessel, and all virtually inscribed "this side up,") are to be placed on a particular spot, piled in a particular manner, and kept under the eye of the owner—at least, until a couple of ruthless sailors carry them off *vi-et-armis*;—consign the trunks to the hold along with the portmanteaux; and displace carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas, when they chance to annoy the other passengers, despite remonstrance and despair!

But the "Antwerpen," in which we embarked for Belgium on the 14th of July, 1839, could boast a finished comedy of its own, which may be fairly entitled "The Sofa at Sea." The demand for places had been so great, that the agents for the vessel had indulged themselves in the (not very justifiable) amusement, of letting all the berths in the ladies' cabin three times over; and its dimensions being somewhat confined, the eagerness of each individual to "hold her own" became proportionably earnest; and fortunate was it for those who had been prudent enough to preserve the ticket, which proved the prior date of their claim. The great object of ambition and contention was, however, a horsehair sofa, placed

immediately under one of the windows, and open to the air of heaven; which, in a small cabin, destined to afford sleeping accommodation (?) to twenty-one individuals, was no mean recommendation.

When we entered to claim our own berths, of which we only obtained possession by "standing to our order," and displacing the *sacs* and *pârasols*, implying their usurped occupancy; the said sofa was enjoyed by a tall, slight, lady-like person, who was quietly reading a volume of the Family Library, and who, like ourselves, had taken refuge from the heavy rain that was deluging the deck, in this most uninviting retreat.

A young and pretty girl, with the large tears of recent parting from some dear one still standing in her eyes, soon joined the party, requesting permission to lay a mantle at her feet for a few moments, when she was answered by a desire that she would place there whatever she pleased, until she could secure her own berth. The dialogue was, however, suddenly terminated by a pert lady's maid, who having barely permitted the cloak to come in contact with the sofa, flung it rudely on the floor, with the remark that it was very easy for people to be generous with what did not belong to them, but that she begged the lady who was inclined to be so polite, to remember that the sofa on which she was lying was not *hers*, but belonged to *her* mistress, Miss —, who would very soon settle matters when *she* came.

To this very seemly address, a calm reply was given: the temporary occupant of the coveted couch was aware that she was not the lady of the sofa, being in fact, what some one on board had facetiously designated one of the "supernumerary ladies," and having no berth whatever; but whom the stewardess, in consideration of her delicate health, had permitted to avail herself of this, until it was claimed by its proper owner.

"A mild answer turneth away wrath," and the fierce waiting-woman, finding no direct objection rise glibly to her tongue, walked out of the cabin in dignified silence. The last consequential flutter of her drapery had scarcely disappeared, when a plump, rosy, ringletted dame of some five-and-forty years of age, swam into the cabin, and discharged a capacious arm-full of sundries upon both the disputed sofa and the calm lady who sat thereon, with an abrupt "I'll thank you, ma'am, to get up, and let me arrange my luggage."

"Certainly, madam," was the rejoinder; "I was only here on sufferance, until Miss —, whom I presume I address, came to claim it."

"I don't know what you mean, and it's of no consequence," sharply retorted the new

comer; "I am not Miss anybody; I am a married woman, ma'am, and my husband's on board—walking the deck—where, if you think proper, you may see him. I don't know any Miss——; but the sofa's mine, and I'll keep it."

The person addressed, who had already vacated the disputed territory, and who had never sought to "remove her neighbour's landmark," only bowed in reply; and as the florid dame made her arrangements on taking possession, I was involuntarily reminded of Mrs. Trollope's "Widow Barnaby;" a coincidence which, as I afterwards discovered, was laughable enough.

"A pretty thing, indeed!" pursued the fat and florid dame, in great indignation, as she spread forth her travelling treasures on the contested sofa; "a person in my delicate state to be put about so!" Then, as she happened to glance round and detect a smile on every lip, she added, in the voice of a stentor, "I suppose, because I am stout, everybody believes that I am in rude health, but it is no such thing; I'll be bound I'm the weakest woman on board, and, indeed, I hardly know how I shall get through it.—This is yours, ma'am, isn't it?" she asked, a moment after, of the rival invalid, as she jerked, rather than lifted, a huge carpet-bag from the sofa—"you must find another place for your things."

"I have not the honour of owning it, madam," was the answer; and the unclaimed *sac-de-nuit* lay abandoned on the carpet.

Five minutes afterwards, a tall, gaunt, sal-low-looking French-woman entered with great seriousness, and seeing the capacious receptacle for sundries so ignominiously situated, gathered it up by a mighty effort, and inquired who had taken the liberty of interfering with her sofa. Then was the battle dire: the lady whose husband was on deck persisted in her claim—she was No. 14, and No. 14 she would be—the sal-low French-woman became flushed with indignation, and flourished her ticket, whereon No. 14 was inscribed in very legible characters, but which was nevertheless treated with supreme contempt; and at length she hurried from the cabin, only to return accompanied by an enormous man, encased in dark grey camlet, surmounted by a *casquette* defying all description, who growled out, with much the same gentleness as might be anticipated from one of Jove's thunderbolts, the appalling inquiry,—*Qui a ose deranger les affaires de ma femme ?*

No one replied: the stout dame evidently did not understand the question, and the lookers-on saw no necessity to interfere; but when the man-mountain began in his turn to sweep away the luxurious arrangements of the possessor of the sofa, in order to re-instal the

vast carpet-bag, it was found necessary to call for the interference of the stewardess, who had been occupied in the fore-cabin, and who terminated the discussion in a very unexpected manner, by stoutly telling "the weakest woman on board" that neither she nor her luggage could remain where she was, as her berth was No. 14, *forward*, where it was quite ready for her.

Forward! the "Widow Barnaby" coolly told to walk forward—to squeeze her comely person between people's carriages to the fore part of the vessel—and then to find herself No. 14, in the second cabin! Her exit was magnificent; and, save on deck, we saw her no more.

The Frenchwoman looked on in grim satisfaction; and when the light-handed stewardess had ejected the last package of the worsted enemy, she advanced, flanked by her portly husband, to replace the *sac-de-nuit*, the well-crammed object of her solicitude;—but neither was this to be. "What's your name, if you please, ma'am?" asked the female functionary.

"*C'est ma femme*," growled out Monsieur; "*et voici son billet*."

"Then the lady hasn't got a berth at all, sir, and there's some mistake," said the stewardess, referring to her list—"for No. 14 has been let for ten days, and your ticket is only dated yesterday; so I must trouble you to take that great carpet-bag on deck, for we've no spare room here."

A volley of *sacres*, interspersed with sundry other energetic French expletives, was the reply, agreeably varied as only a Gallic vocabulary could vary them; and these were eventually terminated by the inquiry, "*Mais, comment donc ! osez-vous mettre dehors les affaires de ma femme ?*"

"Must indeed, sir," said the stewardess; "Madame should have taken her place earlier—and the bag will be safe enough upon deck."

"*C'est indigne !*" exclaimed the husband, foaming with rage, and addressing himself to the assembled party; "*Je vous demande, mesdames, si ce n'est pas indigne de mettre a la porte les affaires de ma femme ?*"

But we had not even the comfort of sympathy to offer him, for what sympathy could be felt by one-and-twenty individuals, destined to be pent up in a small apartment of about six feet by four, during a night in July, with the sorrows of a stranger, which promised them deliverance from an extra companion? And, accordingly, seeing the hopelessness of extracting consolation from the tenants of the cabin, he at length tucked his lean wife under one arm, the voluminous carpet-bag under the other, and slowly ascended the companion-ladder, grumbling as he went, his last words audible to us being—"les affaires de ma femme."

Miss —, with the pert attendant, was then really the "Great Unknown,"—the lady of the sofa, and not even the heavy rain which had been steadily falling ever since we left the Tower-stairs had driven her below to claim it. Out of mere want of occupation, we all became curious to see her take possession; but we were not to be gratified—her Abigail was still her representative, and an indignant one she was, when she returned to the cabin only to discover what had taken place, and found that she had to re-do all the undoings of the deposed "Widow Barnaby."

The plot thickened: there was an aged lady on board, the widow of a naval officer of rank, whose friends had only been enabled to secure for her an upper berth, to which she was totally unable to climb, and who trusted to the considerate kindness of some younger woman to exchange with her. As the sofa now appeared incontestibly to be the legitimate property of the fortunate Miss —, and as that lady was still invisible,—the said sofa being undeniably the most eligible position for the Admiral's widow,—it was determined by her friends that the fussy Abigail should be made the bearer of a polite message to her mistress, requesting her to accede to the exchange. She resisted stoutly for a time. "She knew that *her* mistress would never allow herself to be put about for no one—she wouldn't herself;" and it was only by downright coaxing that she consented, as she expressed it, to give both them and herself "a great deal of trouble to no end." It might assuredly have been spared; Miss — sent word that she knew nothing of the politics of the ladies' cabin, and that she should take possession when it was convenient to her to come below, begging that she might not again be troubled on the subject. So, having duly delivered the reply, the Abigail remained on guard.

Thus were things situated, when a very pretty girl walked into the midst of us, and throwing off a large shawl, laid it on *the sofa*!

"You can't put your things here, miss," said the maid, pursing up her mouth.

"I beg your pardon. I thought that we might always lay our shawls on our own berths," replied the young lady.

"Oh, yes," acquiesced the waiting-woman, with great condescension, in the spirit and nearly in the words of a noble duke, "you may do as you like with your own; but this sofa that I'm sitting upon is *my* missis's, and we don't allow nothing to be put upon it."

"I thought that it had been No. 14," remarked the gentle girl, looking about her.

"And so it is, sure enough miss," said the maid; "and that's the reason why it's *ours*."

"Then there must be some mistake," was the quiet rejoinder, as the young lady resumed her shawl; and she was about to quit the cabin, when one of the party detained her to mention the elderly lady, that in the event of her yet making good her claim, there might be some hope for the Admiral's widow.

"I am now doubly sorry, madam," was the graceful remark of the fair girl when the tale was told, "that my right is disputed, or your friend should have suffered no further inconvenience."

"The sofa is yours, miss," said the stewardess, steadily; "and now you're come for it, of course you must have it. That maid's all wrong; her mistress has a top sofa, but I haven't had time yet to make it up. No. 14, next the floor, is yours."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the Abigail, indignantly lifting up her huge hands, which were crushed into a very over-worn pair of her lady's pale kid gloves; "and do *you*, Mrs. Stewardess, think that *we* shall put up with it?"

"I suppose you must, as you have got your own, and this young lady has claimed hers."

"Well, if I ever!" again ejaculated the waiting-woman, as she bustled out of the cabin.

"May I ask, madam," said the fortunate lady of the sofa, "which is the berth of your friend? as I will at once take possession of it, and leave my own at her disposal."

It was pointed out to her, amid very sincere thanks; and having deposited her shawl on the pillar in order to signify its occupancy, she left the cabin to rejoin her party.

We believed that the comedy was now played out, but it was not so; for while the busy stewardess was arranging the upper sofa for the displaced Miss —, that lady herself swept into the room, followed by her ireful attendant, and slowly made her way to the scene of action.

"And am I to understand," she demanded, magisterially, "that *the shelf* which you are now preparing is intended for me?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I hope when the bed's made you will be satisfied with it," answered the quiet functionary.

"I am easily satisfied," said the solemn lady; "but"—and she gave her hand a wave that might have beseeched a tragic actress—"what my friends may feel I shall not attempt to decide." And having uttered this inferential threat, she disappeared; nor could she, as it appeared, compel her dignity to a surrender, for at eleven o'clock at night the Abigail took comfortable possession of "the shelf," leaving her "missis" to brave the fog on deck at her leisure; and the widow of Admiral — passed a quiet night on the sofa at sea.

PENRHYN SLATE QUARRIES.

The following account of the slate quarries at Penrhyn, near Bangor, North Wales, is given by the Rev. John A. Clark, of Philadelphia, in his interesting work recently published under the title of "Glimpses of the Old World."

Two causes have conspired, within the last half century, to increase the population and business of Bangor, and indeed of an extensive region of country around. One of these causes is the erection of the Menai Bridge—furnishing the connecting link in a line of direct and safe communication between Ireland and the Metropolis of Great Britain. To the thousands passing along this great thoroughfare, Snowdonia has revealed its sublime mountain scenery, and created at Bangor—as a stopping place from whence to make excursions into this region—a point of great attraction and interest. At the inns here are frequently all the bustle and pomp and gaiety of a fashionable watering place. Another cause has been the opening of vast slate quarries on the Penrhyn estate. A writer, speaking of the country in the neighbourhood of Bangor, draws the following picture in relation to the change it has undergone:—

"About forty years ago, this part of the country bore a most wild, barren, and uncultivated appearance; but it is now covered with handsome villas, well-built farm houses, neat cottages, rich meadows, well-cultivated fields, and flourishing plantations; bridges have been built, new roads made, bogs and swampy grounds drained and cultivated, neat fences raised, and barren rocks covered with woods. In fact, what has been accomplished in this neighbourhood in so short a space of time, may be denominated a new creation, and that principally by means of one native and noble-minded individual, who disposed of his vast resources in various acts of improvement; and by doing so has given employment to thousands of his fellow-men, who have been rendered comfortable and happy."

Lord Penrhyn brought about this change principally by extensively working the slate quarries in the vicinity of Nant Francon, which are the property of the family of Penrhyn Castle. His lordship not only employed a vast number of hands in working these quarries, but constructed an iron railway from the quarries to Port Penrhyn, a distance of six miles, which is said to have cost him one hundred and seventy thousand pounds.

It is supposed that nearly two thousand persons are now kept constantly occupied at

the quarries, while two hundred tons of slate are daily conveyed down to Port Penrhyn, whence they are exported to various parts of the kingdom, to Ireland, and even to America.

The process of quarrying, dressing, and preparing slates for public market, and the fanciful titles by which the various sizes are now uniformly designated, are happily, playfully, and truly described in the following doggerel verses—which are said to have been written by one of the late Judges in North Wales.

I would simply premise that, at the quarries, huge fragments of slate from the lofty summits of the mountain, are broken off by means of blasting, which roll down in immense masses; then these detached masses are split and cut into a variety of sizes, which are denominated Duchesses, Countesses, and Ladies, according to classes or sizes. Much of the point of the verses turns on the knowledge of this fact. In the process of manufacturing, the aid of machinery is employed; and the powerful press of Bramah is used for crushing and splitting the metal. There is in these verses an allusion to this.

"It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made Peers by the score;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There's a man who makes peeresses here by the hundred;
He regards neither Grenville, nor Portland, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ.
By the strike of his hammer, without the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made.
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent;
And when they are seen in a palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve, and are still at the top;
Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connexion,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion,
And all their best judges prefer, it is said,
A Countess in blue to a Duchess in red.
This Countess, or Duchess, though crowds may be present,
Submits to be dressed by the hands of a peasant;
And you'll see when her Grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a Duchess.
Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried them,
Soon discover how easy it is to divide them;
No spirit they have; they are as thin as a lath,
The Countess wants life, and the Duchess is flat;
No passion or warmth to the Countess is known,
And her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone;
And I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle;
Too high for a trade, and without any joke,
Though they never were bankrupts, they often are broke;
And though not a soul either pilfers or cozens,
They are daily shipped off, and transported by dozens.
In France, Jacobinical France, we have seen,
How thousands have bled by the force guillotine;
But what's the French engine of death to compare
To the engine which Greenfield and Bramah prepare!
That democrat engine, by which you all know
Ten thousand great Duchesses fall at one blow.
And long may the engine its wonders display,
Long level, with ease, all the rocks in its way,
Till the vale of Nant Francon of slates is bereft,
Nor a Lady, nor Countess, nor Duchess be left."

Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We come, we come, with odorous breath,
And delicate tints of rainbow hue,—
We spring from the teeming bosom of earth,
And feed on the globules of morning's dew.

We come, when the first kindly breath of spring
Disperses the snows of the frozen North,
And the birds sail out on downy wing—
'Tis then we timidly peep forth.

We hang our heads in the evil hour,
And bend with the gale that breaks the tree,
And when refreshed by the soft summer shower,
We yield our sweets to the humming bee.

Oh! pass us not by, ye proud ones of earth,
Nor tread us down with imperious foot;
From the same source even ye had your birth—
Ye grew from the same Almighty root.

Oh! drink of our nectar, ye lowly ones,
We would cheer you on your dev'ous way—
We would glad your hearts in dreary scenes,
And "whisper hope" in the darkest day.

What though we boast not medicinal powers
To heal the diseases of man's frail frame—
We would minister to him in weary hours,
And heal his soul of mental pain.

Oh! learn the lesson which we would teach
In the brief span we flourish here,
And list to the words our lives would preach
While we bud and bloom in your lower sphere.

"E'en as a flower," so saith the Word,
"Cometh forth proud man to bloom and die"—
A few short years his voice is heard,
And he withers into Eternity!

Aberdeen.

A. J. WATSON.

INDIVIDUAL HUMILITY.—Whoever will represent to himself, as in a picture, that great image of our mother Nature, portrayed in her full majesty and lustre; whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety; whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch of a pencil, in comparison with the whole; that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur.—*Montaigne.*

TILLOTSON.—The revocation of the edict of Nantz having driven thousands of the Hugonots to this country, many of them settled at Canterbury. The King having granted briefs to collect alms for their relief, Tillotson was peculiarly active in promoting their success; and when Doctor Beveridge, one of the prebendaries of Canterbury, refused to read the briefs,

as being contrary to the rubric, he was silenced by the Dean with this energetic reply:—"Doctor, doctor, charity is above rubrics."

Chance is but a mere name and really means nothing in itself, a conception of our minds, and only a compendious way of speaking, whereby we would express that such effects are commonly attributed to chance, which were verily produced by their true and proper causes, but without their design to produce them.—*Bentley.*

An officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own suffering in silence, that he exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself."

FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.—When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man, that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy, that hath no need of his friend.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

A lady observed, that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, "I do not know that." "At least," said the lady, "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation."—"No, Madam," returned Johnson, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

RICH AND POOR.—Nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want.

LYDD, BISHOP OF WORCESTER.—When Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, who wrote on the prophecies, by his solicitation got translated from a poor Welsh bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, "that he found his brother Lloyd spelt *prophet* with an *f*."

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Slocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



Engraved for Bradshaw's Journal.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 25.]

SATURDAY, 23^d APRIL, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.

BRITISH ADMIRALS.

(With Portraits.)

With this Number our readers are presented with the first of a series of medallion portraits of distinguished characters, in a style of engraving recently brought into use, and termed the *anaglyptographic*. We may state, in general terms, that the appearance of bas relief is produced simply by a number of fine lines, which effectually bring out the lights and shadows, and transfer the features with the minutest accuracy. The entire process is effected by means of a nicely adjusted machine, the construction of which, however, it is not our purpose at present to explain, but by which perfect fac-similes of medals or other raised subjects can be obtained. As a work of art, the plate presents a striking evidence of the perfection to which engraving has attained, and its value may be enhanced by our brief biographical notices of the personages represented. We commence with a group of the most celebrated British Admirals because of the merited pre-eminence assigned to the naval service in a country whose insular position has rendered the condition of its protective force by sea an indubitable index of national prosperity and security. Among British heroes, the name of Nelson, by the unanimous suffrages of his countrymen, occupies the foremost rank. The heroic achievements of his life were only excelled by the triumphs of his death—and not only are the trophies of his brilliant

career emblazoned in the annals of his country, but perpetuated in the poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture of the nineteenth century.

Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson was the son of a clergyman in Norfolk, and was born in the year 1758. His education was cut short in his twelfth year, by a summons from his uncle, Captain Suckling, to go on board his ship, the *Raisonable*, in the capacity of a midshipman. He thus early imbibed a predilection for a nautical life, and after several voyages as third and second lieutenant, he was, in 1779, made post captain and commander of a frigate. In 1781, he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, of twenty-eight guns, in which he was employed during the whole winter, in the hard service of cruising and convoying in the North Seas. In the next spring he sailed with a convoy for Quebec, and he spent the summer chiefly in cruising off Boston. On the approach of winter he was ordered to New York, whence he joined Lord Hood in the West Indies. Nothing worthy of notice occurred there till the peace of 1783, which brought him back to England.

In March, 1784, he was nominated to the command of the *Boreas* frigate, destined for the Leeward Islands, as a cruiser, under the orders of Sir Edward Hughes, commander-in-chief. In that station he distinguished himself by a spirited execution of the navigation act, in preventing the access of American

ships to the English islands, and seizing them on disregard of his warnings. At Nevis, he was united in marriage, in 1787, with Mrs. Nesbit, a West Indian lady, widow of Dr. Nesbit, a physician. She had already a son, but no further issue was the result of this connexion.

In 1793, on the breaking out of the war with France, he was appointed to the command of the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns, and during the whole of that eventful struggle, his abilities shone out with new and brilliant lustre. During this period it was that he contracted that intimate connexion with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, especially with the latter, which is so conspicuous in the history of his private life. He assisted greatly in the reduction of Bastia and Calvi, where he commanded the seamen. At the siege of the latter he had the misfortune to lose the sight of an eye, in consequence of some gravel forcibly driven into it by a shot which struck the ground near him.

On February 14, 1797, the glorious action off Cape St. Vincent was fought, which gave immortal honour and his title to Admiral Jervis, and introduced Commodore Nelson to public notice in the most conspicuous light. In this combat, the commodore, besides contributing much by a skilful manœuvre to the success of the day, performed the extraordinary exploit of boarding in person a ship of eighty-four guns, with which he was closely engaged, and having succeeded in securing her, passing on to a three-decker of the enemy of one hundred and twelve guns, which was lying in contact with the other, which he took likewise, receiving the swords of the Spanish officers upon their own quarter deck. Among the rewards of the victors in this memorable combat, were those of promotion to the rank of rear-admiral, and the honour of knighthood of the bath, conferred upon Nelson.

In 1797, Nelson received orders to hoist his flag on board the *Vanguard*, and proceed to the Mediterranean, where in April he joined Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz. At this period the formidable armament prepared by the French for the conquest of Egypt was collected at Toulon, and Nelson was sent with a squadron of three men of war and some frigates, to watch its motions. In consequence of a violent storm, he was obliged to anchor off Sardinia; and in the meantime the French armament sailed for its destination. He was joined, on June 8, by ten sail of the line, under Captain Trowbridge, and immediately proceeded in search of the French fleet. Their object being unknown, much time and pains were consumed in the quest, along the shores of Italy and Sicily, and as far as Alexandria. On August 1st, the

whole of the enemy's fleet were descried, lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay, supported by batteries on an island in the van, and by gun-boats on the flanks. The English admiral, though the day was far spent, made the signal for immediately engaging; and his ships ran into the bay, each anchoring opposite an antagonist. A tremendous firing commenced, in which the British superiority soon became manifest. In the morning, the result of this great action appeared in the capture of nine of the French ships of the line, and the destruction of two, with two frigates. Two ships of the line and two frigates cut their cables and escaped. Admiral Nelson received a severe wound in the head; and the total loss on board the English fleet amounted to eight hundred and ninety-five killed and wounded. A more completely successful engagement is not upon record in the British annals, and it placed the brave commander at once in the list of the greatest of his country's naval heroes.

We have not space to follow minutely Nelson's subsequent brilliant career. In 1804, the Emperor Paul having renewed the northern maritime confederacy, the immediate purpose of which was to set limits to the naval supremacy of England, a resolution was taken by the English cabinet to attempt its dissolution, and a formidable fleet fitted out for the North seas, under Sir Hyde Parker, in which Lord Nelson consented to go as second in command. Having shifted his flag to the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns, he sailed with the fleet in March, and on the 30th of that month he led the way through the sound, which was passed without any loss. The harbour of Copenhagen now lay before them, defended by nineteen ships and floating-batteries, flanked by extensive batteries on two islands, called the Crowns, artificially raised for the protection of the port. An attack being determined upon, the conduct of it was entrusted to Lord Nelson, with twelve ships of the line besides frigates. The combat which succeeded was one of the most terrible and best disputed upon record. It ended, however, after a conflict of five hours, by the striking of the whole line of Danish ships and floating batteries. Still the Crown batteries, and the ships at the entrance of the arsenal, were untouched, while two ships of the assailants were aground, and others in hazard of a like fate. At this critical period, Lord Nelson, with the presence of mind of one familiarized with danger, sent a flag of truce proposing a cessation of hostilities, as otherwise he should be obliged to set on fire the batteries he had taken, without having it in his power to remove the brave defenders. This put an end to further carnage; and on the landing of Lord

Nelson to hold an amicable conference with the prince royal, the preliminaries of a treaty were arranged, which finally terminated the dispute.

At the close of the ensuing short-lived peace, Lord Nelson, still unwearied in his country's service, accepted the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and, in May 1803, sailed for Gibraltar with his flag-ship, the *Victory*. It was his particular business to watch the motions of the Toulon fleet; but he disdained a close blockade, and rather wished to give the enemy an opportunity of coming out and trying his fortune against him. At length, in March 1805, Admiral Villeneuve, with his whole fleet, got out of Toulon, and eluding the vigilance of the English admiral, effected a junction with the Spanish squadron off Cadiz. The united fleet sailed to the West Indies, whither Nelson followed them as soon as he obtained information of their course. This extraordinary chase across the Atlantic was conducted with singular order and expedition; and the terror of Nelson's name preceding him, prevented the combined fleets from effecting any thing of consequence in that part of the world. They soon steered homeward, followed by their indefatigable antagonist, who was greatly chagrined at missing them. He returned to England, and again in September sailed with the *Victory* to join Admiral Collingwood with the fleet off Cadiz. On October 20th, the combined fleet was in motion, and was seen, to the number of thirty-three sail of the line, bearing away for the Straits of Gibraltar. The English fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line, pursued, and at noon on October 21, came up with the enemy near Cape Trafalgar, and began the engagement. He bore down in two columns upon the enemy's fleet, which was drawn up in the form of a crescent, and divided their line in such a manner that every English ship had her own single antagonist. His concluding telegraphic signal to his fleet was worthy of the purest days of Sparta:—"England expects every man to do his duty!" It was, indeed, nobly done on this awful day, for the battle, of Trafalgar stands unrivalled in modern history. In the height and fury of the conflict the great commander received from the mizen-top of the ship he was engaging, a musket-shot, which entered his shoulder, pierced his lungs, and lodged in the spinal marrow. He was carried down, and the wound was declared mortal. During the short time that he survived, his great anxiety was to know the state of the battle, and he was cheered with the intelligence that twelve of the enemy had already struck. With the exclamation, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" he expired in

the arms of victory, more glorious in the moment of death than at any period of his life. The final event of this action was the capture of eighteen men of war, of the French commander-in-chief, and two other flag-officers, with a general.

The joy with which the news of this great success was received at home was sensibly damped by the universal feeling of regret at the loss of the national hero; and rarely in any country have higher honours been paid to the memory of a public benefactor. His body was brought home, and interred in St. Paul's.

To the traits of character which have been already given, should be added a spirit of piety which he imbibed in his youth, and which distinguished him through the whole of his progress.

Our profile of this great naval hero is from a medal designed by Mudie, and executed by Webb.

TARAKANOFF.

[Concluded from our last.]

How affluent of bliss are the first wedded moments of confiding beauty! Happy in herself, her happiness is of the most exalted character, as it is founded on the conviction, that it is hers to bestow happiness on another, and that other, the fond, true-hearted being, who, of all the sons of men, is most worthy of the distinction. Tarakanoff tasted perfect felicity. The wife of a brave and accomplished man, already possessed of ample wealth, a throne almost within her reach, and undying glory, their joint inheritance for the future. These were among the delicious ideas which were hers. Her present situation was so enviable, that she could have been content never to seek for change; but make her beloved husband a monarch, and through his wisdom, to confer blessings on a vast empire, was a destiny so glorious, that one less accessible to bold aspirations than the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, might have loved to cherish the thought.

Such was the fond attention with which Orloff regarded her, that he seldom, even for an hour, quitted her side. He rejoiced in his prize from day to day, and from week to week. The ardour of his joy knew no abatement.

"The great object of my life," he would often fervently exclaim, while he pressed her hand with warmth, and his whole countenance attested his sincerity, "is now secured."

Ribas left them for a time. He went on a mission from Orloff to St. Petersburg. Letters were soon received from him of the most cheering description. They set forth, that every

thing favoured the views of Orloff, and denoted that the reign of Catharine was near its close. Universal discontent prevailed; and, at any moment, a single word from the Count would kindle a flame, which it would be utterly impossible for Catharine to withstand.

Orloff proposed that they should withdraw from Rome to Pisa, as in the former city, their story had gained some publicity. She consented; and on the way he rejoiced her by the announcement, that he had still more recent intelligence, confirmatory of the advices forwarded by Ribas.

They had scarcely arrived at Pisa, when news came that Admiral Greig, with the squadron under his command, was at Leghorn. Orloff had before named the Admiral as his friend, and he now asked Tarakanoff if she would like to visit his ship. He added, he was not without hopes that the Admiral would be found among the most powerful supporters of their cause.

"The sight of a man of war," said he, "to you will be a treat of no common order. Perhaps the beautiful new frigate, the '*Nadeja Blogo-po-lutshik*,'—(The Successful Hope,)—may be in his fleet. In that you will behold the perfection of naval architecture."

She consented; and, without loss of time, they set out for Leghorn. On their arrival there, it appeared that the quality of the princess was known; and the marks of attention which she received from many of the principal people of the place, from foreign consuls, and from the Admiral of the fleet, suggested to the gay, fondly expecting Tarakanoff, that, anticipating her promised grandeur, they already deemed it prudent to pay their court to the future Empress of Russia.

But this feeling was not shared by her governess. That untractable person repined that her former hints had not received more attention, and had since been often out of humour; while Tarakanoff, who felt that she had most reason to be displeased, remembering how grossly her Orloff had been wronged, could hardly feel at ease when she was present. Several times she attempted to make additional statements of the same nature, but was always impatiently checked. She now announced her intentions to return to Rome. Tarakanoff was well content to part from her; and she took her leave. Before her departure the princess invited her to retract the injurious charge she had preferred,—a charge to which every succeeding day, had served but to bring a stronger refutation.

"Madam," said the governess, "I do not contradict your Imperial Highness; but my conviction that the Count is guilty of the crime

imputed to him can never be removed. Last night I heard him conversing with a man just landed from the Admiral's ship, and the mirthful way in which he spoke of the death of the Emperor, conveyed to my mind the impression, not only that he had perpetrated the deed, but now exulted in it, and even made it a subject of pride and exultation."

"Away!" said Tarakanoff, "this is too much for patience. Begone, calumniator!"

The governess withdrew without attempting to excuse her speech.

Such stubbornness and such malice appeared unpardonable. It was acting the part of a fiend, so it struck Tarakanoff, thus obstinately to persist in labouring to possess her mind with the horrid thought, that she was the wife of a murderer.

For this annoyance, however, she was more than consoled by the unceasing, invariable kindness of the Count. Their days were passed in a round of varied pleasures. Invitations came so fast, that the ships which they had come to see, were for some days forgotten. Tarakanoff reminded her lord of the promised treat. He professed himself ready to attend to her wishes, but said the fittest time for her to go on board, would be when they were ready to sail.

That day soon arrived. A boat, surmounted by a magnificent awning, waited to receive the princess, and several ladies who were to accompany her. Orloff and the Admiral went in a second boat; and a third, filled with Russian and English officers, followed. When Tarakanoff approached the ship she designed to visit, a chair of state was lowered, in which she was lifted on board. As she ascended to the deck, the guns fired a salute, and the admiral's band struck up a national tune. Such honours could only be given in deference to her high rank. "Already," thought she, "they see in me their future Empress."

The shouts of the seamen and spectators were loud and hearty. She felt that that was indeed a moment of triumph, never to be forgotten, and silently vowed that, on the throne of her ancestors it should be gratefully remembered. As the huzzas subsided, she expected to be joined by the ladies who had accompanied her in the boat; and by the Count. She wished for them, that she might communicate the overflowing pleasure of her heart.

Tarakanoff was lost in astonishment and delight. All she saw in the magnificent floating castle of the deep, claimed her admiration. She gazed on the ship, and on the men who had charge of its vast arrangements, with equal amazement, and turned to express her feelings to Orloff, confident that he must be near. He,

however, was not beside her as usual, and as on this occasion she had certainly reason to expect that he would have been.

Though not alarmed at his absence, she looked round with an enquiring eagerness for her husband. He was not to be seen, and she concluded that he had descended to the cabin with the Admiral, whither she herself expected to be forthwith invited.

Tarakanoff did not remain long in suspense. The men, assembled in honour of her coming, were still on the deck, their arms in their hands; and Tarakanoff, while she looked at them, saw, or fancied she saw, as her eye glanced along the range of countenances, an expression that varied from ferocity to mirth, and from mirth to pity; but, in all, something that distinctly indicated more than common excitement and lively expectation.

A stern-looking man approached without ceremony. He did not remove his straw hat from his matted hair, nor did he bow to her; but, producing a pair of handcuffs, he coarsely accosted her thus:—

"Now, mistress, here are your bracelets. Very pretty they look, and perhaps you never had any like them before."

Tarakanoff shrunk back terrified, but she was at a loss to guess what was intended. Such instruments as the sailor had sneeringly called "bracelets" she indeed had never seen, nor could she comprehend the use of them, or why on this occasion they were exhibited. She had little time to muse on the subject; for, while the man who had just spoken advanced, she was seized from behind, and her wrists forcibly passed through the handcuffs, which were then locked.

Alarmed at the treatment she received, tears streamed from her eyes, whilst she indignantly called on Orloff to requite the affront which had been offered to his wife. In the next moment it was her conviction that the whole was a trick to frighten her, and she immediately assumed an air of composure, in order to shew that she was not to be imposed upon.

"I see you, Count," said she. "I hear you laugh. How you thought to alarm your Tarakanoff! but you have failed."

And thus speaking, she wore an air of gaiety. Her eyes still anxiously sought for Orloff, but to no purpose; her hands remained secured by the handcuffs, and those who had so violently imposed them, manifested no disposition to treat her with more kindness. At length she saw with boundless satisfaction one well-known face. It was that of Ribas.

"Honest friend!" she exclaimed with transport, "my heart is rejoiced beyond measure at seeing you. Orloff cannot be far off. Tell me

what has happened. Oh, where is my husband?"

"Truly that is more than I can do," said he, "because, and I will speak my mind, I do not know."

"Do you not know where the Count is, do you say?"

"Oh! the Count is taking wine with the Admiral; but what has that to do with your husband?"

"How strangely you speak! Am I not married to Count Orloff?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"What can you mean? Why, you yourself were present at the nuptial ceremony."

"Not I, indeed."

"But you were, and you gave me away."

"Don't talk nonsense, young woman. I was present when a burlesque mummery was performed, preparatory to your becoming the mistress of Count Orloff; but I never saw you married. I will speak my mind."

"Can you be serious? Surely, honest Ribas, you are jesting?"

"Honest Ribas was never more serious in all his life."

"Are you a wretch?"

"No, nor a traitor neither; though you would fain have found me one, as you thought you had found the loyal Orloff."

"In the name of Heaven what do you mean?"

"I mean that the Count, faithful to his duty, never thought of betraying his sovereign, but seemed disposed to act such a part, in order to put the enemy of her crown in the power of the Empress."

"This from you, Ribas! from you who have called me Empress, and travelled to St. Petersburg to excite my friends to rise against Catharine!"

"As you were told, and fondly, foolishly believed. Not such was the truth, for I will speak my mind; the simple fact is, when you supposed I went to stir up rebellion, my errand was to announce that you were safely snared, and to arrange for conveying you to your prison, or, it may be, to a scaffold."

"Frightful perfidy!"

"Such your description of loyalty. Count Orloff and Ribas, faithful to Catharine, have only deceived you, to secure her power. The task of duty performed, I will speak my mind, we are happy."

An insulting sneer sat on his ill-favoured countenance while he thus delivered himself; and now Tarakanoff awoke to all the horrors of her situation. She saw herself basely sold to her merciless foe, by him whom she had most fondly loved. The ship was under sail for St. Petersburg, and shortly she might ex-

pect to be handed over for punishment, to those whom Catharine might appoint to receive her.

This mournful impression was strong on her mind, when Orloff appeared on deck.

Joy thrilled the unhappy Tarakanoff, at beholding him again, whom she had been accustomed to regard with admiration and love.

"Is it you, my love, my lord, my husband?" she exultingly exclaimed. "Look, look how they have dealt with your Tarakanoff—with your wife—while you were away!"

Orloff, well as he knew how to act passion, was wholly a stranger to feeling. He surveyed the thralldom and emotions of the beauty he had sworn to love till the last moment of his life, with the most perfect indifference. His hitherto unflinching smile was no more; he listened serenely to her passionate appeals, and when she wildly threw herself at his feet, he laughed outright at her tears, and remarked, with a coarse jest, that "he had rarely seen better tragedy."

"Am I derided, and by Orloff?" she asked, almost doubting the evidence of her senses.

"Traitor, yes!" he sternly replied. "Your crocodile sorrows afford me mirth. I am faithful to my Empress, and joy to see her enemy in safe custody."

"Do not destroy me by your cruel scorn. Did I seek to disturb Catharine? Was it not you who told of her wickedness and tyranny? You told of her envy, meanness, and ingratitude. I could only think evil of her from what I heard from you. Spare me then—spare your wife!"

"Wife! Peace, wench; you are no wife of mine."

"Never say that—never accuse yourself of sacrilege and fraud! Orloff, behold me kneeling at your feet. Look on those eyes, whose brightness you have often praised, and said they were the stars of your good destiny. Behold them now, dimmed by a flood of burning tears. If ever compassion touched your heart, turn not coldly from me, but save the being you have vowed to love."

"Well done!" he jeeringly exclaimed. "You do this well. Your declamation is very fine. If I spoke against my gracious Empress, it was to further my plans for securing her enemy. Now you understand my game, and I leave you to conjecture what may be your own fate."

He then gave orders that she should be carried to the hold of the ship, there to remain through the remainder of the voyage.

It was night when the squadrom reached its destination. Tarakanoff was detained on board till the next evening. The handcuffs were then removed, and she was carried, pale and sinking

from fatigue and fear, to the summer residence of the Empress, the palace of Tzarsko-selo. Two of Catharine's attendants assisted there, to deck her out in robes of great magnificence. She would fain have declined their assistance, but they would take no denial.

When they had finished, they addressed her as Empress, and said they would forthwith conduct her to her Hermitage.

Tarakanoff remembered the wish she had formerly expressed to see the Hermitage, on hearing it described by Orloff. That wish was now to be satisfied, but under what circumstances, she trembled to reflect.

She passed through several grand apartments, of which he had spoken, and entered the garden. It was artificially heated, and its verdant lawns and variegated flower-beds, had all the freshness of blooming nature.

Tarakanoff had advanced but a few steps, when a well-proportioned female, rather above the middle size, stood as waiting to receive her. She wore a short green gown, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist. Her auburn hair, slightly powdered, flowed loosely on her shoulders. Her bold forehead, her large blue eyes, her acquiline nose, and the general aspect of her countenance, rendered familiar to the captive by the pictures of the day, at once announced that she stood in the presence of the Empress. Catharine was rouged, as was her custom, and but plainly dressed. She was feeding a bird with seeds when Tarakanoff appeared, but instantly gave up her occupation. With assumed humility, she bent before her victim, and said:—

"Empress, you do me great honour. Look around. Your palace, I trust, has not been spoiled by my occupancy. The *agremens* you note are not the mere presents of a season, exhibited to glad the eye for a moment, and then sternly withdrawn. Through the whole year, the scene continues such as you now behold it."

Tarakanoff gazed with wonder on all she saw, but knew not what to reply.

"Sovereign of all the Russias, speak," Catharine proceeded. "Meets this scene with your approbation?"

"It—it is wonderful," said the captive with a faltering voice, and expecting some awful cruelty would follow the fierce mockery of which she felt herself the object.

"Acting as your lieutenant," the Czarina went on; "behold, I have made your delegated power strive successfully against the elements. The rose of summer gives here all its beauty and its fragrance in the depth of winter; the hyacinth bears it company, and tropical fruits are reared amidst the snows of Russia."

The grandeur of the scene amazed the princess. Pensive as she was, the astonishing varieties there exhibited rivetted her attention for a moment. She saw the feathered traversers of the air, obey the call of Catharine, and the monsters of the forest, at her glance, crouched trembling before her.

The Empress feasted her eyes on the embarrassment of the helpless prisoner, while with affected humility, she still addressed her as the wearer of the crown.

"Now," said she, "that you have beheld the gardens and promenade, it may be that your Imperial Majesty would like to visit the hall of feasting. Some allowance your Highness must make, for that this your residence on the banks of the Neva, has not had those years of elaborate industry, and those efforts of transcendent skill bestowed on it, with which successive generations of architects and artists have enriched the Kremlin. In truth, not even the vast genius of your illustrious ancestor, Peter the Great, could at once divest Moscow of its ancient glories, or rival them at St. Petersburg, yet something may be found to fix your attention, if not to win your approbation. Condescend to pass this way."

And with the meek, subdued air of a humble attendant, while a glance of exulting scorn burst from her fiery eyes, the proud Empress of all the Russias preceded the betrayed Tarakanoff, with a series of lowly inclinations, and pretended demonstrations of respect.

Quitting the garden, she now threaded several passages, which admitted but little light. Torches were supplied, and by these the prisoner saw a chair of state, covered with crimson velvet, and edged with gold.

"Will your imperial majesty be seated?" enquired Catharine, in a tone, which with sufficient distinctness intimated a command. "You must be somewhat fatigued after your late journeyings."

Tarakanoff placed herself in the chair, to which the Empress had pointed. She heard a sound like the tapping of a wand at a door. Suddenly the ceiling over her head opened, and she saw through the vast aperture thus created, the superbly decorated roof of an imperial banquetting room. She felt the chair beneath her shake, and it then began to ascend. In a few seconds, the captive passed through the opening into the grand saloon above. Her appearance, was the signal for a loud burst of scornful laughter from the crowd of persons in splendid attire there assembled, to partake of an entertainment to which they had been bidden by the Empress.

The boisterous mirth, provoked by her appearance, subsided, and in lieu of derision, all

greeted her with overstrained homage, and she was conducted to an imperial throne, placed at the head of a table covered with the most costly delicacies, at which the guests of the Empress were seated.

An imperial crown was placed on her head. The mirth of all present was renewed, and again subsided into mock reverence.

Catharine now appeared, having reached the apartment by the same means as her prisoner. All rose to receive her, and each was anxious to mark the vast difference between really ardent loyalty and affection, and the burlesque on them, in which they had recently indulged. Catharine gracefully acknowledged their attentions, and took her seat near Tarakanoff, and by the side of Count Orloff, whom the unhappy princess he had betrayed, then, for the first time, beheld in that place, exulting in the success of that continuous course of fraud, which had produced the scene in which he was at that moment the chief actor.

And now the moment had arrived when Catharine was to exert all her powers of mockery, to taunt and overawe the pale, shrinking, tearful sufferer, who, by compulsion, filled her place. She accordingly began:—

"Empress and autocratix of all the Russias, of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, Novogorod,"—"Czarina of Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia," Orloff continued, to render the affliction of the princess complete;—"Czarina of the Tauridan Chersonese, Lady of Pskove, and Grand Duchess of Smolensko," added the Empress.

The game to be played was now understood by all the guests.

"Princess of Esthonia, Livonia, and Karebia," cried one sneering voice.

"Of Tver, Yegonia, Viatka, and Bulgaria," shouted another.

"Duchess of Novogorod," added a third; and thus with heartless merriment they went through the dismal farce, addressing Tarakanoff by the almost endless string of titles claimed by Catharine, to the infinite delight of the incensed Empress, and generally to that of the assembly.

The banquet proceeded. To astonish and mortify Tarakanoff was the object of all present. Her misery was their joy. She saw the guests in succession strike their plates, when they desired them to be changed, which thereupon sunk beneath the table, and through the floor, and were instantly replaced by others, on which were found any viands or fruit that had been marked on a scrap of paper and placed on the plate which had vanished.

Several dainties were placed before Tarakanoff, and remained in this way without her having attempted to taste them. At length

he was invited, or rather commanded, to eat of some beautiful grapes which were on the table. The moment her hand approached them, they vanished, and a new burst of laughter from the company, proclaimed their perfect satisfaction at seeing that an imaginary feast had been prepared for an ideal Empress.

This mummery was repeated more than once, and the spectators were never weary of testifying the delight which they derived from beholding it.

Catharine at length rose to close the scene.

"Enough," said she, "of this; the daring pretender to my throne has had her hour of imperial splendour. Thanks to the loyalty and address of the brave Orloff, the great supporter of my authority, here her career must end." Then turning to the princess, she fiercely exclaimed, "Wretch—fool—away! Down from my sight for ever."

The chair on which she was seated again moved, and she was lowered suddenly through the floor, amidst the insulting and boisterous mirth of those, to whose heartless amusement she had thus been made to contribute.

The seizure of Tarakanoff at Leghorn, under the circumstances described, greatly exasperated the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who deemed the outrage, committed within the limits of his territory, an insult to himself. He wrote to St. Petersburg to complain of such wrong; but his representations failed to save Tarakanoff. To a fortress on the banks of the Neva she was confined, doomed to the coarsest fare, and exposed to countless insults.

The great importance which Catharine attached to the service he had performed, made Orloff proud of the ignominious exploit. Tarakanoff had been some months a prisoner, when, from the mere impulse of curiosity, he resolved to see her. Cureless grief had dimmed her beauties and disordered her mind; but some of the speeches which she made touched him nearly.

"You are come," said she, "to see that your work is properly done; that your victim is duly crushed. This is worthy of Orloff, the mean, the fraudulent Orloff."

"Do you know me, then?" he asked.

"Know you," she echoed. "Yes *now* I do. Formerly I did not. *Now* you stand revealed, the betrayer of your wife, the assassin of your king!"

"Who has dared tell this?"

"The voice of truth, hereafter to be repeated in thunder to your guilty and affrighted soul."

"Beware!" he exclaimed in a menacing tone.

"Nay," she returned, in a shrill, screaming voice, "let the base betrayer beware; let him leave me, and hide his infamy."

While speaking she offered to spurn him. He seized her extended arm. His grasp was powerful, and in his hand a bar of iron was easily broken, or a piece of crystal crushed to atoms. Her delicate bones crumbled at his touch, and almost involuntarily, with habitual ferocity, he grasped her throat.

She sunk fainting on the cold floor.

"Go! go!" said she, "and boast that you have now finished your task. You have added another murder to perjury, and are more than ever worthy to be the favourite of Catharine."

Ashamed of his violence he hastened to depart. In a few days she ceased to live. She fell the miserable victim of her own wild ambition, and the sordid treachery of Alexius Orloff.

That wretched man survived some years, but the close of his life was awful. Having ceased to be the favourite of Catharine, he married a young and handsome wife: she died, and deep melancholy took possession of his heart. "He returned to court," says the historian, "but it was only to present to his former friends the sad spectacle of his insanity. At one moment he delivered himself up to extravagant gaiety, which made the courtiers laugh; then bursting out into reproaches against the Empress, he struck terror and amazement into all who heard him, and plunged Catharine herself in the bitterness of grief. At length he was forced to retire to Moscow. There his remorse revived with tenfold fury. The bleeding shade of Peter III. pursued him into every retreat; haunted his affrighted mind by day, and scared him in the visions of the night; he beheld it incessantly aiming at him an avenging dart; and he expired in the agonies of despair."

LONDON REMINISCENCES.

REMINISCENCE THE THIRD—MY FATHER AND THE BEGGARS—concluded.

"The baby," cried Sukey, dropping the corner of her blue-checked gown, and carefully adjusting it so that not even the hem of her under-petticoat might be seen,—for though she had reached the vanishing point of seventy on the sliding scale of life, she still retained the delicate modesty of her virgin years, and nothing but the unfeigned intensity of her grief could have made her forget that she was in the presence of my father, and that she was exposing a petticoat to his prying eye. "The baby, an' please you, is dying." My father shook his head, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground. And there he stood motionless till

the raw cold wind which came whistling in at the door had blanched his fire-burnt cheeks—"Pity the little baby; 'tis such a little one," piteously entreated Suke, as a strong blast beat down the chimney and filled the parlour with smoke. "It would break your heart if you were to see its poor little face; and the gentlewoman, God help her, has'n't eat nothing these two days." My father stood motionless. "Only let her go down to the kitchen to warm herself, and eat some of the stale crusts," continued Suke. "And did you say the baby was dying? bring me no more reports,—I'll believe only my own eyes!" exclaimed my father, as he whisked past Sukey, to get a sight of the meagre wretch, who still stood shivering at the door. I am sure my father was not aware that he was quoting the bard immortal, for it was not the fashion in his time for school-boys to be versed in Shakspeare. He could not have been guilty of plagiarism, for he did not even know the meaning of that word: nor let this be regarded as a proof of his ignorance, for in those days our trusty forefathers were satisfied with *being-wise* without being *thought* so; they were content with neat little-Saxon words, instead of the compounded, conglomerated, double-jointed Latin cognomens of these "go-a-head" times.

My father *did* see this poor soul with his own eyes, and the sight was enough to melt the hardest heart. The woman was rather under the middle size, and seemed to be about thirty years of age. Her pale and sickly features were still enlivened with considerable intellectual expression, and her sunken cheeks and attenuated lips still retained the traces of a kindly nature. She was dressed in a faded russet-coloured gown, and over her shoulders hung a long blue-patterned shawl, concealing the wretched object in her arms. My father soothed her with kind words, and Susan lifted up the shawl to show him the miserable being beneath. It was a sight!—*such* a sight! Its emaciated blackened face, its half-closed eyes, its little shining teeth, gave evidence that death was about to claim it for its own,—and that if refused shelter the mother's bosom might ere long be the child's sepulchre.

"I charge you, worthy Suke," exclaimed my father, his eyes beaming with kindness,—*"I charge you, do all you can to help her."* He was a man of few words, and the little that he did say was never lost upon Suke, and assuredly not in the present instance. She immediately led the wretched creature down to the kitchen; and heaping fuel on the fire till it roared in the chimney, she made the poor refugee draw closer and closer till the blood flushed in her face. And while she sat

by the fire, Suke prepared for her such a staunch breakfast of coffee and bacon as lighted up the dim eyes of the child of grief, while she gazed upon a profusion to which she had long been a stranger. "Pray let me take care of your child," said the compassionate Sukey. "It is asleep," said the mother, "and the warm fire may do it good." It was two long days since the poor creature had tasted food, or even once closed her eyes, so that it was not long before the quantity which she now eat, and the rapacity with which she swallowed it, aided by the influence of a strong fire, overpowered her weakened frame, and threw her into a heavy sleep.

"Poor soul," sighed Susan, casting her eye towards the fire-place.—"I will leave her to herself, for nature is often the best doctor," she continued, quietly shutting the kitchen-door behind her. She was soon up stairs, and comfortably seated in her master's arm-chair, who had left the house in furtherance of the work of charity.

There is a secret pleasure in doing good, and I am persuaded no one enjoyed it in a higher degree than my departed father—just departed in quest of medical assistance. Judge of the strength of those feelings when you behold him with only a shattered umbrella under his arm, and a red comforter round his neck, exposing himself to the miseries of a raw March wind, and a bluff nor'-wester right ahead, in search of the family physician. It was not long before my father returned with the doctor, and resumed his seat by the fire-side.

"In the present day there are so many ingenious impostures," observed the doctor—"so many tricks and subterfuges, that it is hardly prudent to be charitable." "You are right there," replied my father, and he immediately narrated the trick of the duplicate beggar. "Well," said the doctor, "you must have more charity than prudence, to disregard it so soon. It was almost as shameful a trick as one that I detected some years ago. I was at a friend's house about this time three years, when a beggar came to the door, and solicited alms for the sake of the sick child which she carried in her bosom. Being the only medical man in the company, I was desired to see what was the nature of the sickness. I gently placed my hand upon the child's cheek, it felt cold, hard, and stiff—so unlike anything I had ever before felt, that I took its nose between my fingers and pressed it rather tightly—when instantly it crumbled to pieces, and the whole of its face cracked into fractions, and fell in! Merciful heavens! what horror seized me; I actually thought I had committed the most diabolical murder that was ever recorded in the

annals of crime. Yes, sir,—believe me,—the whole of its face tumbled into its head! It was a waxen imitation, modelled and painted to the very life, which my rough handling had demolished in an instant. 'Twas not less strange than true; and it was some time before I recovered my usual equanimity. It was the sole subject of that night's conversation; and has been over and over again, many times since, the theme of wit and merriment at the supper table."—"Lor', sir," exclaimed Suke, lifting up both her hands—"Lor', sir, you doctors see strange things."—"Yes, we doctors do see strange things." Susan blushed.—But what a change was there. Little was the blushing tittering Suke prepared for the startling scene about to be unfolded! It is indeed these contrasts, these jumbings of comedy and tragedy, of burlesque and foolery, wit and wisdom, that constitute the sum and substance of public and private life, and render the contemplation of men and manners both pleasing and instructive.—She had gone down to the kitchen, to intimate the medical man's arrival; and having been absent about five minutes, the doctor had just opened the parlour door, when he met the horrified Suke, who staggered into the room, quite out of breath, exclaiming, "The world is coming to an end," then tottered towards the sofa, and sunk down helpless. It was evident she had just returned from something as frightful as it was unexpected.

"The world is coming to an end!" exclaimed Suke, as she bumped down upon the sofa with such violence as to make the windows chatter. "—the hussey—I didn't know her—Oh what will become of us!" "What does this mean?" asked my father, somewhat vexed and alarmed. "Oh my dearest—kindest master—never saw her before." "Saw who—who?" impatiently inquired my father. But Suke's train of ideas could not be interrupted by any interlocutors. "My dearest master, I entered your father's service when I was only a little girl—nothing like this ever happened before. Oh if I should lose my place, what would become of a poor old body like me?—a—a—a dead—dead babbey—eh," she bitterly sighed out, wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards on the sofa. "A dead baby, a dead baby!" ejaculated my father, flying and buzzing about the room like a blue-bottle. The doctor slipped down stairs, and my father tremblingly followed.

The breakfast things still remained on the table,—the beggar mother was still sleeping beside the fire, which had almost burnt away to white ashes,—and her child, her lifeless child, had fallen to the floor; and there it lay, with its face only exposed, and its legs and

arms and body enveloped in two or three folds of dirty calico. The doctor lifted it up, putting his finger on his lips, for my father to keep silence.

"Believe me," said he, addressing my father—"believe me, this child has been dead at least twelve days." My father's misgivings on this point were quickly removed by the effects of the putrefaction, which no doubt had been greatly accelerated by the action of the kitchen fire. * * * * *

She drew a deep sigh, and then awoke. Abashed and confused, she imploringly approached my father. "Forgive me,—pity me," was all that came from her trembling lips, but with such an accent as pierced my father to the soul. Her heart failed her,—she could proceed no further—a big tear rolled down her pallid cheeks, as she drew one end of her shawl over her face, that unseen, though not unheard, she might weep over her shame, and sob over her sorrows. * * * * *

Her husband died eighteen months before, and being friendless and destitute, about forty days previously she had left her native town, and travelled almost barefoot a distance of three hundred miles; the parent stem had survived the piercing cold, but the keen winds had nipped the frail blossom that it bore. Her child died just a month after she had left the place that had once been her home. She knew not what to do, for she loved the infant, even in death; and never had it once been from her arms,—she slept and waked with it. She had been in London five days; charity had bestowed fifteen shillings upon her, and she hoped she might be able now to give a Christian burial to her only child.

During this narration Sukey had remained on the sofa, feverishly cogitating over the *denouement* of these strange events, and the possibility that in her old age she might be turned away for having dishonoured her master's house,—for it was at her entreaty that my father had sheltered the female vagrant. But unable to endure the agony of these anticipations of probabilities, she resolved to look danger in the face. She had just arrived at the kitchen door when the poor woman had finished her story,—and a smile passed over her face when she saw my father condoling with the unfortunate creature.

"And it *shall* have a Christian burial," energetically exclaimed my father. "And," echoed Susan, rubbing her hands with delight, "we will go in mourning for it." "Yes," bitterly retorted my father, "and we will *mourn* for it." Susan felt the reproach, and could have wept; for, after all, she had a kind and sympathising heart,—nor had seventy

summers' suns dried up the milk of human kindness, which was as pure as ever, save when curdled by self-interest, or soured by domestic crosses.

The child was buried, but a mother's grief survived. My father had retained her as an assistant to old Susan, but her heart, her soul, was in the grave, and her body quickly followed.

My father had become so interested in the fate of the young woman, that he felt her death as keenly as that of a daughter. He ordered a suit of mourning for himself, and had intended to put me in black; but as I was then a sprouting youth, who outgrew my jacket and trowsers every three months, and as my father was a domestic economist, he considered that my coloured clothes would be too short for me by the time I had worn out my black ones, and resolved that I should not go into mourning, (which, by the bye, I was not sorry for), but that, to keep up appearances, I should—to my no small dismay—be kitchened along with Suke for the following six months. But, being very chaste in his ideas of propriety, and painfully sensitive to any thing affecting his character as a man, he quickly changed his intention both with regard to himself and to me. He had learned that the scandal of the *baby gentleman* had originated with the long-necked spinster next door, and he therefore feared that his mourning appearance might be cited in confirmation of the scandal. Happily for me, these prudential considerations prevailed, and I was again allowed to romp the streets with my short-legged but well-stuffed breeches.

But my father did not soon forget the misfortunes of this child of misery. Many a winter's night have I seen him sitting by the fire-side, with his pipe in his mouth, lost in his own musings; and it was to my then inquiring mind, a somewhat singular circumstance that the train of his reflections always continued until he had finished smoking. Sometimes I have observed his eyes gazing on vacancy; anon he would exclaim, puffing out a large mouthful of smoke, "Such is life!" and when he had finished his pipe, he would shake out the ashes on the hob, and sigh, "Poor soul! alas! ashes to ashes!"

TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

"The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction," says Hume, "corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of the human kind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their

supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust."

To give this passage its full and true effect, entire justice and law on the side of the people are required, and these were certainly wanting. The Lords, the few bold enough to attend, threw out the bill without a dissentient voice, consequently it could not be legal according to the constitution of England, which requires the united consent of the King, Lords, and Commons to give force to any public measure; neither was the construction of the High Court of Justice the act of the Commons of England, for while they entertained the idea of treating with the King, the faction sent Colonel Pride with two regiments to surround the house, and exclude by force those members who were inimical to their proceedings; so that *two hundred* were kept out, while those within passed a hasty vote agreeable to the army, which was to consider the King's negotiations nugatory.

Without going very minutely into the causes which brought Charles to the block, we cannot but perceive that the origin of all the differences between the King and the people sprung from the change which the religion of the country had undergone. The chains of despotism are seldom relaxed by the influential warnings of wisdom, but are broken asunder by the powerful blow of popular fury. The flood of light which the Reformation, in Henry the Eighth's reign, poured in upon the nation, rendered the people too independent to submit easily to laws, many of which were only applicable to an age of ignorance and imbecility. The powerful curb of the Romish religion was removed, and liberty of conscience gave each man his own bridle in his hand, which, though used for his own government, was seldom made applicable to the claims of civil society.

The masculine mind of Elizabeth, and the learned men of her council, kept the democratic feeling in check, which, like a torrent loosed from its channel, was spreading over the land. But the too scrupulous, yet headstrong politics of James, paved the way for the Presbyterians and Independents into the palace of his son. The invention of printing had enabled most men to peruse the Bible, in which many texts are to be found applicable to liberty, and also numerous denunciations against the despotism of kings. The prerogative so strenuously insisted upon by James, as his indefeasible birthright, was wrenched from the hands of his successor; and the Star Chamber and High Court of Commission, though supported by the powerful influence of Laud and Wentworth, were demolished as the strongholds of monarchy. The cruel sentence passed by these courts upon Bastwick, Burton,

and Prynne, was calculated for a more barbarous age than the reign of Charles the First, and the language of the Earl of Dorset, who was of the Council, affords a specimen of the contempt with which all under the rank of nobility were treated. The anxiety also shewn by Charles to finish the work begun by his father—that of bringing the nation to one mode of worship—shook the sceptre from his grasp. The Reformation, begun in Scotland, and carried on by the fearless mind of Knox, was of a much more sweeping nature than the English reformers meditated, and when the Episcopalian doctrines were attempted to be introduced, that nation rose as one man against what they conceived as the half obliterated manuals of popery. The solemn League and Covenant was signed by all parties, and the Covenanters rushed to the field with their bibles in their pockets and their swords in their hands, as the defenders of the sacred cause. Nor were the Presbyterians and Independents in England silent spectators, but both in the House of Commons, and out of doors, they lent ample assistance to their brethren in the north, so that when the King applied to Parliament for a subsidy, they met him with a remonstrance and a statement of their grievances, that at last he was compelled to apply to the nation without the interference of the house. This gave rise to the obnoxious tax on soap, and the ship money, two bills (says Clarendon) which will remain a lasting memorial of the abilities of Mr. Noy, the Attorney General, who drew them up. Nevertheless they proved to be, like many other acts of the unfortunate monarch, so many steps to his downfall, for, being resisted by the celebrated Hampden, he was tried before the twelve judges, and though they were nearly all against him, yet the King lost ground in the eyes of the people by the result of the trial.

While these things were going on, France, under the direction and council of Cardinal Richelieu, was not idle, but assisted its old allies in Scotland with arms and money, and Ireland took every opportunity of rising in rebellion, which was ascribed to the influence of the Queen's friends employed about his majesty. The houses of Lords and Commons had guards appointed them to protect them from the rabble, who insisted on abolishing the bishops and Book of Common Prayer, while the doors of Westminster Abbey were locked and guarded within, to prevent the populace from breaking in and demolishing the Cathedral; nor were there several members of the Commons wanting in the instigation of the people by their speeches. Charles, goaded to desperation by the lukewarmness of his friends,

the treachery of his enemies, and the insolence of the popular faction, went to the house to demand five of the most violent of the members to be delivered up to him. This ill-timed and rash measure threw the whole nation into a ferment, and nothing was talked about but the privilege of Parliament. The next false step was his consenting to the abolition of the bishops in the House of Lords, which, instead of quieting the minds of men, lost him the assistance of his best friends in the upper House. In fine, to use the words of Cumberland, "an incurable breach is made in the constitution; its branches are dissevered, and the axe of rebellion is laid to the root of the tree. The royal standard is set up; the father of his people becomes the general of a party, and the land is floated with the blood of its late peaceable inhabitants; great characters start forth in the concussion; great virtues and great vices. Equal courage and superior conduct at length prevail for the leaders of the people; a fanatic champion carries all before him; the sovereign surrenders himself weakly, capitulates feebly, negotiates deceitfully, and dies heroically." His negotiations were carried on in the spirit of the Parliament and the army, who were striving to overreach each other; his behaviour at the trial and on the scaffold was his own, and secured the throne to his successors. Godwin, who was no friend to monarchy, says, "I am afraid that the day which saw Charles perish on the scaffold, rendered the restoration of his family certain."

On the 9th of January, 1648, proclamation of the King's trial was made by Dendy, Serjeant-at-arms, riding into Westminster Hall, with the mace upon his shoulder, trumpets sounding, and drums beating outside. The same ceremony was observed at Cheapside and opposite the old Royal Exchange. The place appointed for the trial was the site of the old Courts of King's Bench and Chancery, at the upper or south end of Westminster Hall, the partition that divided them having been taken down. The hall was divided by two strong bars placed across it, about forty feet to the north of the Court. The great Gothic portal of the Hall was open to the people, who witnessed the proceeding in vast crowds. A rail from the Court to the western side of the great portal separated the people from the soldiers, who, armed with halberds, filled the space along the western side; while the public, in a dense mass, occupied the open space of the Hall. Strong guards were stationed upon the leads, and at the windows looking on the Hall, and all the narrow avenues were either stopped up with masonry, or strongly guarded.

On the 20th of January, the Lord President,

Bradshaw, his assistants, and the Commissioners, having adjourned from the Painted Chamber, proceeded to open the Court; the mace and sword of state were carried before Bradshaw, attended by the proper officers, and a guard of twenty gentlemen carrying halberts. Bradshaw, in a scarlet robe, and covered with a broad-brimmed hat, placed himself in a crimson velvet chair in the centre of the court, with a desk and velvet cushion before him, and the two clerks of the court below him at a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, upon which were laid the sword of state and the mace. The rest of the court, with their hats on, and in their best habits, took their seats on each side and behind, up towards the great painted window, under which was placed the achievement of England, namely, the St. George's cross and harp.

After all the Commissioners present had answered to their names, the court commanded the serjeant-at-arms to produce the prisoner. When Colonel Tomlinson, who had the king in charge, conducted him into court, he was attended by Colonel Hacker and thirty officers holding halberts, also by his own servants, and he advanced up the side of the hall next the Thames, from the house of Sir Robert Cotton. The serjeant-at-arms with his mace received the king in the hall, and conducted him to the bar, in front of which was placed a crimson velvet chair facing the court. After gazing upon the court with a stern countenance, and viewing the people in the galleries on each side, he placed himself in his chair without moving his hat, or showing the least respect to the tribunal before him. Presently he rose up and turned about, looking down the vast hall, first on the guards on the western side, and then on the moving mass of his own subjects who filled the space to the right. The guards attending him divided on each side of the court, and his servants, who followed him to the bar, stood on the left of their master, except Mr. Herbert, who was permitted to wait inside the court by his Majesty's chair. On the right of the king were stationed the counsel for the Commonwealth, Cook, Dorislaus, and Aske; and behind the king was a small box, fitted up with a table and writing materials.

The Commissioners appointed to form the High Court of Justice were one hundred and thirty-five in number, of whom any twenty were empowered to act. Seldom more than fifty or sixty attended at any one time. They comprised three generals and thirty-four colonels of the army, four lords, twenty-one knights or baronets, and four aldermen; the others were the principal members of the reduced House of Commons.

The charge having been read, the king denied the authority of the court as being illegal and without precedent, which he was advised to do by Hale, who drew up the instructions. Bradshaw having told him he was brought there by the authority of the people of England, of which he was elected king, his Majesty replied, "I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent;—I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority. England was *never* an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for near these thousand years; therefore let me know by what authority I am called hither. I do stand more for the liberty of the people than any here that come to be my pretended judges." After having been three several times brought before the court, and still refusing to answer the charge, the clerk was ordered to record the default.

The king having been taken back to Sir Robert Cotton's house, the judges met in the Painted Chamber, where the several witnesses were privately examined; the evidence was principally directed to the point of the military movements, personally directed and carried on by the king against the Parliamentary forces, and the bloodshed thereby occasioned.

On the 27th of January, the Commissioners first met in the Painted Chamber, and having finally agreed respecting the sentence, adjourned to Westminster Hall with the accustomed ceremonies. The king entered the court in his usual manner, with his hat on; and seeing Bradshaw in his scarlet robes and full costume, and hearing the shouts of the soldiers, he perceived that sentence was about to be pronounced upon him; he therefore addressed the court with much earnestness, being anxious to speak before judgment was passed. This he was permitted to do for a short time, but still denying the authority of the court; whereupon, Bradshaw, after a long tirade against the acts of the king, directed the clerk to read the sentence; which done, Bradshaw said, "the sentence published is the act, judgment, and resolution of the whole court," to which all the Commissioners expressed their assent by standing up. The king, who, during the reading of it, smiled, and at times turned his eyes to heaven, then said, "Will you hear me a word, Sir?"

Bradshaw.—Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

The King.—No, Sir?

Bradshaw.—No, Sir, by your favour. Guards withdraw your prisoner.

The King.—I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir. I may speak after the sentence *ever* by your favour.

Bradshaw.—Hold!

The King.—The sentence, Sir—I say, Sir, I do—

Bradshaw.—Hold!

The King.—I am not suffered to speak? Expect what justice the people will have!

As the King uttered these words, he was removed from the court by the guard, and conveyed to Whitehall, where, three days afterwards, he was beheaded.

Thus concluded the most memorable, and, in all its circumstances, the most unprecedented judicial proceeding on record. In the gallery of the court, as spectators of the trial and witnesses of the sentence, were several of the most eminent men of the time. Among them was the poet Milton, who was employed to write a defence of the proceedings, for which he received a thousand pounds, and the office of Latin secretary to Cromwell; also, Andrew Marvell the poet, and friend of Milton, and a great defender of liberty both in his writings and in the House of Commons; Robert Blake, the conqueror of Van Tromp, a resolute soldier and brave seaman, when both professions were united in one; John Evelyn, the distinguished author and accomplished scholar; John Selden, a scholar of high reputation, a member of the long parliament, and one of the most learned of record lawyers; Colonel Lovelace, the celebrated lyric poet; and Matthew Hale, afterwards the famous judge, by whose advice it is thought the King was guided in the course and conduct pursued at the trial.*

THOUGHTS ON VENTILATION.

[Concluded from our last.]

Practically, the ventilation of the rooms in our houses has received but very little attention; but the smoky chimney, which is the necessary result of this inattention, is often a means of preventing the headaches, which it would otherwise produce, by compelling us to open the door. A brisk fire requires for its support a large amount of air; a fact of which a person may easily convince himself, by applying a lighted candle to the keyhole of the door when shut; or, if open, by holding the candle at the top and the bottom of the doorway. In the former case he will probably find, by the direction of the flame, that warm air is passing out of the room; and in the latter, that cold air is flowing in. This current causes,

of course, a constant ventilation, and is, and will always remain, a strong argument in favour of our English hearths—an additional apology for an Englishman's unwillingness to exchange the "exhilarating flutter of an open fire," for the comfortless-looking Dutch stove, or for any of those elegant structures which modern chemical philosophy and architectural science have called into existence, but from which the cheerful blaze of the cannel coal of England is entirely absent.

In ordinary apartments two openings, at different levels, would be of considerable benefit in ventilating the room; one aperture, which might be in the skirting board, would be usually admitting cold air; and the other, which should be as high as practicable, discharging the warm and contaminated air.* If these openings were covered with fine wire gauze, no inconvenience would arise from any draughts or currents; and the admission of air might easily be regulated by a slide, or still better by a throttle valve. We hope, certainly, to see the day when every room will be furnished with at least one opening, (say over the door, or in the upper panel,) covered with fine wire gauze, the meshes of which may easily be kept free from dust by the occasional use of a "black lead polishing brush." The advantage of even such a ventilation as this, and its value as a preventive of smoky chimneys, would be by no means trifling. A case lately came under our notice, where a smoky chimney was effectually cured by this simple remedy.

We wonder that the use of wire gauze has not become more general. Many years ago its application was recommended as additional windows to our stage coaches. The use of it in our first class railway carriages would be an additional comfort to those luxurious vehicles. Referring to the coach scene at the commencement of these Thoughts, (see No. 23, p. 361) two windows of wire gauze would, without any inconvenience to the inmates, have kept the air in a state of comparative purity; though perhaps our morning passenger might have been minus his lesson on the value of ventilation. We often thought at the time, that were the panels of the omnibuses that run to and fro through our streets, made of this material, one might, even in summer time, feel no reluctance to making one of the dozen inside passengers.

This suggestion has been since improved upon; and some months ago a patent was taken out for constructing the sides and roofs of

* A large and very effective mezzo-tint Print of the Trial of Charles the First, painted and engraved by Mr. John Burnet, F.R.S., has lately been published by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., of London, wherein the principal incidents narrated in the preceding pages have been pictorially embodied

* In all systems of ventilating, there should be two openings, one for the admission of air, the other for its exit.

railway carriages of wire gauze, by Henry Houldsworth, Esq., of Manchester, Chairman, we believe, of the Board of Directors of the Manchester and Leeds Railway. He introduced some of his carriages on that line of railway, which made at least some experimental trips, if they were not in regular use. Mr. Houldsworth uses wire one hundredth of an inch in thickness, and thirty of them in an inch, making 900 apertures in a square inch. Apropos of railroads, those in search of health or the picturesque, should adopt a less expeditious mode of transit than is aimed at in railway flying.

Without knowing that it was advised by Dr. Franklin, whose recommendation would have considerable weight with us, we have for several years, during the summer months, had an opening in the chimney board of our bed room, as we imagine to considerable advantage. We have in it a revolving ventilator, or fan, and find that there is almost always a current, either up the chimney or down, (generally the former, though not always,) the fan frequently revolving with vast rapidity; and it is at least a satisfaction to know whether there is any draught or not.

The ventilation of mines is chiefly effected by means of shafts, in which there is often a considerable current, arising from the unequal temperature and consequent unequal gravity of the external atmosphere and the air within the mine. Where no fire-damp exists, this is often further increased by the use of a fire, creating a draught out of the mine, the air being supplied down other shafts. Pumps of a peculiar construction have also been contrived with the same object; and lately, with a view to clear away any fire damp that may have accumulated, it has been proposed that a number of pistols, placed in different parts of the mine, should be loaded in the evening, and small rods, connected with the percussion caps, being conveyed to the surface, the pistols are to be fired each morning before the workmen descend, which will cause the explosion of the fire damp, if any has accumulated. An agitation of the air in the shafts of mines, will also be a collateral benefit of Hall's hydraulic belt for elevating water.

The method of ventilation adopted in the present House of Commons, at the suggestion of Dr. D. B. Reid, is by means of a large chimney erected near the building. This chimney, or shaft, is 120 feet high, by 11 feet wide at bottom, and 8 feet at top. It contains a fire grate, with 25 square feet of bars, "and therefore big enough for a steam-engine of 25 horse power." From a space over the ceiling of the house, to the fire-place, there is a flue,

or passage, as wide as the chimney, into which the vitiated air from the House enters by numerous openings. This air supplies the fire, and passes up the chimney, an equal quantity of fresh air entering the House through small openings in the floor, which is covered with a porous horse-hair cloth. "The mechanical force of such a chimney is the difference of weight between the mass of heated air in it, and an equal bulk of the external air." Dr. Arnott considers this large chimney as less effective than pumps worked by an engine of one-horse power. There is apparatus both for warming and cooling the air before its admission, and the ventilation is very effectual; the quantity of air admitted being regulated at pleasure.

In a treatise on Warming and Ventilation, by Charles Hood, F. R. A. S., published in 1837, he speaks of the apparatus of Dr. Reid as being a most expensive and cumbrous contrivance. He quotes Dr. Ure, as estimating the economy of ventilating by a fan, compared with that by chimney draught, as about thirty-eight to one; and although he considers Dr. Ure's calculation as erroneous, yet, under any circumstances, the difference must be great; and whether or not Dr. Reid's method be adopted in the new Houses of Parliament, he has no doubt that ultimately "the more simple, efficient, and economical method of ventilating by a fan will be resorted to." Dr. Arnott also acknowledges that a fan is much more economical than the chimney draught; but, in his opinion, the substitution of ventilating pumps for the fan-wheels would be a material improvement. Dr. Ure speaks of the ventilation as bad which "is dependent on currents of equilibration, as in the House of Lords;" or "currents physically created in the atmosphere by the difference of temperature excited by chimney draughts."

That the new palace of legislation will be efficiently ventilated, under the scientific care of Dr. Reid, we entertain no doubt. Its economy, we suppose, will not be a question entertained by either House.

In reference to the diversity of sentiment between these three doctors, we shall dismiss them by quoting the adage, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

We have thus thrown together a few hasty Thoughts on Ventilation: we have endeavoured to show the importance of the subject, and to point out some of the consequences that must result from inattention to it. The reader will perceive that we have only introduced the question to him. We have not space to carry him through all its ramifications; but if we have persuaded him to inquire for himself, the object we contemplated will have been gained.

Original Poetry.

SONNET TO MISS ISABELLA VARLEY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I know thou hast within thee, child of dreams,
 Songs which have not been uttered—veins of thought
 As rich and rare as ever genius wrought,
 Brightening thine inmost soul with golden gleams.
 Enthusiast of the Muse! thy dark eye gleams
 Light intellectual; thy youthful cheek
 Looks tinged with fancies which thou wilt not speak,
 And through thy heart affection's current streams.
 Vanish thy maiden fears! It well besooms
 A gifted one of Poesy to sing:
 Re-animate thy harp, and bid it ring
 Loudly, but sweetly, to a thousand themes—
 Express the yearnings of thy soul, till fame
 Yield thee a wreath of light to crown thy after name.

POETICAL EMBLEMS.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

GLORY—THE LAUREL.

Wave high the laurels!—let them proudly float
 O'er hall and turret,—o'er drawbridge and moat;
 Wave them on high o'er the flower-strewn path—
 Lofty honour the conqueror hath;
 He hath fought the fierce battles of holy land—
 He returns the noblest of all his band;
 And the mail-clad train who follow his steed
 Bring captives and gifts, the warrior's meed;
 Shout and trumpet his triumph proclaim,
 "And he shall have glory and deathless name,"
 So saith Fame.

Hang up the banners! and let them fall
 In silken folds round the castle hall;
 Bring forth the flagon, pile high the board
 With wine and meats, be its length well-stored,—
 Bid the guest pass the wine-cup free—
 Loud be the song of festivity;
 And while the laurel-crown wreathes his brow,
 Let the minstrel chaunt of his lord, I trow;
 Harp and voice shall his triumph proclaim,
 "And he shall have glory and deathless name,"
 So saith Fame.

Once more the banners wave high in the air—
 Once more is the coal-black war-horse there—
 Again the steel-clad train clank by,
 The trumpet's notes o'er the hills peal high;
 The sunbeams glint on each burnished spear,—
 But the helmeted chief!—he is not here!
 They bear him away to the chapel's shade,
 In a lordly tomb is that warrior laid,
 But his name is carved in letters of stone,
 And his statue lieth stiff and alone:
 "And well shall that trophy his acts proclaim,
 For glory he hath, and a deathless name,"
 So said Fame.

A bright and a sunny summer's day,—
 Sweet comes the breath of the fresh-turned hay;
 And peasants' cottages cheerfully peep,
 From their garden-shade on the hilly steep;
 Down by the streamlet whose ripples glide
 By the long grass on the dingle's side,

Half covered with weeds and waving fern,
 Lies a knight's effigy, stiff and stern;
 And near it a few grey walls to tell,
 There once was a chapel within the dell,—
 But who the knight, of his deeds or name,
 Or where he died, or whence he came,
 No one knoweth,
 Not even Fame!

Cold and shining laurel bough,
 Glory's emblem fit art thou;
 Hiding thy bright green beneath
 Bitter juice and poisonous breath.
 So, altho' thy wreathed crown
 Bringeth about and triumph down,
 Homage none thou'lt have from me,
 False and glossy laurel tree!

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.—The Duchess of York having desired her housekeeper to seek out for a new laundress, a decent-looking woman was recommended to the situation. "But," said the housekeeper, "I'm afraid she will not suit your Royal Highness, as she is a soldier's wife, and these people are generally very loose characters." "What is that you say?" said the Duke, who had just entered the room; "*a soldier's wife!* Pray, madam, what is your mistress?—Let her be engaged immediately."

MATRIMONY.—As a great part of the uneasiness of matrimony arises from mere trifles, it would be wise in every young married man to enter into an agreement with his wife—that in all disputes of this kind, the party who was most convinced they were right, should always surrender the victory. By which means both would be more forward to give up the cause.—*Fielding.*

David Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Mistley Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the doctor excepted; who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party:—"Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his; but I can assure you that till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight." Roscius was silent.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Blocombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.

BRADSHAW'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER 26.]

SATURDAY, 30TH APRIL, 1842.

[PRICE 1½d.]

LUCUBRATIONS ON LOVE.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

Oh! Love! Thou greatest passion of the human breast—mysterious arbiter of fate below! by what strange agencies are thy effects produced, and where lay those secret springs that thy hand calleth into being, and that power, which, like the rod of the Israelite, causeth a stream of happiness to gush from a rock in the wilderness, whence emanates a flood that, like the o'erflowings of the Egyptian river, fertilises wherever it touches, and, to continue the simile, brings with it, like the Nile, scenes also of desolation and despair? Exhaustless theme, of which none yet have tired!—a subject that will be written on as eagerly, and perused as anxiously, two thousand years hence as now. Whether it be the devoted fervency of a first love—the hallowed recollection of a buried one—or the more staid attachment of after days—the result is the same. Memory clings to the retrospect of these with more tenacity than to the every-day passions that rise and fall, as the blood becomes warm or cool, like the mercury in a barometer. Who is there that does not look back upon his first love with pleasure and regret—that does not remember the warm emotions of his heart when the object of its adoration was near, and its uneasy throbblings when doomed to suffer the sorrowings of absence? Who is there, we repeat, that would abandon the recollection of these things, and the soothing influence they bring with them, for all the

wealth the world could yield them? Not one. They are twined too closely round the chords of that great Æolian harp, the human heart, where the slightest vibration will suffice to call forth the melody within, and where, like Memnon's statue, a lively strain follows the rising of the sun of happiness, whilst a plaintive one accompanies the sunset. A flower, a song, a word, a few notes of music, will restore the link that Time has broken; it will recal the presence of the loved one and the associations connected with the past, whilst memory, like the golden hues of departing day, will so invest each with a borrowed lustre, that age will forget its wrinkles, and youth its cares, in the contemplation of the time when all around breathed of the "purple light of love and young desire."

Come! that's not so bad for a beginning. Now, we know what you are going to say, reader of ours, but we will forestal you. You shall not so much as even open your lips. We know all about the remarks you are on the eve of making. How, firstly, we are egotistical; secondly, we are sentimental, and that thirdly, you did not expect to find in *Bradshaw's Journal* anything approaching to the hacknied openings of romance chapters, decked with all the tinsel of metaphor and what the lawyers call "the various appurtenances thereunto belonging." We know all about this, and your predilection for articles on the arts and sciences. But what we are going to contend for is, that love is nothing more nor less *than* a science,

and a science, too, that has had more professors than physiology, chronology, conchology, meteorology, and a hundred other *ologies* to boot. The heart is a steam-engine, of which mind is the boiler, and man the locomotive; a broken heart is the bursting of the boiler, and the power of regulating the proper heat required constitutes the science. We need not speak of its relation to the "arts," for our fair friends use so many themselves, that we fear the particularisation of all would be tedious—of a few, invidious. As for expounders of its mysteries, we can boast of more than ever astronomy, physiognomy, and its sister *onomies* ever had. For their "Bridgewater Treatises," we will show a thousand others. For their Brougham, we have our Byron; for their Whewell, our Waller; for their Malthus, our Moore. And then with what glowing fervency of language have they illustrated their subject! What "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," lie hidden within their pages? What sunlight dwells upon each line, what exquisite gems of intellect are wrought by the poet's magic! What—but talk of geology, give us *love*-ology, and here let us strive to show our readers (on the principle of a school examination) how we ourselves have profited by a study of this alluring science.

Love is a guest sooner entertained than perceived, and yet sooner perceived than known; much easier known than understood, and yet better understood than described or defined. This is as if it challenged only the heart for its proper apartment, and disdained any remove up into the brain. Love admits of no interpreter but itself, and speaks in a language, which though easily understood by those whose excited imaginations supply the place of real images, is yet an unknown tongue to the world at large. We may safely affirm, therefore, that Cupid is not only blind but dumb, making all parts of the body vocal, except the tongue. Hence it is that lovers are more eloquent in their sighs than in their words. By "nods and becks and wreathed smiles"—the vocal ambassadors of desire—they treat about their union and read each other's souls in glances. Their colloquies, like those of angels, are made by intuition, and they express themselves also, not by the intellect, but by the will. Thus, if to philosophise be nothing but to contemplate ideas, then to love is to be a philosopher; for if every man loves (as Plato wrote, and we believe) according to the power of his understanding, then excessive love is but an argument of superior mental capabilities. Love, it must be borne in mind, also, is neither changeful nor inconstant, for the judgments of love, like those of fate, are unalterable

and perpetual, constant and immutable, for he who can cease to love her whom he has once loved, does but dream that he loved, and he who retreats can never have loved at all, for the conjunction of two hearts, like its sequent, matrimony, admits of no divorce. Lovers, too, divest themselves of their own souls, in order that they may be the more happily filled with others; hence the absence of mind so common amongst the class. We believe Pythagoras to have been correct in his doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, when he loved, but not when he philosophised. But had we a pen plucked from the pinion of Cupid, and dipped in the nectar of the gods, we should fail in describing what love is, after all.

It resembles alone light in its operations, being scattered over all nature, and though familiar to every body, is not properly understood by any. It is likened in its ethereal properties to a sigh, for could we find a painter able to depict the one, his image would represent the other. It is all over eyes; so far is it from being blind, as some old dotards of poets would have us believe, who certainly were blind themselves, it (we use the neuter pronoun advisedly) has a mouth, too, ay, and we may add a pair of hands, but the attributes of sense are reversed, for the hands *feel* in the silent pressure, and you may *feel* at a distance every word that proceeds from the mouth. Whatever it be, of this we are certain, that love is an imperious passion, which, having once entered upon the borders of the mind, instantly becomes a tyrant, over-running all the faculties, subverting the laws and government of reason, subjugating the heart, and demolishing all the fortresses that wisdom can raise against it. In fact, as Butler says in his *Hudibras*,—

"Love's but an ague that's reversed,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As ice in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass that's but the ice of fire,
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover."

But let us hope that this is the exception not the rule. Constancy is the brightest gem in the girdle of either man or woman, and its continuance, like the band that united the Siamese twins, connecting both yet belonging to neither, is the very mystic girdle itself.

"For ill does he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame,
Its heat cannot retain,
In spite of absence, hatred and disdain,
But does at once like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire."

Thus love ceases not though what is loved hath ceased to be, and here let us introduce to the reader a certain monk of the olden time, *hight* Jeronymo Bonarelli, who in "choice Italian," discourseth of the origin of love as follows—the passage, for the better understanding of the reader, being rendered into our "vulgar" tongue. "When Jupiter first formed man and all souls, he touched every one with several pieces of loadstone, and afterwards put all the pieces in a place by themselves; likewise the souls of women, after he had touched them, were put in a magazine by themselves. Afterwards, when he had sent the souls into bodies, he brought those of the women to the place where the loadstones were which touched the men, and told every one to take one piece. The thievish souls took several pieces, and concealed them, but many were content with one. Now, when that man meets with that woman that hath the piece which touched his soul, it is impossible but that he must love her, the loadstone, which she hath, attracting his soul; and hence proceed the various effects of love. Those who are loved by many are the thievish souls, who took several of the portions of the loadstone, and when one loves another, that loves not him in return, that is one who took *his* loadstone but he not hers, and from this it often comes to pass that we see some persons love others who, in our eyes, are nothing amiable or worthy of being loved!" So far inditeth the worthy monk, but what shall we say to the hint touching the loadstone, and promulgated too in the eleventh century! Is it not a fore-cast shadow of the discovery of the mariner's compass?

But heyday! here we are prating ourselves into mathematics after all, let us conclude, therefore, for fear of a relapse, by giving a few lines of advice to those interested in its reception. Reader, (if we can) to be serious, in thy selection of her who is to be thine *inamorato*, and maybe thy superior moiety, choose one whose piety and virtue have duly estimated the chains of Providence, and who has accordingly made a proper estimate of all occurrences; whose soul is too great—too noble to be crushed under the weight of adverse storms, and whose temper is yet at the same time, easy and affable—who is a stranger to disguise, and yet not so free and open as to give grounds for contempt—one to whom nature has been liberal in good features and proportions of body, but whose mind is fairer than either—who is witty without malevolence, modest without weakness, and jealous of nothing but her own honour—one who is generous, not profuse, and whose prudence can secure you from any inspection into her family accounts—a good

housekeeper, that can appear as great with one hundred a year as her neighbour with two—one who believes that her person is a figure, and her portion a cypher, which, added to *her*, advances the sum, but alone signifies nothing—one, in short, whose virtue, merit, and accomplishments can rather be imitated than equalled by her associates, and whose greatest ambition is to manifest her love for *you*. When such a being is found, esteem her as she deserves.

BRITISH ADMIRALS.

(With Portraits in No. XXV.)

DUNCAN—HOWE.

Adam, Viscount Duncan, was born in Scotland on the 1st of July, 1731. He commenced his naval career under Captain Haldane of the Shoreham frigate, and in 1749, served as a midshipman, in the Centurion, under Commander Keppel on the Mediterranean station. Having attained the rank of post-captain in 1761, he served under Keppel in the expedition against Havannah, where he took upon himself, privately, to burn several Spanish ships, which the governor seemed desirous of saving. "This act," it is said, "was much approved by the besiegers, in both departments of the service, as the most expeditious mode of settling a troublesome dispute; for obvious reasons, however, the affair was kept extremely quiet."

Duncan bore a conspicuous part in the battle between the British and Spanish fleets, on the 16th of January, 1780, at which time he commanded the Monarch, a seventy-four gun ship. In 1782 he was appointed to the Blenheim of ninety guns, in which he proceeded with Lord Howe to the relief of Gibraltar.

Rising gradually, he became vice-admiral of the white in 1794, and in the February of the following year, received the command of a squadron stationed in the North Sea, to act against the Dutch fleet then lying in the Texel. He was employed in this service when the mutiny which had broken out in the channel-fleet spread to the vessel under his command, the Venerable. He immediately ordered the crew on deck, and told them that he would, with his own hand, put to death the first man who should presume to display the slightest symptoms of rebellion. One of them doing so, Duncan was only prevented from cutting him down by the interference of the chaplain. He then exclaimed—"Let those who will stand by me and my officers, pass over immediately to the larboard side of the ship." The whole crew obeyed, with the exception of six, who were immediately seized and put in irons, but

restored to liberty, after a brief confinement, on expressing contrition for their conduct.

The Dutch admiral, De Winter, having left the Texel, Duncan came up with him off Camperdown on the 11th of October, 1787, and succeeded in capturing two frigates from the enemy, and nine line of battle ships, for which brilliant victory he was created a viscount, voted the thanks of parliament, and granted a pension of £3000 per annum; with reversion to his two immediate successors in the title.

He was made admiral of the white on the 14th of February 1799, and about a year afterwards, he returned from service.

He died on the 4th of August, 1804, leaving several children by his wife, a daughter of Lord President Dundas.

Duncan, who combined with a lofty daring, the purest spirit of piety, was a steady friend, an affectionate relative, and a kind commander.

The profile of Duncan is taken from a medal designed by Mudie, and executed by Webb.

Richard, Earl Howe, was born in 1725, was the second son of Lord Viscount Howe, by the daughter of Baron Kiltmansegg. He left Eton-school at the age of fourteen, to enter the navy; and in 1745 was raised to the rank of commander, in the Baltimore sloop-of-war, with which he joined a squadron cruising off the coast of Scotland. Here he displayed his courage and conduct by engaging, in company with another armed ship, two French frigates of thirty guns, which were conveying troops and ammunition to the Pretender. Notwithstanding a severe wound in the head, he continued a desperate action till both the enemy's ships were obliged to sheer off. The rank of post-captain was the immediate reward of this service.

He was first appointed to a frigate, and was afterwards made captain of Admiral Knowles's own ship of eighty guns in Jamaica, with which, at the peace in 1748, he returned to England.

Having had commands on the Guinea station and up the Straits during the continuance of peace, he was appointed, on the renewal of war, to the Dunkirk of sixty guns, making part of Admiral Boscawen's squadron in North America; and he captured, off Newfoundland, the Alcide French man-of-war of sixty-four guns.

In 1758 he was intrusted with a small squadron fitted out for the annoyance of the French coasts, with which he destroyed a number of ships and magazines at St. Malo's. He afterwards assisted in taking the town and destroying the basin of Cherbourg; and in the unfortunate affair of St. Cas, he displayed his

active and courageous humanity in proceeding through the thickest fire in his own barge in order to save as many as possible of our retreating soldiers. In that year, 1758, by the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the title of an Irish viscount and the family estate.

In 1759 he shared in the honour of Sir Edward Hawke's victory over the French fleet commanded by Conflans. He continued to serve in the channel, and was captain to Admiral the Duke of York on board the *Amelia*. On the return of peace, he was appointed a lord of the Admiralty, and afterwards treasurer of the navy. In 1770 he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue, and made commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; and in 1775 he rose successively to the ranks of rear-admiral of the white, and vice-admiral of the blue.

On the breaking out of the war with France, Lord Howe sailed for the coast of America, with a squadron destined to act against D'Estaign, who commanded the French force in that quarter. He conducted a defensive campaign with honour, and, on his return, was raised in 1782 to an English earldom. In the following year he was appointed first lord of the Admiralty, which office he resigned on a change of ministry, but resumed on another change. He was made admiral of the white in 1787, and advanced to an earldom of Great Britain in 1788.

When the war with France was renewed in 1793, Earl Howe, at the king's particular request, accepted the command of the channel-fleet. It was not till June 1st, 1794, that he was able to strike a decisive blow; but on that day, with twenty-five ships of the line, he brought to action a fleet of twenty-six ships of the line which the French by vast exertions had been able to send to sea; and the result was a complete victory, in which seven of the enemy's ships were captured, one of which sunk before possession could be taken of her, and several were crippled. On the part of the English not a ship was lost; and this great success was obtained with a comparatively small loss of men, while the slaughter among the enemy's crews was very great. The gratitude of the nation to the brave commander and his associates was proportioned to the importance of their service, and the first of June is consigned to futurity among the most splendid days of the British naval calendar.

Lord Howe, in the following year, was made general of marines; and in 1797 he resigned his naval command, to which age and infirmities now rendered him unequal. The order of the Garter decorated his final retreat. When, in the same year, the alarming mutiny of the

fleet threatened the nation with new and urgent dangers, his influence and experience materially contributed to prevent the mischief, and bring back the defaulters to their duty. Having thus sealed his long and honourable services to his country and profession, he expired on August 5th 1799, at the age of seventy-three, leaving only female issue.

Our profile of the admiral is from a medal by Mudie, executed by Wyon.

WALKS IN THE STREETS.—No. II.

HEADS AND FACES.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Of the wonderful phenomena in nature, there are none that more generally command admiration and excite astonishment than the diversity of the human countenance. Upwards of eight hundred millions of people exist upon the earth, and out of this immense multitude not two are living whose faces are exactly alike. However near the resemblance may seem between members of one family, yet on examination it will always be found that there are some points of dissimilarity—some obvious, though perhaps undefinable, marks of difference. No matter what race man belongs to—no matter what his country or colour—whether he be white or black—whether he be born in the cold regions of Lapland, or claim kindred with the swarthy Ethiop—the line of distinction is always there. To expatiate on the wisdom and power displayed in such a provision would be here out of place, and at the same time perfectly needless—they must be clear to all.

What a wide scope for speculation and amusement do the streets afford, with respect to the various countenances that are continually hovering about us! Did you ever speculate on faces, reader? If not, take a ramble with me, and we will examine a few. Is not that a beautiful child, with its sunny curls waving in the breeze, and its wild laugh of joy, and its free, careless, and graceful boundings, as if it “felt its life in every limb?” It is indeed a bright and happy creature, and its face is as clear and as radiant as a silver cloud pierced by sunbeams. It has not been long enough from Heaven for the light of the angel to have faded away from it—beautiful are the flowers of the field, but still more beautiful are those human flowers in which are beating living hearts. Let us pass on, and leave it in its innocence and purity, without indulging in one gloomy foreboding as to its future lot.

Here is a street which looks like a human river, so dense and continuous is the crowd

which passes along it. From an early hour in the morning until a late one at night, anxious and earnest faces meet you in this busy thoroughfare, and were the countenances truly an index of the mind, what a strange medley of thoughts and passions would be exposed to our view—one, no doubt, that the stoutest heart would shudder to contemplate. Under a smooth cheek and a smiling lip how many bitter feelings are hidden! Few would suppose that yonder individual who greets all with courtesy, and whose face has not a shadow of care upon it, is now upon the eve of bankruptcy, and is almost stricken to the earth with the agony of his heart. The world of commerce is a severe school, and bitter and difficult are the duties of its disciples! If a believer in the science of physiognomy were in want of subjects to speculate upon, he must look among the lower ranks for them, and most assuredly not amongst commercial men, or the aristocracy. The faces of the uneducated and toiling poor are swayed and stirred by their passions like the breeze-blown wave, but most of those who have studied the world bear faces as unmoved by the tumults of the mind as is the ice-bound river by the tempest. There are certainly some professional faces which there is scarcely any mistaking, and these are the most peculiar amongst clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and soldiers. It is said that the great Prince of Condé was very expert in a sort of physiognomy which showed the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends, that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air. This, however, is a very different matter to the judging of the character from the face alone, because you have all the advantages of gait, general bearing, and dress, to aid you in your conjectures. Who, for instance, could mistake an actor, or a tailor? These two classes are quite distinctive in their outward appearances—as easily known as bakers and sweeps—and the one is as unmistakable, with his swaggering air and tawdry finery, as is the other, with his shabby tight-fitting garments, and trousers bulging out at the knees.

Though I do not profess to believe in physiognomy as a science, I cannot help at times indulging in prepossessions or speculations at first sight; and however wrong may be the impression formed, I find it difficult to eradicate it. Look at the face which now moves slowly past, and with averted glance seems as though it would fain escape unnoticed. I would stake my existence that its owner has had his heart steeped in poverty and affliction.—

The wrinkles of misery, not of age, are impressed there: it is one of those countenances that, once seen, haunts my memory for days, and even looks at me in my dreams. Have you never seen a face amidst the crowd that brought to your mind some dear friend or early love over whom the grave had long since closed? Have you never encountered eyes that looked into your own like those of a reproachful spirit, seeming to chide your for hours misspent, and recalling to you the unfulfilled promises of your youth? There have been times that, when wandering along in careless mood, I have been so powerfully struck by one of these resemblances that my whole frame has been shaken as though by electricity.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

A chance look has conjured up before me some whose place no after-friendship or connection can ever supply. Some who were known and loved in the early period of existence, ere the serpent of suspicion had crept among the flowers of the heart's Eden, and when guile and envy were unknown. Where are they scattered, those beings whom memory paints in colours so bright and glowing? Where are those unstained and fay-like creatures who first awakened gleams of affection in my young heart? Where are the friends of my school days, those frank spirits whose souls seemed ever on their lips, and whose aspirations of the future were undimmed by cloud or shadow? They are not all dead: the bodies of many still live, but—the rest hath departed. The fair girls have in numerous instances become haggard and neglected wives, and if I meet them it is with feelings of painful embarrassment and regret. The boys are transformed to men—the hunger of gain hath penetrated into their souls, the troubles and anxieties of the world have poisoned the springs of their existence, and the hand of care hath chequered their features with deep and indelible lines. They are no longer mates for me. There was one who, though known at a later period of life than those to whom I have referred, was yet my true companion and friend; and had he lived, I have an inward and unalterable conviction that neither time nor fortune, nor the slanders of evil tongues, nor all the countless perils and changes incident to humanity, would have operated so as to cause disunion between our souls. Truly has Wordsworth said, that

"the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."

Warm and generous-hearted William Rowlinson, I cannot resist paying a tribute to thy

memory! Never knew I one so thoroughly imbued with true poetic fervour and enthusiasm as thyself—thy soul was attuned to all things good and beautiful, and thy mind ever revolted at all that savoured of baseness or oppression. A brilliant future was just opened to thee—the world was beginning to know and appreciate thy aspirations, and all seemed to point out and cheer thee on to a happy and glorious career, when the dark and treacherous waves closed over thy head, and thou wert lost for ever. May Heaven be thy portion!*

I trust the reader will pardon this digression, and still accompany me in my rambles. Of all living objects, it must be acknowledged that woman is the most pure, devoted, and beautiful. How refreshing it is to encounter in the street her bright and fawn-like eyes, and to gaze on the sweet and spiritual faces which peer out from the small bonnets, and appear, when surrounded by luxuriant tresses, like roses veiled and shadowed by their own foliage! Lovely and gentle beings! my blessings rest upon you—ye are indeed what the stars are to the night, and the flowers to the garden, and rayless and barren would the world be without you.

There is much scope for speculative philosophy in the streets, and some very curious facts result from an accurate observation. I was much interested by reading some time ago, in the *Phrenological Journal*, some remarks on the size of the head, national and provincial, by a London hat-manufacturer. I am not a phrenologist, nor do I wish to bring the science prominently before my readers; my only motive in alluding to the article just mentioned, is to avail myself of some curious facts which are stated in it, and which I think will be generally interesting. The writer states that, commencing with London, a perceptible difference will be observed between the higher and lower classes of society. In the former, the majority are above the medium, while among the latter it is very rare to find a large head. This is easily proved by the different qualities of hats in requisition, in the manufacturing of which a distinct difference in the scale of sizes is observed. Taking the two extremes of society, this rule will be found invariable throughout the country, the middle ranks of life forming a medium between the two. Establishments at the west end of the town, confined exclusively to the service of the higher circles, require more large hats in proportion than other hatters whose trade is

* The friend alluded to was a poet of no mean order, and would have been, if fate had spared him a few years longer, one of the brightest ornaments of his native town. Poor Rowlinson was drowned, in the spring of existence, whilst bathing in the river Thames.

confined to the middle ranks; and again, the business with the lower class presents the same relation to the class above them, requiring a greater proportion of small hats than either of the other classes. These statements can be proved in a variety of ways. Take the average sizes of livery-hats for servants, the scale will be found less than for their masters. The sizes observed in furnishing a regiment of soldiers are easily ascertained. Sea-faring men, and individuals connected with shipping and on the water, wear a peculiar small hat; and the japanned leather hat, the dog-hair hats worn by carters, waggoners, and the labouring agriculturist, the round-crown-shoulder hats, in use by coal-heavers, corn-porters, &c., and the common plated hats in general request by the working classes, present great facility for judging of general measurements for the lower orders, in all of which, as compared with the finest hat made, there is a striking and manifest difference. The weavers of Spitalfields have extremely small heads, and such is the case in Coventry, almost exclusively peopled by weavers.

Leaving London, to the north and north-east, in the counties of Hertford, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, a greater number of small heads will be found than in any other part of the empire. Essex and Hertfordshire are the most remarkable for requiring small-sized hats, and in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex there is an increase in size of the usual average. The inland counties in general are upon nearly the same scale. Towards Devonshire and Cornwall the heads are quite of the full sizes—many very large hats are required for both counties. The Welsh heads are above the general average; and in the county of Hereford, on the borders of Wales, they are much superior to the London average. The counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland have more large heads in proportion than any other part of the country. The largest sizes have their origin in the northern part of England, or Scotland, and the small head is found in the districts before alluded to as exhibiting that peculiarity, Essex, &c. The full-sized head is known to be possessed by the Scotch, and the scale of measurement in furnishing a Scotch regiment is larger than that required for an English one. A manufacturer at Manchester received an order from a London house to send off immediately a particular quality of hats. Having the same description of order ready packed for Scotland, he sent off that packet promptly to oblige his London correspondent, without any regard to the sizes, to the Metropolis. To the mortification of the individual to whom they were invoiced, they proved to

be perfectly unsaleable, from the whole of them being very large in sizes!

All northern nations have large heads; the Norwegian sailor's is much superior in point of size to the English, and the women's bonnets and hats exported to that country are required larger than is necessary for the population at home. New blocks had to be made in France, of a larger size, for the British army; and it was some years after the peace before Parisian hatters could fit English gentlemen who applied to them. The French head is known to be smaller than the English. Hats for the West Indies are smaller than the English standard; and those exported to our colonies can safely be stated to be generally below the sizes of the average English head.

Dr. Spurzheim, treating of national faces, says, "The inhabitants of the south-west of Scotland, those of the north-east, and those of the Highlands, belong to three different races. England and Ireland have been occupied by various nations; particular districts of each have a population originally different. In the county of Norfolk, the same round and well-fed figures are seen which Rubens has transferred to his canvas from natives of Holland." There is a race inhabiting a portion of the south-west coast of Ireland, distinctly different from the general class of Irish, both in features and cerebral development, whose ancestors are believed to have been originally from Spain. That race exhibits still several peculiar marks of the Spanish character. It is well known that national heads exist as well as national faces, and that there is a possibility of tracing one as well as the other.

I shall, in conclusion, content myself with merely noticing the fact of the number of persons who are in the habit of wearing spectacles. A century or so ago, any one who walked the streets furnished with these aids to vision, was looked upon as a marvel—as something for the populace to gaze and wonder at, but at the present time, so common is the habit, that the most ignorant and vulgar look upon it as a thing unworthy of remark. It is said that spectacles first became known about the beginning of the fourteenth century; an inscription on the tomb of a nobleman, Salvinus Armatus of Florence, who died 1317, states that he was the inventor. The person, however, who first made the invention public, was Alexander Spina, a native of Pisa. He happened to see a pair of spectacles in the hands of a person who would or could not explain the principles of them to him; but he succeeded in making a pair for himself, and immediately made their construction public for the good of others.

So much for heads and faces.

Original Poetry.

THE PATRIOT'S BATTLE PRAYER,
PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.
BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,
(Author of "Hours with the Muses.")

Father of life! to thee, to thee, I call—
The cannon sends its thunders to the sky;
The winged fires of slaughter round me fall:
Great God of battles! let thy watchful eye
Look o'er and guard me in this perilous hour,
And if my cause be just, oh! arm me with thy power!

Oh! lead me, Father, to a glorious end—
To well-won freedom, or a martyr's death;
I bow submissive to thy will, and send
A soul-felt prayer to thee in every breath:
Do with me as becoms thy wisdom, Lord,
But let not guiltless blood defile my maiden sword!

God, I acknowledge thee, and hear thy tongue
In the soft whisper of the falling leaves,
As well as in the tumult of the throng
Arrayed for fight—this human mass that heaves
Like the vexed ocean. I adore thy name,
Oh, bless me, God of grace, and lead me unto fame!

Oh! bless me, Father! in thy mighty hand
I place what thou hast lent—my mortal life;
I know it will depart at thy command,
Yet will I praise thee, God, in peace or strife;
Living or dying, God, my voice shall raise
To thee, Eternal Power! the words of prayer and praise.

I glorify thee, God; I come not here
To fight for false ambition, vainly brave;
I wield my patriot-sword for things more dear,—
Home and my father-land: the name of slave
My sons shall not inherit, God of Heaven!
For freedom's cause and thee, my sacred vow is given.

God, I am dedicate to thee for ever;
Death, which is legion here, may turn me round;
Within my heart the invader's steel may quiver,
And spill my life-blood on the crimson ground;
Still am I thine, and unto thee I call,
Father, I seek the foe—forgive me if I fall!

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

TRUTH AND FAITH.

Wild flowers, field flowers, what do ye bring!—
"Thoughts of the verdant and dancing spring;
Of the shadowy beds with primroses pale,
Of the violet breath on the scented gale,
Of the waving beath, with its purple bell,
Of the lady-fair by the springing well,
Of the wild wood-path, with its tangled stems,
And the fields with their bending and living gems."

Wild flowers, wild flowers, what can ye tell!—
"The secret tales of our lonely dell;
We can tell the words of the blackbird's song,
As his notes the evening winds prolong;
We know the tale the nightingale weaves,
And the joyous hum of the springing leaves—
The voice of the winds in their whispers low,
And the rivulet's laughing song we know."

Wild flowers, wild flowers, what can ye give!—

"A lesson of faith, to all who live,
A whisper of truth to every one
Who deemeth his hope and his joy both gone.
Do we not shew forth His love who made
Our home in the wild and the woody glade,
Who decked us with beauty and made us fair,
And breathed on us odours to scent the air!
Thinkest thou not He loveth to gaze
On the grace we shed on the rough pathways?
Then if upon things so fragile as we
He looketh with love,—much more on ye,
Who must live through a long eternity.
Yes, this is our lesson,—no life-track is dead,
If light from his pillar upon it be shed;
Then banish thy fears, thy sad thoughts yield
To the moral told by Flowers of the Field."

On the day of Lord Eldon's resignation of the great seal, a certain little lawyer, after expatiating, at a dinner party, on the public merits of that noble and learned person, proceeded to speak of his kindness and condescension towards the barristers of his court. "To me," added he, "the loss is irreparable, for Lord Eldon always behaved to me quite like a father." "Yes," said B——, who was one of the company, "I understood that he always treated you quite like a child."

DOUBTS.—It is related that Mede had all his scholars come to him at his chambers in the evening; and the first question he put to each was, "Quid dubitas?" "What doubts have you met with in your studies to day?" for he supposed, that to doubt nothing, and to understand nothing, was just the same thing. This was right, and the only method to make young men exercise their rational powers, and not to acquiesce in what they learn mechanically and by rote, with an indolence of spirit, which prepares them to receive and swallow implicitly whatever is offered them.—*Reproof of Brutus.*

THE SHORTEST ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—Lord Coke says, the shortest act of parliament ever passed, was one passed in the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV., for restraining the making of gold. It is briefly as follows:—"None from henceforth shall sue to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication; and if any the same do he shall incur the pain of felony."

A beau is every thing of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man beside it.

LONDON: Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-RROW; DUBLIN, Machen, D'Olier Street; EDINBURGH, Robinson, Greenside Street; GLASGOW, J. Barnes, High-street; MANCHESTER, Bradshaw and Blacklock, 27, Brown Street; LIVERPOOL, J. G. Smith, 23, Cleveland Square and 24, Scotland Place; LEEDS, Sloombe and Simms and Mrs. Mann; DERBY, T. Roberts; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, W. S. Pringle; CARLISLE, Hudson Scott, and sold by all Booksellers in the kingdom.

[Communications for the Editors to be addressed (free) to the care of the Printers.]

Printed by BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, Brown Street, Manchester.



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
wils.per v.2

Bradshaw's journal.



3 1951 001 905 650 E